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# THE MIRROR.

A

PERIODICAL PAPER,

Published at EDINBURGH in the Years 1779, and 1780.

*Veluti in speculo.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

635 8.16
V. 3

THE FOURTH EDITION, CORRECTED.

LONDON:
Printed for W. STRAHAN, and T. CADELL in the Strand; and W. CREECH, at Edinburgh.
MDCCLXXXII.

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1782
vol.3

ESTATE OF
JOSEPH H. CENTER,
JULY 14, 1903.

3 vols.

M.E. 6.III/40

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Page 36. line 4. *dele* To the Author of the Mirror, Sir, *and the signature* X *at the end of that Paper.*

63. —— 11. *for* has, *read* had.

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THE

# MIRROR.

N° 75. TUESDAY, *January* 25, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I REMARK, that you meddle not with the high matters of politics. For this, you must answer to yourself, being that you are able to write printed papers. I am a member of eighty-five societies, all zealous for the liberty of the press, in consistency with, and in conformity to, our establishment; and so I think that you are at liberty to write of those things only whereof you have understanding; and if so be that, by reason of your silence, you abuse, or, as one may say, vilipend the liberty of the press, judge you yourself; as for me, I say nothing.

But, although you give us no news yourself, perhaps you have something to say with the gentlemen who make the news; and if so, I hope that you will recommend it to them so to

write, as that they may be underſtood of men who are not book-learned.

They, being book-learned gentlemen, write in divers tongues, whereby we poor ſimple men are at a loſs, and Europe may be overthrown by compacts and aſſociations, or ever we can underſtand the danger.

Not many days ago, I read in the news, that ſome good men put up an advertiſement on a ſtatue, with this ſuperſcription, *pro patria mori*, and that the ſuperſcription rejoiced all honeſt hearts. I enquired of our *deacon*, who received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-ſchool of *Leſmahagoe*, what was the meaning of the words? and he made anſwer, that the words were Latin, and that he thought they would be found in the Latin Dictionary; the which having got, I, on ſearching, diſcovered that *pro* ſignified *for the ſake of*, and that *patria* ſignified *a man's native country*, and that *mori* ſignified *fooliſh and ſilly perſons*.

Wherefore, by joining together the words, I conjectured, moreover, that the interpretation of *pro patria mori* was *fooliſh or ſilly perſons for the ſake of their native country*; or that *they who act for their native country are fooliſh and ſilly perſons*.

Now, Sir, if ſo be that this is ſo, I moreover conjecture, that the honeſt men who put

up the advertisement, and they who rejoiced thereat, were deceived through ignorance of the Latin tongue, and that to them there was no cause of rejoicing.

Of that tongue I think no good: It is reported amongst us, that the mass is written in it, the which I renounce, and also abominate, &c. I am, Sir, your Honour's, to serve you at command,

TIMOTHY SHUTTLEWORTH.

P. S. Weaving performed in all its branches at reasonable rates; also, cloth taken in for the Dalquharn bleachfield.

---

My worthy correspondent Mr. Shuttleworth, in the after-part of his letter, intrusts me with his sentiments concerning some very momentous subjects; but I should not deserve the honour of his friendship, were I to impart to the Public what has been communicated to me in confidence.

Not knowing his direction, and not having been favoured with a cypher from him, I can only say, that "*n. p.* had no more influence in "the matter of the *c. p.* and the *p. b.* than "th—m—n of th—m—n; and of this Mr. "Shuttleworth may rest assured."

With respect to the Latin words, which have been the innocent cause of so much uneasiness to him, they are taken from a Roman poet, but no Roman Catholic: in metre, accommodated to the course of my friend's studies, they signify,

That for our fathers' land to die, it is a comely thing.

As, indeed, *I meddle not with the high matters of politics*, I shall only add, that it is to be hoped there are very few who consult *Shuttleworth's* dictionary.

Since I have been desired to advise the *Authors* of newspapers to write intelligibly, I must say something on that subject, lest my silence should be construed into an acknowledgment of my little credit with those gentlemen.

Of their skill in the learned languages, I pretend not to give any opinion. Thus much, however, I may be allowed to say without offence, that they are the historians of the vulgar; that, in our country, the persons who pass under the name of the vulgar, are not unconcerned spectators of national events; and, "that what relates "to all, ought to be understood of all."

A man may write in the native language of his readers, and yet be unintelligible. For example, when contrary propositions are positively asserted, when paragraphs encounter with paragraphs,

graphs, and "joſtle in the dark," what muſt be the ſtate of him who ſits down to ſpell the newſpapers with the determined reſolution of believing whatever he ſees in print?

There is a pleaſure in giving good advice, and therefore I muſt take this opportunity of going a little beyond my friend's commiſſion.

A witty ſtateſman of the days of our fathers obſerved, "that *John Bull* was always in the "garret, or in the cellar." John's *own* ſiſter *Margaret*, although not quite ſo delicate in her ſenſations, has much of the family diſpoſition. If the wind ſets in to the eaſt, then we are a betrayed, and abandoned, and loſt people; but on the wind coming round to the weſt, what nation ſo glorious and well-governed as ours? Our perfidious enemies ſhall know what it is to rouſe the *Lion*, to annoy the *Thiſtle*, or to put the *Harp* out of tune.

Such being the diſpoſition of readers apt to be depreſſed or elevated on every occaſion, or on no occaſion, the writers of newſpapers ought to be cautious as well in ſlackening as in overbracing the nerves of their cuſtomers; and the only method I can recommend for attaining this happy *medium*, is, "that they report nothing but what they believe to be true;" or, if *that* be to require too much of fleſh and blood, "that

" they report nothing which they believe to be " fictitious."

" The Britannia, captain George Manley " commander, is totally loſt on the coaſt of " Barbary; every ſoul on board periſhed."

On board the Britannia there was the only ſon of a widow, whoſe ſingle fund of ſubſiſtence depended on that pittance of his wages which her dutiful child allotted to her. In the ſame ſhip there was a ſober and induſtrious young man, who had quitted his wife a few months after marriage, that he might provide for a young creature whom he hoped to ſee in its mother's arms at his return.

" It is confidently reported, that ſix or ſeven " men of the crew of the Britannia got ſafely " to ſhore, and that they were made ſlaves, " unleſs, as is to be feared, they were murdered " by the natives." *Here* there is a gleam of miſerable and dubious hope darting on the minds of thoſe who had relations on board the Britannia.

" The Britannia is ſafely arrived at Port " Mahon; *ſo that* the report of her having been " loſt is without foundation."—The inference is moſt logical!

In the very next paragraph it is ſaid, " We " have the pleaſure of informing the public, " that

" that a capital figure-dancer will ſoon make " his appearance on the ſtage."

Are not ſuch things to be found in the newſpapers of every week; and is it not a cruel ſporting with the ſenſibilities of human nature, thus to wring the ſouls of parents and wives, of the aged and the helpleſs, and *that* merely to fill up the columns of a newſpaper?

It is of high national importance that the very earlieſt notice ſhould be given of the near appearance of a figure-dancer; but, ſurely, there was no neceſſity of ſaying any thing of the Britannia, in whoſe fate the fates of ſo many little families were involved, until it ſhould have been certainly known whether ſhe was wrecked, or had ſafely arrived in port.

Of late years there has a practice crept in, of making the newſpapers not only the vehicle of *public* intelligence, but alſo of the misfortunes, real or imaginary, of private families. For example, " We hear that Mrs. Gadabout was " lately detected in an illicit commerce with " her huſband's poſtilion, and that a proceſs of " divorce will be brought, &c."

Invention immediately buſies itſelf in accounting for this incident. After the firſt ceremonies of ſurpriſe and deep regret, the education of the lady is ſcrutinized; it was too ſtrict, or it was too looſe: The character of the

husband is laid before the inquest of gossips: He was morose and sullen, or he set an example of extravagance and libertinism which *poor* Mrs. Gadabout inconsiderately followed. Then some one, more expert in tracing effects to their cause, recollects having heard, that something of a like nature befel the family many years ago; and that the grand aunt of Mrs. Gadabout's father, if common fame lie not, stept aside with the Duke of Buckingham, when he attended Charles II. into Scotland.

In this state of uncertainty things remain for a week or two, when fresh intelligence is communicated to the Public. "The report of "Mrs. Gadabout's affair is premature.—The "former article was copied from another pa-"per. We hope that all concerned will accept "of this apology." Doubtless a most satisfying apology to all concerned!

The writers of newspapers are the historians of the day; but I see no cause why they should be the historians of the lie of the day.

## N° 76. SATURDAY, *January* 29, 1780.

REFINEMENT and delicacy of mind are not more obſervable in our ſerious occupations, than in the ſtyle of our amuſements. Of thoſe who poſſeſs them, the moſt vacant hours will generally be informed by taſte, or enlivened by imagination; but with men deſtitute of that ſentiment which they inſpire, pleaſure will commonly degenerate into groſſneſs, ſociality into intemperance, and mirth into riot.

Mr. *Melfort* is one of my friend Mr. *Umphraville*'s early acquaintance, who continues to reſide in this city, and of whom he ſtill retains ſome remembrance.

That gentleman, in his youth, had applied to the ſtudy of the law, and was admitted to the bar; but having ſoon after ſucceeded to a tolerable fortune, he derives no other benefit from his profeſſion than an apology for reſiding part of the year in town, and ſuch a general acquaintance there, as enables him to ſpend his time in that ſociety which is ſuited to his diſpoſition. He is often, indeed, to be ſeen in court; but he comes there only as he does to the coffee-houſe, to inquire after the news of the day, or to form a party for ſome of thoſe dinners which he uſually gives.

In my friend's laſt viſit to town, he met with this gentleman, and came under an engagement to dine with him. I was aſked to be of the party, and attended him accordingly.

The company was a large one. Beſides Mrs. *Melfort* and her two daughters, there were three other young ladies who appeared to be intimate in the family. The male part of the company was ſtill more numerous. It conſiſted, beſide our landlord, Mr. *Umphraville*, and myſelf, of two lawyers, a phyſician, a jolly-looking man in the uniform of a ſea-officer, and a gentleman advanced in life, who had ſomewhat of the air and manner of a foreigner, and, I afterwards learned, had left this country at an early age, and lived chiefly abroad ever ſince.

Mr. *Umphraville*, who was ſeated next Mrs. *Melfort*, ſeemed not leſs pleaſed with the converſation than with the manners of that lady, who is indeed perfectly well-bred and accompliſhed, and the ſtranger, whoſe name was *Melville*, appeared equally to reliſh the ſpirit which diſtinguiſhed the diſcourſe of Mr. *Umphraville*. I had early obſerved him to mark my old friend, as a member of the company not the leaſt worthy of his attention.

The dinner was ſucceeded by a round of toaſts, during which the ladies received ſcarce any other mark of attention from the company,

Mr.

Mr. *Umphraville*, Mr. *Melville*, and myself, excepted, than that of Mr. *Melfort*'s calling for their toasts, which he always distinguished, by desiring us to fill a bumper.

Immediately after this ceremony was ended, they withdrew; a circumstance which seemed nowise disagreeable to the company they left, the greatest part of whom had hitherto sat mute, and plainly felt the presence of the ladies a restraint on the freedom and jollity of conversation.

They had no sooner retired, than Mr. *Melfort*, raising himself in his chair, announced a bumper to the ladies who had left us; an order which was readily complied with, and seemed to spread an air of satisfaction around the table. The sea-captain said, he was glad the frigates had sheered off; "and now," added he, "if you "please, Mr. *Melfort*, as the signal is given, "we may clear the decks, and form the line of "battle."

The Captain's joke was applauded with a loud laugh; during which honest *Umphraville*, whose face is no hypocrite, cast to my side of the table a look of displeasure and contempt, which I was at no loss to interpret. Meantime the servants removed one half of the table, that we might sit sociably, as Mr. *Melfort* termed it, round the other, which was imme-

diately furnished with a set of fresh glasses, and cleared of every incumbrance that might retard the circulation of the bottle.

Our friends, who had been so silent during the presence of the ladies, now began to take their revenge, and enlarge their share of the conversation in proportion to the number of bumpers they swallowed: they vied with each other in the number of their stories and their jokes; all of which seemed to be equally relished; and not the less so, that they now became somewhat loose and licentious.

Mr. *Melville* had at first endeavoured, though in a very easy and polite manner, to give somewhat of a more refined turn to the conversation; but his endeavours, though supported by a good deal of wit and vivacity, could not long withstand the general disposition of the company. He now found himself as little able to relish their merriment as Mr. *Umphraville*, next whom he was seated; and they had begun to enter into conversation of a very different kind, when *Umphraville* received a slap on the shoulder from one of the company, who at the same time reminded him that he was *hunted*.

My friend was at first startled with a familiarity to which he was little accustomed; having recovered his composure, however, he thanked the gentleman, though with an air rather formal

and

and reſerved, for his attention, and drank off his bumper. But having, it ſeems, left a little more than was proper in the bottom of his glaſs, he was ſaluted with a call of "*No heeltops!*" from another corner of the table. This enigmatical advice being explained to him, he complied with it alſo, ſaying, however, with his natural firmneſs of tone and manner, "That it "was his rule to fill and drink his glaſs when "and how he pleaſed; and that, as he had "already gone greater lengths than uſual, Mr. "*Melfort* muſt excuſe him if he did not now "depart from it."

I ſaw that Mr. *Umphraville* was now heartily tired of the company, and was not ſorry when, a little after this incident, both he and Mr. *Melville* withdrew. Having remained long enough to witneſs ſome jocular remarks to which this gave occaſion, I followed them to the drawing-room, where I found they were much more agreeably employed in drinking coffee with Mrs. *Melfort*, while one of her daughters obliged my old friend by playing ſome Scots airs upon the harpſichord, which the other accompanied with a voice equally ſweet and expreſſive.

The converſation which ſucceeded was ſupported, in an eaſy agreeable manner, by Mr. *Melville* and the ladies, with that mixture of

ſerious

ſerious remark which made it not unpleaſing to Mr. *Umphraville*; nor did he ſuffer in their opinion by the part he occaſionally took in it. The ſilent approbation of his countenance, during the performance of the young ladies, and the obſervations which it gave him an opportunity of making on the character of our native muſic, had already made the old gentleman a favourite; nor were the reſt of the company diſpleaſed with the turn of his ſentiments, when he complained, that the drawing-rooms, where, in his younger days, the ladies and gentlemen were accuſtomed to the company of each other, were now almoſt totally deſerted; and that, as far as he could obſerve, amidſt the boaſted refinement of modern manners, the gentlemen paid leſs attention to the ladies, both in public places and in private ſociety, than they had done fifty years ago.

After ſome time paſſed in this manner, the noiſe of laughter and of vociferation on the ſtairs announced the approach of Mr. *Melfort* and his company. The phyſician, and one of the lawyers, were indeed the only members of it who had choſen to attend him to the drawing-room; both of whom were prodigiouſly fluſtered; and yet, to my aſtoniſhment, they contrived to put a decent face upon it, and fell into fewer improprieties than could have been expected.

pected. A drawing-room, however, was not their element; and, after ſwallowing a little coffee, they withdrew, leaving honeſt *Melfort* faſt aſleep in a corner of the ſettee.

Mr. *Umphraville* and I took our leave. We were ſcarce out of the houſe when he exclaimed,

"*O rus! quando ego te aſpiciam?*"

And, after a little pauſe, "Good God!" ſaid he, "*Charles*, can ſuch ſcenes be common at "poor *Melfort*'s? To what a degree muſt he "have loſt all reſpect for himſelf, and all taſte "for true happineſs, who, for ſuch ſociety as "we have this day witneſſed, can forego the "agreeable converſation of his own family, or "who can allow the elegance of their amuſe-"ments to be diſturbed by the intruſion of his "looſe and riotous companions?"

I repreſented to my friend, that he ſaw the matter in too ſtrong a light. I obſerved that the exceſs, on this occaſion, had probably been greater than uſual; Mr. *Melfort* was nowiſe ſingular in the manner of entertaining his friends; that, in this country, the general opinion juſtified the obſervation of the poet, "*Fe-"cundi calices quem non fecere diſertum*;" that wine was ſuppoſed neceſſary to remove the natural reſerve of our manner, and give a proper degree of eaſe and ſpirit to our converſation.

As

As to the appearance of *Melfort* and his friends in the drawing-room, I obſerved, that a little habit made the occaſional intruſion of a drunken company be conſidered as a ſort of interlude, which ladies could bear without uneaſineſs; and, at any rate, as it was an equal chance that their future huſbands would give ſuch dinners, and receive ſuch gueſts, as their father did, it might not be improper to accuſtom them, in their earlier days, to a ſpecies of converſation and behaviour which they muſt afterwards be obliged to endure.

"Ay," ſays he, "*Charles*, this is your way; "the follies of mankind are familiar to you, "and you are always ready to find an apology "for them; but I, who, for many years, have "only heard of them, cannot be ſuppoſed to "bear their defects with as much patience. I "am ſick of this town of yours; and, though "I could have as much pleaſure as any man in "witneſſing ſuch elegant manners, and par- "taking in ſuch agreeable converſation, as we "ſaw and enjoyed during a part of this even- "ing; if I muſt purchaſe it by ſharing in the "intemperance, the noiſe, and the folly which "preceded it, ſhould you wonder if I long to "return to my books and my ſolitude?"

## N° 77. TUESDAY, *February* 1, 1780.

*All impediments in fancy's courſe,*
*Are motives of more fancy.*

SHAKESPEARE.

AMIDST the variety of objects around us, philoſophers have frequently been employed in pointing out and diſtinguiſhing thoſe which are the ſources of pleaſure, and thoſe which are productive of pain; they have endeavoured alſo to inveſtigate the cauſes and the qualities in the different objects by which their effects are produced. I ſuſpect that, in many caſes, we muſt be obliged to have recourſe to the original conſtitution of our frame, and that the moſt penetrating philoſophical inquirers can often go no farther than to ſay, *Thus Nature has made us.*

But whatever may be the original ſources of our pleaſure and pain, it is certain that there are various circumſtances which may be pointed out, as adding to, or diminiſhing, both the one and the other; circumſtances by which the warmth of expectation may be heightened or allayed, and the pangs of diſappointment increaſed or mitigated.

It is a common obſervation, the juſtice of which, I believe, will not be diſputed, that every paſſion increaſes according to the difficulty there is in its gratification. When once a deſire for a certain object is raiſed, every oppoſition which occurs to the attainment of it, provided it be not ſuch as cuts off all hopes of ſucceeding, and every perplexity and embarraſſment thrown in the way, when the mind is engaged in the purſuit, inflames the deſire; the object becomes heightened and exaggerated in our ideas, the mind grows more attached to it, and the expectation of enjoyment from the poſſeſſion is increaſed.

To account for this appearance in our nature, it may be obſerved, that nothing is ſo apt to make an object figure in the imagination, as to have our attention long and earneſtly fixed upon it. This makes it appear in ſtronger and more lively colours. If it be an object of deſire, it appears more and more calculated to give pleaſure; if an object of averſion, it appears more and more calculated to produce pain. Every time we view it, there is an addition made to the impreſſion we have received. The ſenſations it has already given us ſtill continue, and the paſſion it has created receives additional force. If the object be pleaſant, the mind dwells upon its good, if diſagreeable, upon its

bad

bad qualities: it broods over them, it amplifies, it exaggerates them.

Now, no circumſtance is ſo much calculated to fix the attention upon any particular object, as thoſe difficulties which ariſe in our purſuit of it. The mind, unwilling to be overcome, cannot think of ſubmitting to a defeat, or of giving up thoſe expectations of enjoyment which it has formed. Every little oppoſition, therefore, that is met with, every obſtruction thrown in the way, calls forth a freſh conſideration of the object. We take a view of it in its every form, to try if we can get the better of thoſe difficulties, and remove thoſe obſtructions. The object itſelf, meanwhile, gains complete poſſeſſion of the ſoul. It ſwells and heightens in our imagination, and is no longer ſeen as it is by other men, nor as it would be by the ſame perſon, were other objects allowed to have place in his mind, or to divide his attention.

From this circumſtance in our nature, that fixing our attention upon any one object, or ſet of objects, is apt to increaſe or heighten them in our imagination, a variety of remarks might be made, tending to illuſtrate the hiſtory of the human heart. It is owing to this circumſtance, that a general lover ſeldom forms an attachment to any particular object. It is from the ſame cauſe, that the gentleman, who follows no particular

ticular profeſſion, ſeldom exaggerates the advantages of any one. It is the merchant, who limits his views ſolely to commerce, that ſees in too ſtrong a light the advantages of trade; it is the man of learning, who is ſhut up within the walls of a college, that exaggerates the advantages of literature; it is the ſcholar, who confines himſelf to one branch of ſcience, that is the complete pedant. The moral philoſopher wonders how any man can be occupied by the dry, unpleaſant ſtudy of the mathematics, while the curious fabric of the human mind remains unexplored. The mathematician is equally ſurpriſed that any man ſhould compare the certainty of mathematical evidence to the vague inquiries of the moral philoſopher. The geometrician, who, by the intreaty of his friends, was prevailed with to read the *Cid* of *Corneille*, wondered that any body ſhould admire a thing in which nothing was proved. And the learned *Budæus*, when he was writing his treatiſe concerning the Roman *as*, being interrupted by his maid-ſervant, who told him the houſe was on fire, bade her go tell his wife, for that he did not mind family-matters. "What a pity is it," ſays a learned foreign Profeſſor, in writing to his Correſpondent in this country, "what a pity is it, "that the illuſtrious Dr. *Franklin*, the diſcover-"er of electricity, and the author of ſo many "inventions

" inventions in the ſciences, ſhould deſcend " from the ſublime heights of philoſophy, to " employ his time and ſtudy in directing the tri- " fling and unimportant contentions of na- " tions !"

It would far exceed the bounds of this paper to exhauſt this ſubject, or to take notice of the different remarks which may be drawn from it, either with regard to human ſentiments and conduct, or in relation to the fine arts *. I ſhall therefore confine myſelf to one other obſervation, on a point which has been treated of by Mr. *Addiſon*, in the 40th Number of *The Spectator*, where he juſtifies, againſt the ruling opinion at that time, the practice of thoſe writers of tragedy, who diſregard what are called the rules of *poetical juſtice*. To his defence of that practice, I think we may add one argument, which ſeems to have eſcaped him, drawn from the effect of the oppoſition above mentioned, to heighten our paſſion for a particular object.

There is implanted in the mind of every man a deſire that virtue ſhould be followed by reward, and vice by puniſhment. But this deſire, like every other, gathers new ſtrength by oppoſition, and riſes upon reſiſtance. When, therefore, a virtuous man, amidſt all his virtue,

* See *Elements of Criticiſm.*

is repreſented as unhappy, that anxiety which we feel for his happineſs becomes ſo much the greater; the more undeſerved calamities he meets with, the higher is that principle raiſed, by which we deſire that he ſhould attain an adequate reward; the more he is environed and perplexed with difficulties, the more earneſtly do we wiſh that he may be delivered from them all; and, even when he is cut off by premature death, we follow his memory with the greater admiration; and our reſpect and reverence for his conduct are increaſed ſo much the more, as all our prayers for his happineſs in this life are diſappointed.

On the other hand, with regard to the vicious, nothing excites ſo ſtrongly our indignation againſt vice, or our deſire that it ſhould be puniſhed, as our beholding the vicious ſucceſsful, and, in the midſt of his crimes, enjoying proſperity. Were we always to ſee the vicious man meeting with a proper puniſhment for his guilt, wretched and unhappy, our eagerneſs for his puniſhment would ſubſide, and our hatred againſt him would be converted into pity; his guilt would be forgotten, and his misfortunes only would affect us. Before the trial of an atrocious criminal, the unanimous voice of the public is, that he ſhould be led out to puniſhment. Suppoſe him condemned, how altered

is

is that voice! His fate is now univerſally pitied and deplored; and, did not the ſafety of thouſands depend on his ſuffering, hardly, in any caſe, ſhould we ſee the laws of juſtice finally put in execution.

There can be no good reaſon, therefore, for obſerving the rules of what is called *poetical juſtice*. The effect which a departure from theſe rules produces, affords the higheſt poſſible teſtimony in favour of virtue. It ſhews that, where virtue meets with calamities and diſappointments, this, inſtead of leſſening it in our eſtimation, only attaches us ſo much the more warmly to its intereſts; and that, where vice is ſucceſsful, inſtead of creating a feeling in its favour, this only increaſes our indignation againſt it. Were virtue always fortunate, were vice always unproſperous, that principle would be enfeebled, by which we deſire the reward of the one, and the puniſhment of the other.

N° 78. SATURDAY, *February* 5, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THE praiſes of *friendſhip*, and deſcriptions of the happineſs ariſing from it, I remember to have met with in almoſt every book and poem ſince firſt I could read. I was never much addicted to reading; and, in this inſtance, I think, I have little reaſon to put confidence in authors. How it may be in their experience, I know not; but, in mine, this ſame virtue of *friendſhip* has tended very little to my happineſs; on the contrary, Sir, when I tell you my ſituation, you will find that I am almoſt ruined by my friends.

From my earlieſt days, I was reckoned one of the beſt-natured fellows in the world; and, at ſchool, though I muſt confeſs I did not acquire ſo much learning as many of my companions; yet, even there, I was remarkable for the acquiſition of *friends*. Even there, too, I acquired them at ſome expence; I was flogged, I dare ſay, an hundred times, for the faults of others, but was too generous ever to

*peach*;

*peach*; my companions were generous fellows too; but it always happened, I don't know how, that my generosity was on the losing side of the adventure.

I had not been above three years at college, when the death of an uncle put me in possession of a very considerable estate. As I was not violently inclined towards literature, I soon took the opportunity which this presented me of leaving the university, and entering upon the world. I put myself under the tuition of one of my companions, who generally spent the *vacations*, and indeed some of the *terms* too, in *London*, and took up my residence in that city. There I needed not that propensity which, I have told you, I always possessed, to acquire a multitude of *friends*; I found myself surrounded by them in every tavern and coffee-house about town. But I soon experienced, that though the commodity was plenty, the price was high. Besides a considerable mortgage on my estate, of which one of my best friends contrived to possess himself, I was obliged to expose my life in a couple of duels, and had very near lost it by disease, in that course of friendship which I underwent in the metropolis. All this was more a social sacrifice to others than a gratification to myself. Naturally rather of a sober disposition, I found more fre-

quently diſguſt than pleaſure amidſt thoſe ſcenes of diſſipation in which I was engaged. I was often obliged to roar out a *catch* expreſſive of our happineſs, at the head of a long table in a tavern, though I would almoſt have exchanged my place for the bench of a galley-ſlave; and to bellow for a *bumper*, when I would as ſoon have ſwallowed the bittereſt drug in the ſhop of my apothecary.

From this ſort of bondage I contrived to emancipate myſelf by matrimony. I married the ſiſter of one of my friends, a girl good-natured and thoughtleſs like myſelf, with whom I ſoon after retired into the country, and ſet out upon what we thought a ſober, well-regulated plan. The ſituation was ſo diſtant, as to be quite out of the reach of my former town-companions; proviſions were cheap, and ſervants faithful; in ſhort, every thing ſo circumſtanced, that we made no doubt of living conſiderably within our income. Our manner of life, however, was to be as happy as prudent. By the improvement of my eſtate, I was to be equally amuſed and enriched; my ſkill in ſportmanſhip (for I had acquired that ſcience to great perfection at the univerſity) was to procure vigour to my conſtitution, and dainties to my table; and, againſt the long nights of winter, we were provided with an excellent *neighbourhood*.

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The laſt-mentioned article is the only one which we have found come entirely up to our expectations. My talent for *friend-making* has indeed extended the limits of *neighbourhood* a good deal farther than the word is commonly underſtood to reach. The pariſh, which is not a ſmall one, the country, which is proportionally extenſive, comes all within the denomination of neighbourhood with us; and my neighbour *Gooſtry*, who pays me an annual ſporting viſit of ſeveral weeks, lives at leaſt fifty miles off.

Some of thoſe *neighbours*, who always become *friends* at my houſe, have endeavoured to pay me for their entertainment with their advice as to the cultivation of my farm, or the management of my eſtate; but I have generally found their counſel, like other friendly exertions, put me out of pocket in the end. Their theories of agriculture failed in my practice of them; and the ingenious men they recommended to me for tenants, ſeldom paid their rent by their ingenuity. One gentleman, in particular, was ſo much penetrated by my kindneſs and hoſpitality, that he generouſly communicated to me a project he had formed, which he ſhewed me to be infallible, for acquiring a great fortune in a very ſhort time, and offered me an equal ſhare in the profits, upon my advancing the ſum of

five hundred pounds, to enable him to put his plan more ſpeedily into execution. But, about a twelvemonth after, I was informed that his project had miſcarried, and that my five hundred pounds were loſt in the wreck of it. This gentleman is almoſt the only one of my *friends*, who, after having been once at my houſe, does not chuſe to frequent it again.

My wife is not a whit leſs happy in acquiring *friends* than myſelf. Beſides all her relations, of whom (for I choſe a woman of family) ſhe has a very great number, every lady ſhe meets at viſits, at church, or at the yearly races in our country-town, is ſo inſtantaneouſly charmed with her manners and converſation, that ſhe finds it impoſſible to leave our part of the country without doing herſelf the pleaſure of waiting on Mrs. *Hearty* at her own houſe. Mrs. *Hearty*'s friends are kind enough to give advice too, as well as mine. After ſuch viſits, I generally find ſome improvement in the furniture of my houſe, the dreſs of my wife, or the livery of my ſervants.

The attentions of our friends are ſometimes carried farther than mere words or viſits of compliment; yet, even then, unfortunately, their favours are juſt ſo many taxes upon us. When I receive a preſent of a delicate *ſalmon*, or a nice *haunch of veniſon*, it is but a ſignal for all

my

my good neighbours to come and eat at my expence; and some time ago, when a nephew of my wife, settled abroad, sent me an hogshead of excellent claret, it cost me, in entertainments for the honour of the liquor, what might have purchased a tun from the wine-merchant.

After so many instances in which my *friendships* were hurtful to my fortune, I wished to hit on the way of making some of them beneficial to it. For this purpose, my wife and I have, for a good while past, been employed in looking out for some snug office, or reversion, to which my interest with several powerful friends might recommend me. But, somehow or other, our expectations have been always disappointed; not from any want of inclination in our friends to serve us, as we have been repeatedly assured, but from various unforeseen accidents, to which expectations of that sort are particularly liable. In the course of these solicitations, I was led to engage in the political interests of a gentleman, on whose influence I built the strongest hopes of success in my own schemes; and I flattered myself, that, from the friendly footing on which I stood with my neighbours, I might be of considerable service to him. This, indeed, he is extremely ready to acknowledge, though he has never yet found an opportunity of returning the favour; but, in

the mean time, it kept my table open to all his *friends*, as well as my own, and coſt me, beſides, a head-ache twice a-week during the whole period of the canvas.

In ſhort, Mr. MIRROR, I find I can afford to keep myſelf in *friends* no longer. I mean to give them warning of this my reſolution as ſpeedily as poſſible. Be ſo good, therefore, as inform ſuch of them as read your paper, that I have ſhut my gates, locked my cellar, turned off my cook, diſpoſed of my dogs, forgot my acquaintance, and am reſolved henceforward, let people ſay of me what they will, to be *no one's friend but my own.*

I am, &c.

JOHN HEARTY.

I

N° 79. TUESDAY, *February* 8, 1780.

——*Tanto major famæ ſitis eſt quam virtutis.*
JUVENAL, Sat. 10.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THERE is, perhaps, no character in the world more frequent than that of your negatively good men; people who ſtrictly conform to the laws of decency and good order in ſociety, whoſe conduct is ſquared to the rules of honeſty and morality, and yet who never did one virtuous or laudable action from the day of their birth. Men of this ſort ſeem to conſider life as a journey through a barbarous country, occupied by ſavages, and overſpread with dangers in every quarter. Their only wiſh is to ſteer the ſafeſt courſe, to eſcape any hidden ſnares or precipices, and to avoid exaſperating the enemy; but to win them by offices of kindneſs, or attach them by real ſervices, they conſider as a fruitleſs waſte of time, a needleſs expence, and often a dangerous experiment.

It is not a little surprising, that these *good sort of men should*, by the decency of their exterior deportment, so far impose upon the world, as to glide on with ease and safety, to arrive often at riches and eminence, and, from being free of the censure of every species of open vice, to obtain not unfrequently the respect which is due to virtue.

You, Mr. MIRROR, like some other rigid moralists, seem, from the general strain of your writings, to require something more towards the formation of a *good man* than the mere absence of evil, or the mere *livery* of goodness. It must be allowed, however, that, by a scrupulous observance of certain rules of decorum, and a timely use of the vocables of virtue, the exterior and visible part of the character is to be attained, which, for most of the useful purposes of life, seems to be quite sufficient. But as there are still a few who go a little deeper, and are scrupulous enough to require a purity of heart as well as of manners, it is pity that those sincere good people should lose all recompence for the sacrifice they make of many comfortable gratifications, while they see the rewards of virtue as certainly attained at a much smaller expence.

From my concern for the few I have mentioned, I have been considering, whether it were

not

not poſſible to deviſe ſome means of unmaſking thoſe of the former character, ſome ſtandard by which the two claſſes might be compared, or ſtatical balance which ſhould ſhew the difference of weight and ſolidity of ſuch objects as have a ſimilar appearance. I think, Sir, I have been ſucceſsful, and ſhall now propoſe to you my plan.

*Imprimis*, I lay it down as a rule, that men ſhall not be judged of by the actions they perform, but by ſuch as they do not perform. Now, Sir, as thoſe uſeful chronicles of facts, called *newſpapers*, have hitherto been only the records of what men have been daily a-doing, I propoſe to publiſh a newſpaper of a different kind, which ſhall contain the daily intelligence of all ſuch things as are not done.

For the benefit of ſuch as chuſe to encourage my undertaking, I ſend you a ſpecimen of the work, which I can ſafely promiſe, and hereby engage, ſhall contain more in quantity than any other periodical regiſter whatever.

" Saturday laſt, being the feſtival of Chriſt-
" mas, a day which the late worthy Sir Tho-
" mas W——— uſed to commemorate by giv-
" ing a warm dinner to all the poor of the pariſh,
" the ſame was celebrated by his ſon, the preſent
" Sir Thomas, with no ſolemnity whatever."

"Yesterday George B——, Esq; who, by "the death of an uncle, succeeded lately to an "estate of L. 4000 *per annum*, gave no answer "to five charity-letters from the natural chil- "dren of his deceased relation, and their mo- "ther, who works hard for their maintenance."

"In the course of last week four poor people "died in the streets—owing to the great *incle-* "*mency* of the season."

"On Friday the 24th ult. the Duke of—— "visited the Royal Infirmary of this city, and, "after perusing the list of contributions to that "humane and useful foundation, was pleased "to give—a pinch of snuff to the gentleman "that stood next him."

"It was confidently reported some days ago, "that C—— W——, Esq; had paid his fa- "ther's debts; but this, we are assured, is "without foundation."

"In the action lately brought by E. L. a "*pauper*, against her son-in-law Lord ——, "for an alimony, several eminent counsel be- "ing applied to in behalf of the plaintiff, re- "fused to take any concern in so shameful a "prosecution."

"W. P. Esq; who lately sustained a consi- "derable loss by play, has not, as was asserted, "sold his hunters and pack of harriers. He "has only dismissed his chaplain, and cut off

"the

" the allowance of ſome ſuperannuated domeſ-
" tics, on whom his father beſtowed annual
" penſions."

" Whereas it has been reported, that R. V.
" Eſq; who ſome time ago made a compoſition
" with his creditors of five ſhillings in the
" pound, has of late given ſeveral entertain-
" ments of three courſes, we are deſired to in-
" form the public, from the beſt authority, viz.
" his butler, that the ſaid gentleman never gives
" more than two courſes and a deſſert."

" Laſt night, between the hours of nine and
" ten, a fire broke out in the kitchen of R. H.
" Eſq; which, after burning with ſome violence
" for two hours, was happily extinguiſhed. It
" did no farther damage than the conſuming of
" about 20 lb. of coals. It is ſurpriſing how very
" few *ſuch accidents* have happened of late years."

Such, Mr. MIRROR, is the nature of the paper which I propoſe ſhall daily give intelligence of whatever is omitted to be done in this city and its environs. Beſides the recommendation of novelty, its general uſefulneſs muſt be ſo apparent, that I can have very little doubt of its extenſive circulation.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

INTEGER.

I have been favoured, by an ingenious Correspondent, with the following observations on Pastoral Poetry.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

NO species of poetry has given occasion to more observation and criticism than what is called *pastoral*; though I am still inclined to suspect, that the nature of this composition has not, after all, been properly ascertained. The critics have prescribed a great number of rules upon that subject, but without attempting to point out any principle in nature upon which they are founded; expecting, perhaps, that, like receipts, they should be implicitly followed upon the mere authority of the persons by whom they are delivered. Thus we are informed, that an *eclogue*, or *pastoral*, is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or of one considered under that character; and that those who have introduced *reapers*, or *fishermen*, into this sort of composition, have acted improperly. Although an eclogue, however, ought to represent the manners of a shepherd, we are told that those manners should be painted, not as they are found in nature, but according to an ideal standard of perfection in what is called the *golden age*, where

where mankind live a life of ſimplicity untainted by vice, and maintain a ſerenity and tranquillity of mind undiſturbed by avarice or ambition. In ſhort, the actions of a ſhepherd, exhibited in this ſort of writing, ought to have little reſemblance to ſuch as exiſt at preſent among that claſs of people, or probably ever did exiſt in any period of the world.

Is there not ſomething mighty whimſical and arbitrary in theſe critical tenets? May we not be permitted to aſk, why a ſpecies of poetry ſhould be appropriated to one particular profeſſion or occupation, in contra-diſtinction to all others? What is there in the life of a ſhepherd, to diſtinguiſh it from that of the other inhabitants of a country, and to mark the peculiar ſtyle and character of thoſe verſes which are employed in deſcribing it?

A *paſtoral* ought, in my opinion, to be diſtinguiſhed from any other poem, not ſo much by the claſs of people whom it propoſes to exhibit, as by the kind of ſentiments which it is deſigned to expreſs. Love and friendſhip give riſe to ſentiments which are apt to engroſs the whole imagination, and to have an extenſive influence upon the diſpoſition and temper. The ſenſibility and delicacy produced in a mind where theſe affections are prevalent, is liable to be diſguſted with the ordinary commerce of ſociety,

to feel an averſion to the cares and buſtle of an active life, and a high reliſh for the eaſe and indolent enjoyments connected with rural retirement.

And Wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks the ſweet retired ſolitude,
Where, with her beſt nurſe, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That, in the buſtling hurry of reſort,
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impair'd.

As theſe diſpoſitions and ſentiments have a peculiar tone and character, that poetry in which they are expreſſed is, with propriety, conſidered as diſtinct from every other; being obviouſly different from that which is employed in deſcribing great and heroic actions, or from that which is intended to call forth ſympathy by ſcenes of diſtreſs, or from that which is calculated to excite laughter by exhibiting objects of folly and ridicule.

In a poem expreſſive of tender ſentiments, it ſeems neceſſary that the ſcene ſhould be laid at a diſtance from places of buſineſs and public reſort, and ſhould be filled with a deſcription of rural objects and amuſements. Shepherds, therefore, being the earlieſt inhabitants of the country, enjoying eaſe and happineſs, were naturally pitched upon as the only perſons who could,

could, with probability, be represented in compositions of this nature. Hence it seems to have arisen, that the readers of such poems, and even critics, attending more to the sensible objects that were exhibited, than to the end which the poet had in view, have considered that as primary which was merely an accidental circumstance; and have regarded the employment of tending flocks as essential in the persons represented. It is in consequence of this that the name of *pastoral* is now commonly appropriated to that sort of composition, which has been substituted in place of *Eclogues*, *Idyllia*, *Silvæ*, and several others used by ancient authors. No reason, however, occurs for adhering to those early ideas in the present state of the world, where the situation of things is totally changed. Many people at present may, with probability, be supposed to live in the country, whose situation in life has no connection with that of shepherds, and yet whose character is equally suitable to the sentiments which ought to prevail in that species of writing.

It may even be doubted, whether the representation of sentiments belonging to the *real* inhabitants of the country who are strangers to all refinement, or those entertained by a person of an elegant and cultivated mind, who, from choice, retires into the country with a view of enjoying

enjoying thoſe pleaſures which it affords, is calculated to produce a more intereſting picture. If the former is recommended by its *naïveté* and ſimplicity, it may be expected that the latter ſhould have the preference in point of beauty and variety.

Two of the greateſt poets of antiquity have deſcribed the pleaſures of a country-life in theſe two different aſpects. The former view is exhibited, with great propriety and elegance, in one of the moſt beautiful poems of *Horace*.

*Quod ſi pudica mulier in partem juvans*
*Domum, atque dulces liberos;*
*(Sabina qualis, aut peruſta ſolibus*
*Pernicis uxor Appuli)*
*Sacrum vetuſtis exſtruat lignis focum*
*Laſſi ſub adventum viri:*
*Claudenſque textis cratibus lætum pecus*
*Diſtenta ſiccet ubera;*
*Et horna dulci vina promens dolio*
*Dapes inemptas apparet.* Epod. 2.

But if a chaſte and virtuous wife
Aſſiſt him in the tender care,
Of ſun-burnt charms, but honeſt fame,
(Such as the Sabine or Apulian dame);
Fatigued when homeward he returns,
The ſacred fire with cheerful luſtre burns;

Or

Or if she milk her swelling kine,
Or in their folds his happy flock confine;
While unbought dainties crown the feast,
And luscious wines from this year's vintage prest.

FRANCIS.

The more elevated *Virgil* has given a picture of the latter kind no less delightful, in that passage at the end of the second book of the *Georgics*, beginning,

*O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint*
*Agricolas.* ———

O happy if he knew his happy state
The swain. ———

The enlargement of the field of pastoral poetry, which is here suggested, would surely be of advantage, considering how much the common topics of that species of writing are already exhausted. We are become weary of the ordinary sentiments of shepherds, which have been so often repeated, and which have usually nothing but the variety of expression to recommend them. The greater part of the productions which have appeared under the name of pastorals are, accordingly, so insipid, as to have excited little attention; which is the more remarkable, because the subjects which they treat of naturally interest the affections, and are easily painted

painted in such delusive colours as tend to soothe the imagination by romantic dreams of happiness.

M. *de Fontenelle* has attempted to write pastorals upon the extensive plan above mentioned; but, though this author writes with great elegance in prose, his poetical talents seem rather below mediocrity; so that it is not likely he will be regarded, by succeeding poets, as a model for imitation.

X

N° 80. SATURDAY, *February* 12, 1780.

*——— Ex fumo dare lucem*
*Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat.*
HOR.

AUTHORS have been divided into two claſſes, the inſtructive and the entertaining; to which has been added a third, who mix, according to *Horace*, the "*utile dulci*," and are, in his opinion, intitled to the higheſt degree of applauſe.

Readers complain, that in none of theſe departments is there, in modern writing, much pretenſion to originality. In ſcience, they ſay, ſo much has been already diſcovered, that all a modern writer has left is, to explain and enforce the ſyſtems of our predeceſſors; and, in literature, our fathers have ſo exhauſted the acuteneſs of reaſoning, the flaſhes of wit, the luxuriance of deſcription, and the invention of incident, that an author now-a-days can only give new form, not matter, to his argument; a new turn, not thought, to his epigram; new attitudes, not object, to his picture; new language, not ſituation, to his ſtory.

However true this complaint may be in the main, there is one claſs of writers to whom the charge

charge of triteneſs does, I apprehend, very little apply. They are generally of the firſt ſpecies mentioned above, who publiſh uſeful information to mankind; yet, in the laſt quarter of the 18th century, their information is often as new as if they had written in the infancy of art and of ſcience, when every field was open to the reſearches of induſtry, and the invention of genius. The writers I allude to, are the authors of thoſe little eſſays which appear in the learned world under the title of ADVERTISEMENTS.

The neceſſary and ornamental arts of life are equally the objects of the claſs of authors whom I deſcribe. In both, I will venture to aſſert, that the novelty of their productions is equal to their uſefulneſs.

It was formerly imagined, that diſeaſe was an evil which mankind had inherited as a puniſhment for the lapſe of their progenitor. *Milton* has given, in his Paradiſe Loſt, a catalogue of ſome of thoſe tormenting maladies which were to be felt by the race of fallen *Adam*.—So has Dr. *Dominiceti* in an advertiſement, which is now lying before me; but, with the moſt extraordinary force of original diſcovery, has informed us, that, in his treatment of thoſe diſorders, there is no evil, no pain, but, on the contrary, much pleaſure, and even luxury.

"*I en-*

" *I engage,*" says the Doctor, " *with* pleasure, " *and even* luxury, *to the patient, to increase or* " *diminish the vital heat, and the circulatory, se-* " *cretory, and excretory functions; to soften and* " *relax the too hard and dry muscular and nervous* " *fibres, and contracted ligaments; and to harden* " *and make compact, and give the proper tone and* " *elasticity to the too moist and flabby muscular and* " *nervous fibres and relaxed sinews, and provide* " *and establish an equilibrium between the fluids* " *and vessels; to sweeten acrid, corrosive, and sa-* " *line humours; and to cure the dropsy, asthma,* " *consumptions, colic, gravel, rheumatism, palsy,* " *pleurisy, and fevers, stone and gout, scurvy and* " *leprosy; to mollify and destroy inveterate calloси-* " *ties, to deterge and cure obstinate ulcers,* &c.

" *These are not the representations of a Quack's* " *bill; I detest the arts of quackery as much* " *as any man living. I deal not in nostrums* " *or mysteries, or magick or expedient to capti-* " *vate:*

" Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere mundo."

If he who invented one new pleasure was formerly thought intitled to imperial munificence, what reward does the Doctor deserve, who has added as many luxuries to the list, as there are diseases in the catalogues of nosology?

*Scotland,*

*Scotland*, though not remarkable in this department of literature, has the honour of producing an author, who, in an advertisement published not long ago, has added to the stores of *natural history* the following very curious facts, with regard to the properties of air and heat. Mr. *Fair*, mason, opposite to the White Hart Inn, Grass Market, Edinburgh, thus delivers himself on the subject of *pneumatics*. "*Air and smoke*," says he, "*are two elastic fluids, capable of being condensed and expanded. Heat, or the fire in the grate, expands the air. Being expanded, it becomes lighter. And, as it is in nature for light matter to swim to the top of heavier, it rises up the vent, carrying the smoke along with it. This is the principle by which fire burns, and smoke ascends. Now, that the particles of air may be brought above the fire, that they may be heated to expand and carry off the smoke, should be the chief care of a mason in finishing of the fire-places. On the contrary, it is the cause of smoke.*

"*The other cause of smoke is the wind. Wind is a current of the air always rushing into voids. At the same time it goes forward by the law of gravity, it has a tendency to press downwards. Now, when it blows over any one object higher than the chimney-top, gravity brings it downward, pressing the smoke before it.*"

It will be obſerved, that, like many other great theoriſts, Mr. *Fair* uſes a language in ſome places a little obſcure; and that in others, as where he mentions the tendency of wind to preſs downwards, his expreſſion borders on the jocular: a liberty in which ſome of the greateſt philoſophers have frequently indulged.

Theſe diſcoveries, however new and aſtoniſhing, are not ſupernatural. But I have juſt now read an advertiſement, which carries its information *beyond the bounds of ſpace and time*; and, though the modeſty of its author allows that ſhe has borrowed ſomething from the *Eaſtern Magi*, may fairly be deemed an original. "*Mrs. Corbyn, at* N° 41. *Stanhope-*"*ſtreet, Clare-market, London, by the ge-*"*nuine rules of the real aſtronomical arcana,*"*for which the wiſe men of the Eaſt were ſo*"*noted, undertakes to anſwer all legal aſtrolo-*"*gical queſtions, in a moſt ſurpriſing manner.*"*Continues to give the moſt amazing accounts*"*of perſons by ſea and land. Gives attend-*"*ance at the warehouſe every day from ten*"*in the morning to eight at night.*" The wiſe men of the Eaſt; and ſome other aſtrologers, might perhaps *retail* ſome predictions; but the idea of a *warehouſe* of prophecy was, I am perſuaded, reſerved for Mrs. *Corbyn*, of *Clare-market*.

In

In the *ornamental* department of ſcience, has there been any thing, ſince the days of *Medea*, that could ſo effectually give beauty to homelineſs, or reſtore youth to age, as the *Circaſſian Waſh*, or the *Venetian Flower-water?* or has the cunning of art ever rivalled the productions of nature more ſucceſsfully than in the *Elaſtic Cuſhion* and *Spring Curls*, "*which*," ſays the advertiſement, "*are as* "*natural and becoming, nay, by many thought* "*more ſo, than the natural hair itſelf?*"

Nor is the merit of thoſe gentlemen much inferior, where they apply arts already diſcovered, to purpoſes which their inventors never dreamed of. *Socrates* was ſaid to have brought down philoſophy from heaven to dwell with men. I think the ſame eulogium may be fairly beſtowed on the very ingenious artiſt, who has informed us in an advertiſement, "*That he* "*makes* leather-breeches *by the rules of* trigo- "nometry."

Having thus done juſtice to the merit of thoſe authors in point of ſubſtance, I proceed to ſhew their excellence in the compoſition and ſtyle of their productions. Amidſt a variety of inſtances, I ſhall make choice of one, merely becauſe it ſtrikes my view in laſt night's Public Advertiſer. It is the production of a very voluminous

minous writer in this department, Mr. *Norton*, of *Golden-ſquare*.

" *E. S. Gent. of Tenterden in Kent, was long* " *afflicted with an inveterate ſcorbutic diſorder.* " *It firſt broke out in hot pimples and dry ſcales all* " *over his face*; *then appeared in great blotches on* " *various parts of his body, and œdematous ſwellings* " *in his legs, which terminated in dreadful exco-* " *riations, and fœtid ulcers. All this was at-* " *tended with a total loſs of appetite, and, at laſt,* " *with ſuch extreme languor and debility, that* " *the poor gentleman was utterly deſpaired of by* " *ſeveral of the moſt eminent of the faculty who at-* " *tended him*; *till, at laſt, by the providential diſ-* " *covery in the newſpapers of the efficacy of* Mare- " dant's drops, *by taking a few bottles of them,* " *all the above terrible ſymptoms began gradually* " *to diſappear, his appetite returned, his com-* " *plexion regained its priſtine bloom, his ſkin be-* " *came as ſmooth as that of a new-born babe, and* " *his fleſh recovered the ſoundneſs and elaſticity of* " *the moſt vigorous habit. He has ever ſince* " *been perfectly ſtout, hale, and active, and has* " *had three children born to him, all thriving and* " *healthy.*"

This may be conſidered as a ſort of tragi-comic recital, and, if examined by the rules of Ariſtotle, will be found to contain all the requiſites of the beſt dramatic compoſition. Here is

a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning, the breaking out of Mr. S.'s diſorder; the middle, the progreſs of the diſeaſe; the end, its perfect cure. Here, too, in ſome ſort, is the Αγνωρισις, and here evidently the Περιπετεια, the two great beauties of a perfect drama; the Αγνωρισις, the providential diſcovery of Maredant's drops; the Περιπετεια, the change of ſituation from pimples and ſcales to a blooming complexion, from blotches and ulcers, to ſmoothneſs of ſkin and ſoundneſs of fleſh, from extreme debility and languor, to being the father of healthy children.

Nor is this claſs of writers leſs remarkable for adaptation of ſtyle than for correctneſs of compoſition. The advertiſement above recited of Dr. *Dominiceti*, and the daily performances of Meſſ. *Chriſtie* and *Anſell*, ſhew to what *elevation* they can raiſe it, when the ſubject requires elevation. On the other hand, where ſhall we find more truly characteriſtic ſimplicity than in the following notice from a gentleman-tailor? "*Wanted, by a ſingle gentleman-*
"*tailor, a ſervant-maid, to act as houſekeeper and*
"*cook, where a girl is kept to attend and wait*
"*upon the maſter. None need apply who will*
"*pretend to manage the kitchen-fire without his*
"*directions, as he underſtands the management of*
"*coal-fires, which few ſervants in this town do.*

"*As*

" *As he commonly dines out of a Sunday, he ex-*
" *pects his servants to go to church, instead of cook-*
" *ing dainties to themselves, such as shoulders of*
" *veal stuff'd,* &c. ; *as, though he is a single man,*
" *he is very well instructed by a neighbour how to*
" *manage his family.* —— *Apply next door to the*
" *steps, Panton Square.*"

Other writers, often equally poor and proud, may perhaps object to the class of authors whom I commemorate, that they write not from the love of science, or the desire of fame, but from motives merely interested and selfish. But a little acquaintance with many of their productions will effectually remove this reproach. Is it not benevolence alone that forces Mr. *Speediman*, in spite of his natural modesty, to address the Public in an advertisement? " Mr. Speedi-
" man *would be unjust to the Public if he any*
" *longer delayed acquainting them of the virtues of*
" *his* stomach pills." Are there not daily advertisements of sales " *far below prime cost*," which continue for several years, to the evident advantage of the Public, and loss of the advertiser? and does not Mr. *Molesworth* press adventurers in the lottery to purchase his tickets and shares, though he knows, by certain calculation, that they are to be drawn *prizes &*

To such men, may not the above quoted motto of the illustrious Dr. *Dominiceti* be most deservedly applied?

"Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere mundo,"

which, however, as malice is always ready to detract from merit, I heard a wicked wag of my acquaintance translate t'other day to a company of ladies, That the Doctor's fumigations "were to make himself live, and to kill all the world beside."

Z

## N° 81. TUESDAY, *February* 15, 1780.

### To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME time ago you inſerted in your paper a letter from a lady who ſubſcribed herſelf *S. M.* giving an account of the hardſhips ſhe has ſuffered as the daughter of a man of fortune, educated in the midſt of affluence, and then left to the ſupport of a very ſlender proviſion. I own the ſituation to be a hard one; but it may, perhaps, afford her ſome conſolation to be told, that there are others, ſeemingly enviable, which are yet as diſtreſsful, that derive their diſtreſſes from circumſtances exactly the reverſe of thoſe in which Miſs *S. M.* is placed.

I loſt my father, a gentleman of conſiderable fortune, at an age ſo early, that his death has ſcarce left any traces on my mind. I can only recollect, that there was ſomething of buſtle, as well as of ſorrow, all over the houſe; that my coloured *ſaſh* was changed for a black one; and that I was not allowed to drink papa's health after dinner, which, before, I had been taught regularly to do. Soon after, I can remember my mamma being ſick, and that there was a litle brother born, who was much more

attended to than I. As we grew up, I can remember his getting finer play-things, and being oftener the ſubject of diſcourſe among our viſitors: and that ſometimes, when there were little quarrels in the nurſery, *Billy*'s maid would tell mine, that Miſs muſt wait till her betters were ſerved.

A ſuperiority to which I was ſo early accuſtomed, it gave me little uneaſineſs to bear. The vivacity natural to children, which in me was ſupported by uninterrupted good health, left me no leiſure to complain of a preference, by which, though my brother was diſtinguiſhed, he was ſeldom or never made happier. The notice, indeed, to which his birthright intitled him, was often more a hardſhip than a privilege. He was frequently kept in the drawing-room with mamma, when he would have much rather been with me in the garden; he was made to repeat his leſſon to the company, that they might admire his parts and his progreſs, while I was ſuffered to be playing blindman's-buff below ſtairs; he was ſet at dinner with the old folks, helped to light things that would not hurt him, obliged to drink toaſt and water, and to behave himſelf like a gentleman, while I was allowed to devour apple-dumplin, gulp down ſmall-beer, and play monkey-tricks at the ſide-table.

That

That care, however, which watched his health, was not repaid with ſucceſs; he was always more delicate, and more ſubject to little diſorders than I; and at laſt, after completing his ſeventh year, was ſeized with a fever, which, in a few days, put an end to his life, and transferred to me the inheritance of my anceſtors.

After the firſt tranſports of my mother's grief were ſubſided, ſhe began to apply herſelf to the care of her ſurviving child. I was now become inheritreſs of her anxiety, as well as of my father's fortune; a remarkable change was made in every department of my education, my company, and my amuſements. Inſtead of going along with a ſet of other girls of my own age to a claſs for learning *French*, and a public *writing-ſchool*, teachers were brought into the houſe to inſtruct me privately; and, though I ſtill went to a *dancing-ſchool* three days in the week, to practiſe the leſſons which I received from an eminent maſter at home, yet I was always attended by my mother, my governeſs, or ſomebody, by whoſe ſide I was ſtuck up before and after the dance, to the great vexation of myſelf, and the ridicule of my former companions. Of companions, indeed, I was now altogether deprived. I was too conſiderable a perſon to aſſociate with thoſe in whoſe ſports

and amuſements I had formerly been ſo happy to ſhare; if at any time I ventured to mention a wiſh for their ſociety, I was immediately checked by an obſervation of my mamma, that ſhe believed they were very good girls, but not fit company for me.

To prevent the ſolitude in which my ſuperiority would have thus placed me, a little girl, an orphan niece of my mother's maid, was taken into the houſe, whoſe office it was to attend me during all my hours of ſtudy or amuſement, to hold the pin-cuſhion while my maid was dreſſing me, to get leſſons along with me, and be chid if I neglected them; to play games at *Draughts*, which ſhe was never to win, and to lift the *Shuttlecock*, which I commonly let fall; in ſhort, ſhe was to ſerve me for the practice of all that inſolence which the precepts of others had taught me I had a right to aſſume. I feel, at this moment, Mr. MIRROR, the moſt ſincere compunction for the hardſhips which this poor girl ſuffered while ſhe was with me; hardſhips from which, at laſt, ſhe freed herſelf, by running off with a recruiting ſerjeant; yet I was taught, at the time, to call her ſubſiſtence a bounty, and to account myſelf generous when I beſtowed any trifle beyond it.

While my mind was thus encouraged in perverſion, the culture of my body was little

leſs

leſs prepoſterous. The freedom and exerciſe which formerly beſtowed health and vigour, I now exchanged for the conſtraints of faſhion, and the lazineſs of pride. Every ſhackle of dreſs which the daughters of any great man were underſtood to wear, I was immediately provided with, becauſe I could afford it as well as they. I was never allowed the uſe of my limbs, becauſe I could *afford* a coach; and, when attacked by the ſlighteſt diſorder, immediate recourſe was had to the phyſician, becauſe I could *afford* a fee. The conſequence was natural; I loſt all my former ſpirits, as well as my former bloom; and, when I firſt put on the womanly garb, I was a fine lady complete, with cheeks as pale, and nerves as weak, as the fineſt.

I was now arrived at a period when attention and anxiety were to be pointed almoſt ſolely to one object, the diſpoſal of my perſon in marriage. With regard to this event, I was equally the ſlave of my mother's hopes and fears. I was dreſſed and re-dreſſed, ſqueezed and pinched, that I might catch a fine gentleman who had lately returned from his travels. I was often hurried ſeveral miles in the dark to a ball at our county-town, to diſplay myſelf to a Lord, who was to be of the party there; I was walked over hedge and ditch, in order to

captivate a country 'ſquire of a very large eſtate in our neighbourhood; and I was once obliged to hazard my neck, that I might go out a-hunting with a Duke. On the other hand, I was in perfect durance when any improper man had been ſeen to look at me. I was forced to leave the pariſh-church, upon information received of a young gentleman having bribed the beadle with a ſhilling, to admit him into the next pew; my dancing-maſter was changed, becauſe his wife died while he was attending me; and my drawing-maſter, an old batchelor of threeſcore, was diſmiſſed, becauſe he happened to put his hand on mine in ſhewing me how to manage my *Crayons*. The only poor man with whom I was allowed to aſſociate was the clergyman of our pariſh, a very old gentleman of the moſt irreproachable character. To this indulgence, however, I was more indebted than my mother was aware, or I had any reaſon to hope. Poſſeſſed of excellent ſenſe and great learning, the good man was at pains to teach me the uſe of the firſt, and the value of the latter. By his aſſiſtance, my mind, which before had always been either uncultivated or miſled, was informed with knowledge more uſeful than the extent of my fortune, or the privileges of my birth. He ſhewed me the folly of pride, and the meanneſs of inſolence; he taught me

the

the reſpect due to merit, the tenderneſs to poverty, the reverence to misfortune; from him I firſt learned the dignity of condeſcenſion, the pleaſures of civility, the luxury of beneficence. He died, alas! before I could receive the full benefit of his inſtructions, before he was able to eradicate the effects of early perverſion and habitual indulgence; and left me rather in a condition to feel the weakneſs of my mind, than to recover its ſtrength.

My mother did not long ſurvive him. I had been forced to ſee the errors of her judgment, though I could never doubt the warmth of her affection. I was unfortunate enough to loſe her aſſiſtance, when her aſſiſtance would have been more uſeful, and her indulgence leſs prejudicial. In the management of my fortune, which has now devolved on me, I am perplexed with buſineſs which I do not underſtand, and haraſſed by applications which I know not how to anſwer. I am ſometimes puzzled with ſchemes for improving my eſtate, ſometimes frightened with dangers that threaten to diminiſh it; I am vexed with the complaints of poor tenants, and plagued with the litigiouſneſs of rich ones. I never open a letter from my ſteward in the country without uneaſineſs; and a viſit from my agent in town is to me like that of a bailiff. Amidſt all theſe difficulties, I

have no relation whom I can truſt, and no friend to whom I can lean; the intereſt which people have in deceiving me, deprives me of confidence in advice, or pleaſure in approbation. In ſhort, it is my ſingular misfortune to poſſeſs wealth with all the embarraſſment of poverty, and power with all the dependance of meanneſs.

I am, &c.

OLIVIA.

V

N° 82. SATURDAY, *February* 19, 1780.

THE paper of to-day was received from an unknown hand ſeveral weeks ago. The publication of it may, perhaps, appear rather unſeaſonable after the laſt Gazette. There is ſtill, however, much truth in my Correſpondent's obſervations, who, I dare ſay, will not regret that Sir *George Rodney*'s ſucceſs has ſomewhat leſſened their force.

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For the MIRROR.

*Romulus et Liber pater, et cum Caſtore Pollux,*
*Poſt ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti.*

HOR. EP.

MEN who either poſſeſs a natural ſourneſs of temper, or who have been unfortunate in the world from accident or imprudence, or perhaps think they have been ſo from over-rating their own deſerts, are apt to aſcribe to human nature a variety of vices and imperfections. They conſider theſe as the chief ingredients of the compoſition of mankind, and that their virtues and good qualities are only exceptions

from the general rule, like accidental ſtrokes of genius, or colouring in the works of a painter, whoſe performances, on the whole, are coarſe and irregular.

Nothing can be more groundleſs and unjuſt than this accuſation. I am convinced that, upon a thorough examination, though we might diſcover many vicious and profligate individuals, we ſhould find, in general, that human nature is virtuous and well-diſpoſed, and little merits the abuſe that peeviſh or unfortunate men are inclined to beſtow upon it.

One charge, much inſiſted upon againſt mankind, is public ingratitude. With what juſtice or truth this is urged, we may judge, by examining the behaviour of men from the earlieſt period to the preſent times; and, in doing ſo, I flatter myſelf we ſhall be able to diſcover that the reverſe is true, and that a ſtrong ſpirit of gratitude has appeared on all occaſions where it was due, though, in different ages and countries, it has been expreſſed in a different manner.

In Egypt and ancient Greece, the tribute paid by the public voice to the benefactors of mankind, was to conſider them as objects of divine worſhip, and for that purpoſe to inroll them among the gods. Such was *Ceres*, for the invention of corn; *Bacchus*, for the diſcovery of wine; and a variety of others, with whom

whom every ſchool-boy is acquainted. If a man of ſuperior ſtrength and valour happened to repel an invader, deſtroy a monſter, or perform any notable deed of public ſervice, he was revered while living, and, after his death, his memory was reſpected, and a ſpecies of inferior worſhip was paid to him, as a hero, or a demi-god.

In later times, in the Grecian ſtates, the general who fought a ſucceſsful battle, or deſtroyed an enemy's fleet, has ſtatues erected to him by the public voice, and at the expence of the public. The Romans did not think of honouring their active or fortunate commanders with ſtatues; but they had their triumphs and ovations beſtowed by the public, and ſupported by the voluntary applauſe and attendance of a grateful populace.

I ſhould be extremely ſorry if the moderns yielded in the article of public gratitude either to the Greeks or Romans. I ſhall not enter upon the practice or manners of other European nations; but I can venture to aſſert, with ſome degree of confidence, that the people of Great Britain poſſeſs a degree of public gratitude unexampled in any other age or country.

In making this aſſertion, I do not allude to public monuments, hereditary penſions, or thanks of parliament, which, though of a pub-

lic,

lic, and ſeemingly of a general nature, may nevertheleſs proceed from a very limited cauſe. —I allude to that univerſal effuſion of honeſt gratitude which the good people of England frequently beſtow on ſucceſsful commanders, by putting up their pictures as *ſigns* for their taverns and ale-houſes, and frequenting theſe more than any other, till the reputation of the original begins to be obſcured by the riſing glory of ſome new favourite.

I muſt, at the ſame time, obſerve that great ſtateſmen have ſeldom experienced this mark of public applauſe. The late Mr. *Pitt* was, indeed, an exception from the remark; but he was, in fact, a miniſter of war only, and never meddled with finance. A firſt Lord of the Treaſury, let him be as wiſe as *Ximenes*, and as moderate as *Fleury*, cannot expect to be revered on the ſign-poſt of an alehouſe; every article of conſumpt there has felt the weight of his hand; and whether the company get drunk in wine or punch, or enjoy the cool collations of tea and coffee, ſtill the reckoning recalls ideas that lead to execrations on the whole ſyſtem of finance and taxation, from the department of the firſt miniſter to the walk of the loweſt exciſeman; and, by an eaſy tranſition, the diſlike of the ſyſtem and the offices paſſes, in ſome degree, to the perſons of thoſe who fill them.

But

But as the ſame cauſe of unmerited obloquy does not exiſt with reſpect to our admirals and generals, they have been often and much the objects of this ſpecies of public gratitude. It is needleſs to go far back. In the year 1739, Admiral *Vernon* took *Porto-bello, with ſix ſhips only.* The public gratitude to him was boundleſs.—He was ſung in ballads.—At the enſuing general election in 1741, he was returned from three different corporations; but, above all, his portrait filled every ſign-poſt; and he may be figuratively ſaid to have ſold the ale, beer, porter, and purl of England for ſix years.

Towards the cloſe of that period, the Admiral's favour began to fade apace with the colours of his uniform; and the battle of Culloden was total annihilation to him. When the news of that victory reached England, a new object preſented itſelf to the public favour; and the honeſt Admiral, in every ſign-poſt, made way for the more portly figure of the *glorious Duke of Cumberland.*

The Duke kept poſſeſſion of the ſign-poſts a long time. In the beginning of laſt war, our Admiral in the Mediterranean, and our Generals in North America, did nothing that could tend, in the leaſt degree, to move his Royal Highneſs from his place; but the doubtful battle of *Hamellan,* followed by the unfortunate convention

convention of *Stade*, and the rising glories of the *King of Prussia*, obliterated the glorious Duke of Cumberland as effectually as his Royal Highness, and the battle of Culloden, had effaced the figure, the memory, and the renown of Admiral Vernon.

The Duke was so totally displaced by his Prussian majesty, that I have some doubts whether he met with fair play. One circumstance, indeed, was much against him; his figure being marked by a hat with the *Kevenhuller* cock, a military uniform, and a fierce look, a very slight touch of the painter converted him into the King of Prussia; but what crowned the success of his Prussian majesty, was the title bestowed upon him by the brothers of the brush, "*The glorious Protestant hero*;" words which added splendor to every sign-post, and which no British subject could read, without peculiar sensations of veneration and of thirst.

For two years *the glorious Protestant hero* was unrivalled; but the French being beat at Minden upon the 1st of August 1759, by the army under *Prince Ferdinand of Brunswic*, the King of Prussia began to give place a little to two popular favourites, who started at the same time, I mean *Prince Ferdinand*, and the *Marquis of Granby*.—*Prince Ferdinand* was supported altogether by his good conduct at Minden, and his

his high reputation over Europe as a general;—the *Marquis of Granby* behaved with ſpirit and perſonal courage every where; but his ſucceſs in the ſign-poſts of England was much owing to a compariſon generally made between him and another Britiſh general of higher rank, but who was ſuppoſed not to have behaved ſo well. Perhaps too, he was a good deal indebted to another circumſtance, to wit, the *baldneſs* of his head.

The next who figured in the ſign-poſt way was the celebrated *John Wilkes*, Eſq; — This public honour conferred on him was alſo an effuſion of gratitude; for he was ſuppoſed to have written the Earl of *Bute*, who was both a Scotſman and a favourite, out of power, and to have reſiſted and explained the illegality of general warrants. Beſides, he fought a bloodleſs duel with *E. Talbot*, and was ſhot in the cauſe of liberty by Mr. *Martin* of the treaſury. All theſe were great weights in the ſcale of popularity; and, though Mr. *Wilkes* never attained the glory either of *Admiral Vernon* or the *Duke of Cumberland*, yet his viſage has filled many a ſign-poſt, and much ale and gin has been ſold under his auſpices.

Theſe are the laſt whom the people of Great Britain have thought worthy of being ſo honoured; and though the thing itſelf may ſeem

ludicrous,

ludicrous, yet the tale has a moral, by no means flattering to the well-wiſhers of this country.——We have been now for five years employed in attempting to reduce our rebellious colonies; we have been two years at war with France, and one with Spain; many troops have been raiſed, many millions have been expended; expeditions without number have been planned and ſupported, and the moſt powerful fleets have been fitted out that the coaſts and dock-yards of England ever beheld; yet, during this long period, with ſo many opportunities, and ſo much force, we have not an admiral whoſe head would ſell a ſingle can of ſlip, nor a general whoſe full length would procure cuſtom for an additional pot of porter.

That this expreſſion of public gratitude may be ſometimes miſplaced, I will by no means deny; but ſtill this tribute paid by the people is more likely, than any other circumſtance, to be a ſure proof of real merit. The Sovereign may be miſinformed as to the deſervings of thoſe whom he is pleaſed to honour; and although, in the preſent reign, no ſubſtantial mark of unmerited favour has been conferred, yet every body remembers the late *General Blakeney*, who gave up Minorca, made a Lord for defending it, merely to ſupport a ſinking adminiſtration. What reliance can be had on the thanks of

parliament

parliament as a proof of public merit, may be learned from the anſwer of a gallant ſea-officer (not an admiral), who, upon being told that the Houſe of Commons meant to give him thanks for his intrepid and ſucceſsful conduct on the coaſt of France, ſwore, if they did, he would inſtantly reſign his commiſſion.

Perhaps, at that time, ſome recent inſtance of party-injuſtice and partiality had brought the thanks of parliament into diſrepute; but, be that as it may, I ſhall never think our affairs, either by ſea or land, in a proſperous condition, till I ſee the ſign-poſts of England filled with freſh figures of generals and admirals. When that happens it will be a ſure proof, that our affairs have taken a favourable turn, and that ſome of our commanders have, at laſt, acted in a manner ſuitable to the troops and treaſure with which, from the beginning of this war, they have all been ſo liberally ſupplied.

## N° 83. TUESDAY, *February* 22, 1780.

IN a paper publiſhed at *Edinburgh*, it would be improper to enter into any compariſon of the writers of this country with thoſe on the other ſide of the *Tweed:* but, whatever be the comparative rank of *Scottiſh* and *Engliſh* authors, it muſt ſurely be allowed, that, of late, there have been writers in this country, upon different ſubjects, who are poſſeſſed of very conſiderable merit. In one ſpecies of writing, however, in works and compoſitions of *humour*, there can be no ſort of doubt that the *Engliſh* ſtand perfectly unrivalled by their northern neighbours. The *Engliſh* excel in comedy; ſeveral of their romances are replete with the moſt humourous repreſentations of life and character, and many of their other works are full of excellent ridicule. But, in *Scotland*, we have hardly any book which aims at humour, and, of the very few which do, ſtill fewer have any degree of merit. Though we have tragedies written by *Scots* authors, we have no comedy, excepting *Ramſay's Gentle Shepherd*; and though we have tender novels, we have none of humour, excepting thoſe of *Smollet*, who, from his long reſidence in *England*, can hardly be ſaid

to

to have acquired in this country his talent for writing; nor can we, for the same reason, lay a perfect claim to *Arbuthnot*, who is a still more illustrious exception to my general remark. There must be something in the national genius of the two people which makes this remarkable difference in their writings, though it may be difficult to discover from what cause it arises.

I am inclined to suspect, that there is something in the situation and present government of *Scotland*, which may, in part, account for this difference in the genius of the two countries. *Scotland*, before the union of the two kingdoms, was a separate state, with a parliament and constitution of its own. Now the seat of government is removed, and its constitution is involved in that of *England*. At the time the two nations came to be so intimately connected, its great men were less affluent than those of *England*, its agriculture was little advanced, and its manufactures were in their infancy. A *Scotsman* was, therefore, in this situation, obliged to exert every nerve, that he might be able to hold his place.

If preferment, or offices in public life, were his object, he was obliged to remove from home to a city, which, though now the metropolis of the united kingdoms, had formerly been to him

a sort of foreign capital. If wealth was the object of his pursuit, he could only acquire it at home by great industry and perseverance; and if he found he could not easily succeed in his own country, he repaired to other countries, where he expected to be able to amass a fortune. Hence it has been remarked, that there are more natives of *Scotland* to be found abroad than of any other country.

People in this situation are not apt to indulge themselves in humour; and few humourous characters will appear. It is only in countries where men wanton in the extravagancies of wealth, that some are led to indulge a particular vein of character, and that others are induced to delineate and express it in writing. Besides, where men are in a situation which makes it necessary for them to push their way in the world, more particularly if they are obliged to do so among strangers, though this may give them a firmness and a resoluteness in their conduct, it will naturally produce a modest caution and reserve in their deportment, which must chill every approach to humour. Hence, though the *Scots* are allowed to be brave and undaunted in dangerous situations; yet bashfulness, reserve, and even timidity of manner, unless when they are called forth to action, are justly considered as making part of their character.

Men

Men of this diſpoſition are not apt to have humour; it is the open, the careleſs, the indifferent, and the forward who indulge in it; it is the man who does not think of intereſt, and who ſets himſelf above attending to the proprieties of conduct. But he who has objects of intereſt in view, who attends with circumſpection to his conduct, and finds it neceſſary to do ſo, is generally grave and ſilent, and ſeldom makes any attempt at humour.

Theſe circumſtances may have had a conſiderable influence upon the genius and temper of the people in *Scotland*; and if they have given a particular formation to the genius of the people in general, they would naturally have a ſimilar effect upon its authors: the genius of an author commonly takes its direction from that of his countrymen.

To theſe cauſes, ariſing from the preſent ſituation and government of our country, may be added another circumſtance, that of there being no court or ſeat of the Monarch in *Scotland*. It is only where the court is, that the ſtandard of manners can be fixed; and, of conſequence, it is only in the neighbourhood of the court that a deviation from that ſtandard can be exactly aſcertained, or a departure from it be eaſily made the object of ridicule. Where there is no court, it becomes of little importance

what dress the people wear, what hours they observe, what language they express themselves in, or what is their general deportment. Men living at a distance from the court become also unacquainted with the rules of fashion which it establishes, and are unable to mark or point them out. But the great subject for wit and ludicrous representation arises from men's having a thorough knowledge of what is the fashionable standard of manners, and being able to seize upon, and hold out a departure from it, in an humourous point of view. In *Scotland*, therefore, which, since the removal of the court, has become, in a certain degree, a provincial country, there being no fixed standard of manners within the country itself, one great source of ridicule is cut off, and an author is not led to attempt humourous composition; or, if he does, has little chance of succeeding.

There is another particular which may have had a very considerable effect upon the genius of the *Scots* writers, and that is, the nature of the language in which they write. The old *Scottish* dialect is now banished from our books, and the *English* is substituted in its place. But though our books be written in *English*, our conversation is in *Scotch*. Of our language it may be said, as we are told of the wit of *Sir Hudibras*, that we have a suit for holidays and another

another for working-days. The *Scottiſh* dialect is our ordinary ſuit; the *Engliſh* is uſed only on ſolemn occaſions. When a *Scotſman* therefore writes, he does it generally in trammels. His own native original language, which he hears ſpoken around him, he does not make uſe of; but he expreſſes himſelf in a language in ſome reſpects foreign to him, and which he has acquired by ſtudy and obſervation. When a celebrated *Scottiſh* writer, after the publication of his *Hiſtory of Scotland*, was firſt introduced to *Lord Cheſterfield*, his Lordſhip, with that happy talent of compliment for which he was ſo remarkable, addreſſed him, at parting, in theſe words: "I am happy, Sir, to have met with "you,—happy to have paſſed a day with you,— "and extremely happy to find that you ſpeak "*Scotch*.—It would be too much, were you to "*ſpeak*, as well as *write* our language, better "than we do ourſelves."

This circumſtance of a *Scottiſh* author not writing his own natural dialect, muſt have a conſiderable influence upon the nature of his literary productions. When he is employed in any grave dignified compoſition, when he writes hiſtory, politics, or poetry, the pains he muſt take to write in a manner different from that in which he ſpeaks, will not much affect his productions; the language of ſuch compoſitions

is, in every case, raised above that of common life; and, therefore, the deviation which a *Scottish* author is obliged to make from the common language of the country, can be of little prejudice to him. But if a writer is to descend to common and ludicrous pictures of life; if, in short, he is to deal in humourous composition, his language must be, as nearly as possible, that of common life, that of the bulk of the people: but a *Scotsman* who wishes to write *English* cannot easily do this. He neither speaks the *English* dialect, nor is it spoken by those around him: any knowledge he has acquired of the language is got from books, not from conversation. Hence *Scottish* authors may have been prevented from attempting to write books of humour; and, when they have tried it, we may be able, in some measure, to account for their failure.

In confirmation of these remarks, it may be observed, that almost the only works of humour which we have in this country, are in the *Scottish* dialect, and most of them were written before the union of the kingdoms, when the *Scotch* was the written, as well as the spoken language of the country. The *Gentle Shepherd*, which is full of natural and ludicrous representations of low life, is written in broad *Scotch*. Many of our ancient *Scottish* ballads are full of

humour. If there have been lately any publications of humour in this country, written in good *Engliſh*, they have been moſtly of that graver ſort, called *irony*. In this ſpecies of writing, where the author himſelf never appears to laugh, a more dignified compoſition is admiſſible; and, in that caſe, the diſadvantage of writing in a language different from that in which the author ſpeaks, or thoſe around him converſe, is not ſo ſenſibly felt.

N° 84. SATURDAY, *February* 26, 1780.

*Clamant periiſſe pudorem*
*Cuncti pene patres.* HOR.

TO diſpute the right of *Faſhion*, to enlarge, to vary, or to change the ideas, both of man and woman kind, were a want of good breeding, of which the author of a periodical paper, who throws himſelf, as it were, from day to day, on the protection of the polite world, cannot be ſuppoſed capable. I pay, therefore, very little regard to the obſervations of ſome antiquated Correſpondents, who pretend to ſet up what they call the invariable notions of things, againſt the opinions and practice of people of condition. At the ſame time, I muſt obſerve, that, as there is a *College* in *Phyſic*, and a *Faculty* (as it is called in *Scotland*) in *Law*; ſo, in *Faſhion*, there is a ſelect body, who enjoy many privileges and immunities, to which pretenders, or inferior practitioners in the art, are by no means entitled. There is a certain grace in the rudeneſs, and wit in the folly of a perſon of faſhion, to which one of a lower rank has no manner of pretenſion.

I am afraid that our city (talking like a man who has travelled) is but a ſort of mimic metropolis,

tropolis, and cannot fairly pretend to the same licence of making a fool of itself, as *London* or *Paris*. The circle, therefore, taking them in the *gros*, of our fashionable people here, have seldom ventured on the same beautiful irregularity in dress, in behaviour, or in manners, that is frequently practised by the leaders of the *ton* in the capitals of *France* or *England*.

With individuals, the same rule of subordination is to be observed, which, however, persons of extraordinary parts, of genius above their condition, are sometimes apt to overlook. I perceive, in the pit of the play-house, some young men, who have got fuddled in *punch*, as noisy and as witty as the gentlemen in the boxes, who have been drinking *Burgundy*; and others, who have come sober from the counter, or the writing-desk, give almost as little attention to the play as the men of L. 3000 a-year.——My old school-acquaintance, *Jack Wou'dbe*, t'other morning, had a neckcloth as dirty as a Lord's, and picked his teeth after dinner, for a quarter of an hour, by the assistance of the little *mirror* in the lid of his *tooth-pick case*. I take the first opportunity of giving him a friendly hint, that this practice is elegant only in a man who has made the tour of *Europe*.

*Nature* and *Faſhion* are two oppoſite powers, that have long been at variance with one another. The firſt is allowed to preſide over the bulk of the people known by the denomination of the *vulgar*; the laſt is peculiar to the higher orders of the ſtate, and by her honours they have a title to be diſtinguiſhed. Attention to intereſting ſcenes, civility to thoſe we ought to oblige, and propriety in public behaviour, belong to Nature, and are therefore the property of the people. It is a direct infringement on the rights of *Faſhion*, if the inferior members of the community ſhall laugh where they ſhould cry, be noiſy where they ſhould be ſilent, rude where they ſhould be civil, or dirty where they ſhould be cleanly. Theſe are the badges of greatneſs, and, like certain *coats-armorial*, are only to be borne by illuſtrious perſonages.

Theſe are matters in which, I think, I may venture to interpoſe my advice or animadverſion. But, as to ſome more delicate ſubjects, I am very doubtful whether they come within the limits of my juriſdiction, or how far it would be prudent in me to exerciſe it, if they did. I mean this as a general apology for not inſerting a variety of letters from unknown Correſpondents, giving me information of certain irregularities in the manners and deportment of the faſhionable world, which they deſire

ſire may be taken immediate notice of in the MIRROR. One who writes under the ſignature of *Ruſticus*, tells me, that *painting* is now become ſo common a practice among our fine ladies, that he has oftener than once been introduced to a lady in the morning, from whom, till he informed himſelf of her name, he was ſurpriſed to receive a curtſy at the play or the concert. Another, who ſubſcribes himſelf *Modeſtus*, deſires me to imitate the example of the *Tatler*, by animadverting, not on the large, but the ſmall ſize of the *petticoat*, which, he ſays, has ſo ſhrunk up this winter, that there is more of the—*ankle* ſeen than he can find countenance to look at.

To the firſt of theſe Correſpondents I muſt anſwer, that I think the ladies (whoſe number I am inclined to believe is ſmall) who chooſe to dreſs their faces in *rouge* or *carmine*, are exempted from all cenſure; they certainly do it to pleaſe themſelves, as they know how much it is deteſted by the men. Or, perhaps, they are of that icy order of females who have made vows of perpetual celibacy, and thus varniſh over their beauty, as *virtuoſi* do certain delicate natural productions, which are meant to be looked at, but never to be touched. As to the complaint of *Modeſtus*, I can only account for the preſent ſhortneſs of the petticoat, from the

attention of the ladies being so much engrossed about their *heads*, as to leave them no leisure to take care of the other extremity; as generals who are anxious to cover one part of their works, are apt to leave an opposite quarter defenceless.

But the most serious complaint I have received, is a letter subscribed *Censor*, arraigning, with true *Juvenalian* severity, the conduct of a certain *Club*, which, in the words of my Correspondent, "continues, in defiance of "decency and good manners, to insult the "public in *Large Characters*, in the front of "every newspaper in town. This (he adds) "moves my indignation the more, when I con-"sider that several of its principal members are "arrived at a period of life which should teach "decorum, at least, if it does not extinguish "vice."

In answer to this angry Correspondent, I will tell him the following story. Some years ago, I happened to be in *York* at the time of the *assizes*. Dining one day in a tavern with some gentlemen of that city and its neighbourhood, we were violently disturbed by the noise of somebody below, who hooted and hollow'd, smacked his whip, and made his servants sound their *French* horns; in short, rehearsed, during the whole time of our dinner, all "the glorious

"tumult

"tumult of the chace." Some of the company, after ſeveral ineffectual meſſages by the waiter, began to be angry, and to think of a very ſerious remonſtrance with the ſportſman below. But an elderly perſon, who ſat oppoſite to me, pacified their reſentment: "I know the gen-"tleman who diſturbs you," ſaid he; "his "head-piece was never one of the beſt; but "now, poor man! I believe we muſt let him "alone.---Since he is paſt running down the "fox in the field, he muſt e'en be allowed to "hunt him in the parlour."

I

N° 85. TUESDAY, *February* 29, 1780.

*Possum oblivisci qui fuerim? Non sentire qui sim? Quo caream honore? Qua gloria? Quibus liberis? Quibus fortunis?*

CIC. ad ATT.

A PERIODICAL publication, such as the MIRROR, is, from its nature, confined chiefly to prose compositions. My illustrious predecessor, the SPECTATOR, has, however, sometimes inserted a little poem among his other essays; and his example has been imitated by most of his successors. Perhaps it may be from this cause, that, among the variety of communications I have lately received, many of them consist of poetical compositions. I must observe in general to these Correspondents, that, though the insertion of a poem now and then may not be altogether improper for a work of this kind, yet it is not every poetical composition that is fit for it. A poem may be possessed of very considerable merit, and may be entitled to applause, when published in a poetical collection, though, from its subject, its length, or the manner in which it is written, it may not be suited to the MIRROR. I hope my poetical

Correspondents,

Correſpondents, therefore, will receive this as an apology for their poems not being inſerted, and will by no means conſider their excluſion as proceeding from their being thought deſtitute of merit.

Among the poetical preſents I have received, there is, however, one, which ſeems very well ſuited to a work of this kind. The gentleman from whom I received it ſays, he has been informed that it was founded on the following inſcription (probably written from real feeling) on the window of an inn, ſituated in the *Highlands* of *Scotland*.

" Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
" A life of wandering is the greateſt woe;
" On all their weary ways wait Care and Pain,
" And Pine and Penury, a meagre train;
" A wretched *Exile* to his country ſend,
" Long worn with griefs, and long without a
" friend."

This poem contains a deſcription of the ſituation of a *Scotch* gentleman who had been obliged to leave his country for rebellion againſt our preſent happy government. It points out the fatal conſequences of ſuch treaſonable attempts, and repreſents the diſtreſs of the perſon deſcribed, in a very intereſting and pathetic manner.

## THE EXILE. AN ELEGY.

WHERE, 'midſt the ruins of a fallen ſtate,
The once fam'd *Tiber* rolls his ſcanty wave,
Where half a column now derides the great,
Where half a ſtatue yet records the brave,

With trembling ſteps an *Exile* wander'd near,
In *Scottiſh* weeds his ſhrivell'd limbs array'd;
His furrow'd cheek was croſs'd with many a tear,
And frequent ſighs his wounded ſoul betray'd.

Oh! wretch! he cry'd, that like ſome troubled ghoſt
Art doom'd to wander round this world of woe,
While memory ſpeaks of joy for ever loſt,
Of peace, of comfort, thou haſt ceas'd to know!

Theſe are the ſcenes, with fancy'd charms endow'd,
Where happier Britons, caſting pearls away,
The fools of ſound, of empty trifles proud,
Far from the land of bliſs and freedom ſtray.

Wou'd

Wou'd that, for yonder dome, theſe eyes could
ſee
The wither'd oak that crowns my native hill!
Theſe urns let ruin waſte; but give to me
The tuft that trembles o'er its lonely rill.

Oh! ſacred haunts! and is the hillock green
That ſaw our infant-ſports beguile the day?
Still are our ſeats of fairy faſhion ſeen?
Or is my little throne of moſs away?

Had but Ambition, in this tortur'd breaſt,
Ne'er ſought to rule beyond the humble plain,
Where mild Dependence holds the vaſſal bleſt,
Where faith and friendſhip fix the chieftain's
reign;

Thus had I liv'd the life my fathers led;
Their name, their family had not ceas'd to be;
And thou, *Monimia!* on thy earthy bed!—
My name, my family, what were theſe to
thee!—

Three little moons had ſeen our growing love,
Since firſt *Monimia* join'd her hand to mine;
Three little moons had ſeen us bleſt above
All that enthuſiaſt hope could e'er divine.

Urg'd by the brave, by fancy'd glory warm'd,
In treaſon honeſt, if 'twas treaſon here;

For

For rights ſuppos'd, my native band I arm'd,
And join'd the ſtandard *Charles* had dar'd to rear.

Fated we fought, my gallant vaſſals fell,
But ſav'd their maſter in the bloody ſtrife;
Their coward maſter, who cou'd live to tell
He ſaw them fall, yet tamely ſuffer'd life.

Let me not think;—but, ah! the thought will riſe,
Still in my whirling brain its horrors dwell,
When pale and trembling, with uplifted eyes,
*Monimia* faintly breath'd—a laſt farewel!

"They come," ſhe ſaid; "fly, fly theſe ruth-
"leſs foes,
"And ſave a life, in which *Monimia* lives;
"Believe me, *Henry*, light are all her woes,
"Except what *Henry*'s dreaded purpoſe gives!

"And would'ſt thou die, and leave me thus
"forlorn,
"And blaſt a life the moſt inhuman ſpare?
"Oh! live in pity to the babe unborn
"That ſtirs within me to aſſiſt my prayer!"

What could I do? Contending paſſions ſtrove,
And preſs'd my boſom with alternate weight,
Unyielding honour, ſoft perſuaſive love—
I fled and left her—left her to her fate!

Faſt

Fast came the ruffian band; no melting charm,
That e'er to suffering beauty Nature gave,
The ruthless rage of party can disarm;
Thy tears, *Monimia*, wanted power to save!

She, and the remnant of her weeping train,
Whose faithful love still link'd them to her side,
Torn from their dwelling, trod the desert plain,
No hut to shelter, and no hand to guide.

Thick drove its snow before the wintry wind,
And midnight darkness wrapp'd the heath they past,
Save one sad gleam, that, blazing far behind,
The ancient mansion of my fathers cast.

Calmly she saw the smouldering ruins glare;
"'Tis past, all-righteous God! 'tis past," she cry'd!
"But for my *Henry* hear my latest pray'r!"—
Big was her bursting heart;—she groan'd, and died!—

Still, in my dreams, I see her form confess'd,
Sailing, in robes of light, the troubled sky!—
And soon she whispers, shall my *Henry* rest—
And, dimly smiling, points my place to die!

I hear that voice, I see that pale hand wave!
I come once more to view my native shore;
Stretch'd on *Monimia*'s long-neglected grave
To clasp the sod, and feel my woes no more!

Nº 86. SATURDAY, *March* 4, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MANY ineſtimable medicines, as well for preſerving health as for curing diſeaſes, are overlooked by our modern practitioners. An attempt to revive ſome of thoſe obſolete remedies, though it may appear better ſuited to a *medical* performance, yet does not ſeem altogether foreign to the MIRROR; ſince a *ſound mind*, according to the well-known apophthegm, is in natural alliance with a *ſound body*, the ſame publication which is calculated for the improvement of the one, may not improperly be made ſubſervient to the health of the other.

I. The firſt that I ſhall mention is of ſovereign efficacy in reſtoring debilitated ſtomachs to their proper tone. It renders the body vigorous, and it prolongs the days of man even unto extreme old age. Of it *Tulpius*, an eminent phyſician of *Amſterdam*, treats in his *Obſervationes Medicinales*.

In ſome languages it is called *Cha*, in others, *Tzai*; but with us it has received the appellation of *Tea*.

II. There

II. There is another ſimple of a ſingular kind: according to the great traveller *Pietro della Valle*, it is cooling in ſummer, and warms in winter, without, however, changing its qualities.

It expelled a gout, of thirty years ſtanding, from the toes of the Reverend *Alexander d'Alhertus*, a bare-footed friar of *Marſeilles*, aged ſeventy.

For a long time *Madame de Lauſun* could not walk without the aid of a crutch; and no wonder; for the good lady "had numbered "the froſts of fourſcore and two winters." She was ſeized with what my author calls a *tertian quartan* ague, which undoubtedly is a very bad thing, though I do not find it in my dictionary: but ſhe tried Father *Alexander*'s remedy; her youth was renewed, as one might ſay [*comme rajeunie*], and ſhe threw away her crutch.

The wife of M. *Morin*, phyſician at *Grenoble*, was reduced to the laſt extremity by a confirmed *Ptiſic*, of no leſs than ſixteen years endurance: at length the Doctor found out a method of laying the diſeaſe that had ſo obſtinately haunted his bed. By way of experiment he adminiſtered the remedy to his *chere moitie* (dear half), which is *French* for a wife. She recovered of her Ptiſic, and afterwards, by uſing the

ſame

ſame remedy, of another diſeaſe with a horrible *Greek* name, a *Peripneumony*.

I might add many and various effects of this medicine ſtill more wonderful. *That* of the public ſpeaker, who was ſeized with a fit of modeſty, is the moſt remarkable. By taking a ſingle doſe, he felt himſelf reſtored to his wonted compoſure of mind; and he declared that he could, with eaſe, have ſpoken out another hour.

For this, and other authenticated cures, the inquiſitive reader is referred to the treatiſe of *Philip Sylveſter du Tour*, concerning the virtues of *Coffee*.

III. There is a certain weed, "which, taken a while after meat, helps digeſtion; it "voids rheum, &c. A little of it being "ſteeped over night in a little white wine, is "a vomit that never fails in its operation. It "cannot endure a ſpider, or a flea, or ſuch "like vermin: it is good to fortify and preſerve "the ſight, being let in round about the balls "of the eyes once a-week, and frees them "from all rheums, driving them back by way "of repercuſſion: taken into the ſtomach, it "will heal and cleanſe it; for my Lord Sunderland, preſident of York, taking it downward into his ſtomach, it cured him of an "impoſthume, which had been of a long time "engendering out of a bruiſe he had received

"at

" at foot-ball, and ſo preſerved his life for many " years."

Theſe are the words of *Howel*, in his letters, where he enlarges on the praiſe of *Tobacco*.

IV. But there is ſtill another medicine of aſtoniſhing virtues, which have been circumſtantially related by *Matthiolus*, an Italian phyſician of the ſixteenth century: it is " a liquid " which, when ſkilfully prepared, proves a " powerful anti-ſeptic [an oppoſer of corruption] to every thing ſteeped in it; and ſo, by " removing all tendency to corruption, it is a " comforter and a reſtorative, and preſerves and " prolongs the lives of thoſe who uſe it. It " not only cheriſhes the natural heat, and preſerves it in its full vigour, but it likewiſe " renovates, as it were, and vivifies the animal " ſpirits, gives an agreeable warmth to the ſtomach, ſharpens the apprehenſion and underſtanding, clears the eyeſight, and repairs the " memory: it is more peculiarly beneficial to " thoſe who are of too cold a temperament, and " who are ſubject to crudities of the ſtomach, " and other diſorders proceeding from cold affections. It therefore affords a ſovereign relief to all who are tormented with pains in " the ſtomach or bowels, proceeding from wind " or indigeſtion; as alſo to thoſe who are ſubject " to giddineſs, the falling-ſickneſs, a relaxation

"tion of the nervous ſyſtem, inveterate melan-
"choly, hypochondriacal diſorders, palpitations
"of the heart, tremors, and fainting fits."

Matthiolus ſubjoins the method of uſing this medicine:

R. *Once a day a table-ſpoonful of* Aquavitæ *diſtilled from the beſt wine.* But, with all deference to his authority, *Aquavitæ*, diſtilled even from the beſt wine, is not ſuperior in any of its virtues to our great ſtaple, *Whiſky:* for, from the reſearches of our own patriotic philoſophers, theſe two concluſions may be deduced; 1*ſt*, That *Whiſky* is a liquor pleaſant to the taſte; and, 2*dly*, That it is a *wholeſome ſpirit.*

V. I ſhall conclude with a receipt which might have been conſidered as of general importance in the ſeventeenth century, and may prove of no leſs importance in the nineteenth.

*Bartholomeus Carrichters*, in his *Secret*, b. 2. c. 12. publiſhed a *recipe* which is mightily commended by *Hector Schlands*, in an epiſtle to his learned friend *Gregorius Horſtius*; ſee *Horſtii* Epiſt. Medic. i. § 7. 1612. "R. Dogs "greaſe, well diſſolved and cleanſed, 4 ounces. "Bears greaſe, 8 ounces. Capons greaſe, 24 "ounces. Three trunks of the miſletoe of "hazle, while green; cut it in pieces, and "pound it ſmall, till it becomes moiſt: bruiſe

" it together, and mix all in a phial. After " you have expoſed it to the ſun for *nine* weeks, " you ſhall extract a green ointment, wherewith " if you anoint the bodies of the *bewitched*, " eſpecially *the parts moſt affected*, and the " joints, they will certainly be cured."

This *recipe* was tried with amazing ſucceſs in the caſe of a young girl, whoſe condition was truly deplorable; for " ſhe vomited feathers, " bundles of ſtraw, and *a row of pins ſtuck in* " *blue paper, as freſh and new as any in the* " *pedlar's ſtall*, pieces of glaſs windows, and " nails of a cart wheel;" as may be ſeen in " *The Wonderful and True Relation of the Be-* " *witching a young Girl in Ireland*, 1699," by Daniel Higgs.

It is with the utmoſt diffidence that I give my own ſentiments in the *Materia Medica*, eſpecially on a ſubject which has been expreſsly treated by ſuch men as Dr. Bartholomeus Carrichters, and Dr. Hector Schlands. May I then be permitted humbly to propoſe this *quere*, Is there not ſome reaſon to conjecture, that the *recipe*, ſo effectual in the caſe of *bewitching*, would anſwer equally well in the caſe of *child-blains?*

I am, &c.

ANTIQUARIUS.

N° 87. TUESDAY, *March* 7, 1780.

*Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and, as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other.*

BACON.

THERE is in the mind of man a fund of superstition, which, in all nations, in all ages, and in all religions, has been attended with effects powerful and extraordinary. In this respect, no one people seem intitled to boast of any superiority over the rest of mankind. All seem, at one time or other, to have been alike the slaves of a weak, a childish, or a gloomy superstition. When we behold the Romans, wise and great as they were, regulating their conduct, in their most important affairs, by the accidental flight of birds; or, when threatened by some national calamity, creating a dictator for the sole purpose of driving a nail into a door, in order to avert the impending judgment of Heaven, we are apt, according to the humour we are in, to smile at the folly, or to lament the weakness of human nature.

A little reflection, however, is sufficient to shew, that, with all our advantages, we ourselves are, in this particular, equally weak and absurd.

abſurd. The modern citizen of Rome, who thinks he can appeaſe an offended Deity, by creeping on his knees up the ſteps of St. *Peter*'s ſo many times a day; or the pious Neapolitan, who imagines that carrying forth the relics of St. *Januarius*, is ſufficient to ſtop an eruption of mount Veſuvius, are equal objects of pity with the good Roman, who devoutly aſſiſted at driving the nail into the temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*.

It is amuſing to obſerve the conduct of our firſt reformers in this particular. Their penetration led them to diſcover the groſs errors and manifold ſuperſtitions of the church of Rome, and their ſpirit and ſtrength of mind, aided by fortunate circumſtances, enabled them to ſet themſelves free from thoſe ſhackles in which Europe had been held for ſo many ages. But no ſooner had they done ſo, than they and their followers adopted another mode of ſuperſtition, in the place of that which it had coſt them ſo much pains to pull down. To *maſſes*, and *crucifixes*, and *images*, were ſubſtituted a *preciſe ſeverity of manner*, and *long ſermons*, and a certain mode of *ſanctifying the Sabbath*, which were inculcated as conſtituting the *ſum* of virtue, and as comprehending the whole duty of a Chriſtian. So ingenious are men in finding out ſomething to put in the place of true piety and

virtue! Neither is this confined to one religion or to one ſect. To the ſame cauſe muſt he attributed, the broad brim and plain coat of the *Quaker*, the ablutions of the *Gentoo*, the pilgrimages of the *Mahometan*, the ſevere faſts obſerved in the *Greek church*, with numberleſs other inſtances that might be mentioned.

There is a ſpecies of ſuperſtition, which, perhaps, might be traced back to a ſimilar origin, that often lays ſtrong hold of the imagination, and fills the mind with terrors and apprehenſions, which reaſon and philoſophy have not power to eradicate, when once they have fairly got hold of us. Of this ſort is the dread of apparitions, of ſpirits, and of witches. Mr. Addiſon, in an excellent paper in the *Spectator*, has ſhewn the folly of thoſe apprehenſions, and has cautioned parents to be particularly careful to preſerve their children from thoſe little horrors of imagination which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to ſhake off when they grow up. He juſtly obſerves, that, next to a clear judgment and a good conſcience, a ſound imagination is the greateſt bleſſing of life. Perhaps it might be going too far to attribute to this eſſay of Mr. Addiſon the reformation ſo ſtrongly recommended by him. It is, however, certain, that all theſe apprehenſions, formerly productive of ſo much

much real uneasiness, are now, in a great measure, unknown. We have so far succeeded in *plucking the old woman out of our hearts*, and we no longer see a brave soldier afraid to walk through a dark passage, or an intrepid sailor shrink with horror at the thought of passing the night in a solitary apartment.

There is, however, another weakness somewhat a-kin to this, that, I am afraid, still prevails among us, which my fondness for children, and the pleasure I find in prattling with them, give me frequent opportunities of observing. I mean, a custom of terrifying children, and filling their young minds with gloomy apprehensions of death. This is one of the most common methods employed by ignorant nursery-maids, and foolish parents, to frighten infants into obedience. But nothing can be more absurd, or attended with more pernicious consequences. Were a person of a timid frame of mind under a necessity of crossing the ocean, would it be the part of a friend to magnify the danger, and to amuse him, all the way to the port where he was to embark, with accounts of storms and tempests, and with a fearful picture of the many and various hazards to which he must be exposed on the voyage?

A wise parent, attentive to the future happiness of his children, ought to follow a very

different rule of conduct. From their earliest infancy, he ought to make the idea of death familiar to them; he ought to accustom them to look upon it, not only without fear, but with the same indifference as on any other unavoidable occurrence to which they are daily exposed. By this means they will, as they advance in life, be led to consider it as a friend rather than an enemy; they will perceive that, but for death, this world would be a prison more dreadful than any the most cruel tyrant ever invented; they will look forward to it as the only period to the cares of this life, as a happy passage to that better world, where only they can expect a complete reward for a faithful discharge of their duty in this.

However absurd a dread of witches and apparitions may be, the consequences attending it are not so bad as those that flow from the fear of death. The one, it is true, fills the mind with many disagreeable apprehensions, and causes many uneasy moments; but the other unfits a man for discharging his duty in society, and too often exposes him to infamy and disgrace. Courage is a quality that depends, in some measure, on the constitution of the body; and it has been observed, that the same individual is not, at all times, and upon all occasions, equally brave. I cannot help being of opinion, however,

however, that if a boy, from his earliest infancy, were taught to view death in a just light, he would imperceptibly acquire a strength of mind, that would enable him to face danger, and to do his duty, on all occasions, without being obliged to summon up his resolution, and to call reason to his aid, upon every trying emergence.

I have heard it said, that, if men were accustomed to despise death, they would be apt, through a sort of fool-hardiness, to throw away their lives on every slight occasion, or idle quarrel. But, for my own part, I entertain a very different opinion; that fool-hardiness is seldom to be met with in a man of a calm, firm, determined mind, who knows how to estimate the true value of life. In general, it proceeds from a secret consciousness, that leads a man to put too high a value on the quality of courage, and to indulge his vanity by a display of it; as we often see men most desirous to be thought to possess those virtues and those talents, to which, in reality, they have the least pretensions.

I was much pleased with a conversation I had on this subject, on a visit I lately paid to Lady ——, the wife of my much valued friend General ——, who is now abroad fighting the battles of his country. I found her in her dressing-room, surrounded by a group of the

moſt lovely children. After they retired, ſhe began to complain, that, with all the attention a parent could beſtow, it was often impoſſible to prevent children from receiving bad and improper impreſſions from ſervants and attendants. "It was but juſt now," ſaid ſhe, "your fa-"vourite, little Charles, told his brother, that, "if he was a bad boy, he would be put into a "black box, carried to the church-yard, thrown "into a hole, and covered over with earth." After ſome obſervations on the bad tendency of repreſenting death in frightful colours, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had often been diſpoſed to think the poets to blame in this particular, who, by dwelling on all the circumſtances attending our diſſolution, and preſenting them to the imagination in ſtrong and lively colours, often leave an impreſſion which reaſon is not able entirely to wear off. She inſtanced the well-known lines of Shakeſpeare:

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
"To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
"This ſenſible warm motion to become
"A kneaded clod; and the dilated ſpirit
"To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
"In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
"To be impriſoned in the viewleſs winds,
"And blown with reſtleſs violence round about

"The

" The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
" Of those that lawless and uncertain thought
" Imagine howling;—'tis too horrible!
" The weariest and most-loathed worldly life,
" That age, ache, penury, imprisonment
" Can lay on nature, is a paradise
" To what we fear of death."—

" It is impossible, said she, " to read those
" lines without being affected by them. Yet,
" were I to judge from my own feelings, I
" should think the sentiment unjust. If to me,"
continued she, stealing a glance at the picture of my friend, while an involuntary tear half started in her eye, " if to me there be any thing
" terrible in death, it proceeds from the thoughts
" of what I should leave, not from the dread of
" what I should meet with."

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N° 88. SATURDAY, *March* 11, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MY father was a farmer in a tolerably reputable ſituation. I was his eldeſt ſon; and, at the age of ſix years, I was ſent to the pariſh-ſchool, to be taught reading and writing. My father naturally made enquiries concerning my progreſs, and the ſchoolmaſter gave him the moſt flattering accounts. After I had ſpent the uſual time in learning to read and write, my maſter ſaid it would be a pity to cut ſhort a boy of my genius, and adviſed my father to allow me to remain a year or two longer at his ſchool, that I might get a little Latin. This flattered my father's vanity, as it put his ſon in a ſituation to appear ſomewhat above that of the children of the neighbouring farmers. I was allowed to ſit on the ſame bench at ſchool with our landlord's ſon, and I had ſometimes the honour to be whipped for his faults. In ſtudying *Latin* I ſpent three years. The account which my father received of my progreſs in that language, led him to follow my teacher's ſuggeſtion, to give me a little *Greek*. Having gone thus far,

far, the transition was easy; it would be a pity, said our sanguine advisers, to lose all the knowledge I had got; with my application, and my genius, if I prosecuted my studies, I might become a very learned, and a very great man. If I studied divinity (which was proposed), I might in time preach in the pulpit of the very parish in which my father lived; nay, I might rise to be a Professor in the University, or become *Moderator* of the *General Assembly* of the church of Scotland.

I was accordingly entered a student in the university. My father considered my fortune as now made; and my expectations were not inferior to his. But I soon found my situation at the university a very hard and uneasy one. My father had been able to supply me tolerably with necessaries at the parish-school; but to do this at the university, situated in a great and expensive town, was above his power. I was obliged to walk about, therefore, with a shabby coat, and with an empty purse. I could not attend all the lectures I wished, for want of money to purchase admission, or to procure the necessary books. I now likewise found, that, far from being more knowing than my college companions, as my country schoolmaster flattered me would be the case, most of them knew more than I did; they had been better taught, and

had profited accordingly. Poverty, want of books, of friends, and of the other conveniencies of life, were not circumſtances very well ſuited for the ſtudy of the beauties of *Homer* and *Virgil*, nor for making a progreſs in the abſtract ſciences; but, with all theſe difficulties, I gave ſuch cloſe and intenſe application, that I was able to pick up a good deal of learning, and my diligence drew the attention of ſome of the profeſſors. By their intereſt I was recommended to Mr. *M*——, a gentleman of conſiderable fortune, who reſided in the town where the univerſity is ſituated, to be tutor to his children; and accordingly he was pleaſed to engage me at the ſalary of L. 20 a-year, with the additional advantage of living in his houſe. I now thought the world was all before me, and every thing ſeemed to flatter me with preſent happineſs and future exaltation. Out of my ſalary I hoped to afford to be better dreſſed, to buy more books, and to attend more lectures. I expected, from the knowledge I had acquired, to be able to make a figure in the company which reſorted to Mr. M.'s. I doubted not that they would ſingle me out as a prodigy of learning and genius; that, by their favour, I might be recommended to ſome lucrative or honourable place; or, at leaſt, that I ſhould, by Mr. M.'s intereſt, be ſettled as a miniſter in ſome

church, after having pleasantly spent a year or two in his family in attending to my pupils, from whose progress and improvement I expected equal pleasure and reputation. How these hopes have been answered, I proceed to inform you.

When I entered into Mr. M.'s family, I found it was expected that I should not only attend to the studies of the eldest son, a lad of about fourteen, but that I was likewise to take care of all the younger children, consisting of no fewer than six. Some of these were to be taught to read, others, who were too young for that, I was to look after, and walk out with them when they went abroad, to keep them out of harm's way, to prevent them from falling into a ditch, or being run down by a carriage. This I saw must occupy my whole time; and every thought of reading for my own improvement was to be laid aside. But though, in this manner, a temporary stop was to be put to my learning, I still flattered myself I should make it up by the improvement and knowledge of the world I should acquire from the society and conversation at Mr. M.'s. But this expectation was as vain as the former. When there were strangers of distinction at the house, I was not allowed to sit at table, but was placed in a corner of the room with the younger children, where my province was to attend to what they

eat, and to cut their meat for them. When the family were alone, or the guests were such as Mr. M. did not think necessary to treat with much ceremony, I was permitted to sit at table; but I soon found, even when this was the case, that I was not to be permitted to talk there. Seldom, indeed, was there any conversation which was worth joining in; but when any occurred in which I ventured to join, what I said was received in such a manner, that I was obliged to resolve to be silent. If I threw in an observation which started a doubt of the justice of any thing that was said, I was considered as an impertinent conceited fellow, who had no right to express his doubts; if I endeavoured to support any opinion, I saw I was deemed officious and troublesome. Mr. M. who, to the credit the world justly gave him for a great fortune, wished also to add the reputation, though without any pretensions, of learning, was afraid, when I opened my mouth, lest people should think that his son's tutor was more knowing than he; and, therefore, took care always to contradict me flatly, and with an air of superiority; and, sometimes, even made a joke of that awkwardness of manner, which it was impossible one in my situation could have escaped. You may judge what effect this treatment must have upon one who can relish the beauties of

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the classics, and has read many of the most eminent French and English authors. Poor, helpless, and dependent as I am, something within tells me that I am superior—but I have no title to be proud.

For some time, the only pleasant moments which I had in Mr. M.'s family, were those employed in reading with my eldest pupil. But this continued a very short time. The young gentleman soon began to despise one, whom he saw his father and his father's friends treat with so much disrespect; and, instead of following my directions, took care to do the very reverse of whatever I desired him. I perceived also he made me the subject of jest with his companions. In vain did I endeavour to represent this in the gentlest manner to Mr. M. I was the worse used for my complaints; he ascribed his son's little progress to my remissness; not to any fault in the boy, who, I soon found, had much more influence with his father, in regard to his education, than I had.

Such, Mr. MIRROR, is my situation with the upper members of the family. With those of an inferior rank, it is not a whit more agreeable. John, the footman, receives a salary nearly equal to mine, and he wears a better coat. He, therefore, looks upon himself as a finer gentleman than me; and, as I am but little

little reſpected by thoſe whom he conſiders as his betters, he does not think himſelf bound to reſpect me at all. At dinner, he ſeldom hears when I call; and, when he does, I often get fiſh ſauce to my pudding, and pepper inſtead of ſugar to my pancakes. Nor is John to be blamed for this; for he ſees his maſter give me port or punch, while he and his gueſts drink claret. For ſome time, indeed, after I came to reſide in the family, I received much complaiſance from Mrs. *Deborah Hitchcock*, the houſekeeper. Mrs. Deborah is now conſiderably paſt her fortieth year; in her perſon thick and ſquabby, with a mouth a little awry, and eyes a little aſquint. Mrs. Deborah frequently ſends her compliments, and aſks me to drink tea with her, or invites me to evening entertainments with her goſſiping companions. She is ſometimes alſo ſo kind as to viſit me in my own apartment,—ſays, ſhe wonders I do not tire when alone; that ſhe and I, from our ſituation in the family, ſhould be companions to each other; and ſhe has ſeveral times hinted, that, by her long reſidence in Mr. M.'s, ſhe has acquired a ſum which might be of uſe to a young man like me.

Thus, Sir, have I given you a view of my ſituation in Mr. M.'s family for more than two years paſt that I have reſided in it. My pupil is doing

doing no good under my care. I am not respected in the family, the servants insult me, and my farther progress in learning is stopped. I have often resolved to give up my place; but what will become of me if I do? Others will not enter into my motives; they will attribute my conduct to folly or ill temper; and I shall be thrown upon the wide world without a friend, without money, and with a mind ill calculated to struggle with poverty and misfortunes. It has occurred to me, that, if you print this letter, and Mr. M. chance to see it, it may produce some change in my situation; or, if it has no other effect, it may at least serve as a justification of my conduct in leaving his family.

I am, &c.

K. B.

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The case of Mr. K. B. may perhaps be exaggerated; but I suspect his situation is not altogether uncommon. Indeed, I have been often surprised to see men of excellent sense in every other particular, and fond of their children, so inattentive to those who have the care of them. It should not, methinks, require much reflection to convince them, that there is a good deal of respect due to those on whom so important a trust

truſt as the education of their children is devolved; it ſhould require but little obſervation to ſatisfy them, that, unleſs the parents regard the tutor, it is impoſſible the children can; that, unleſs the inſtructor be honoured, his precepts will be contemned. Even, independent of theſe conſiderations, ſomething is due to a young man of education and of learning, who, though his ſituation may make it neceſſary for him to receive a ſalary for his labours, may, from that learning which he has received, and that taſte which it has given him, have a mind as independent as the wealthieſt, and as delicate as the higheſt born.

But, while I venture to ſuggeſt thoſe hints to ſuch gentlemen as may be in a ſituation to afford tutors for their children, I would recommend the peruſal of Mr. B.'s letter to perſons in that condition from which he has ſprung. I have of late remarked, with regret, in this country, a diſpoſition in many, who, from their ſtation and circumſtances, ought to have been bred farmers or manufacturers, to become ſcholars, and men of learned profeſſions. Let ſuch perſons and their parents be aſſured, that, though there may be a few ſingular inſtances to the contrary, there is no purſuit which requires a competency, in point of fortune, more than that of a man of learning. A young man who

has

has not enough to make him easy, and to bear the expence requisite for carrying on his education, can hardly be expected to rise to any eminence. The meanness of his situation will humble and depress him, and render him unfit for any thing elegant or great; or, if this should not be the case, there is much danger of his becoming a prey to anxiety and chagrin, and perhaps passing a neglected and a miserable life. K. B. seems to have suffered much; he may still have much to suffer; had he followed his father's profession, he might have been both happy and useful.

A

## N° 89. TUESDAY, *March* 14, 1780.

### To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I WAS lately one of a pretty numerous company of both sexes, when a lady then going to be married was the subject of conversation, and was mentioned, by a gentleman present, as a very *accomplished woman*, to which the company in general assented. One lady remarked, she had often heard that phrase made use of, without being able precisely to understand what was meant by it; that she doubted not it was bestowed with propriety on Miss ———; but, as she was not of her acquaintance, she wished to know, whether, when one was said to be an accomplished woman, we were to understand such accomplishments as music, dancing, French, &c. which a boarding-school affords, or those higher attainments which the mind is supposed to acquire by reading and reflection? "Read-"ing and reflection!" repeated, with an ironical sneer, a very fine gentleman, who sat opposite to her; "I wonder how any one can fill "girls' heads with such ridiculous nonsense.

"I am

" I am ſure I never ſaw a woman's learning " have any other effect than to make her con- " ceited of herſelf, and a plague to her neigh- " bours. Were I to enter the *ſhackles*, I have " too much regard to my own eaſe to chuſe a " lady of *reflection*; and, had I any daughters, " I ſhould probably have plague enough with " them, without their being *readers*." Another lady, without taking the ſmalleſt notice of what the gentleman had ſaid, obſerved, that ſhe did not wonder young ladies were diſcouraged from taking much pains in improving their minds, as, whatever a girl's underſtanding or mental accompliſhments might be, they were univerſally neglected, at leaſt by the gentlemen; and the company of any fool, provided ſhe was handſome, preferred to theirs.---But, as this lady was rather homely, I durſt not rely on her opinion.---An elderly gentleman then ſaid, he did not ſee that reading could do a woman any harm, provided they confined themſelves to books fit for them, and did not meddle with ſubjects they could not underſtand, ſuch as religion and politics. As to the firſt, he ſaid, that if a woman went regularly to church, ſaid her prayers, read her Bible, and did as ſhe was bid, he thought it all that was neceſſary; and as for politics, it was a ſubject far beyond the reach of any female capacity. This gentleman had

a little

a little before given a very circumſtantial (and I am ſure I thought a very tireſome) account of the method of making votes for the next general election, to which the company ſeemed to pay very little attention; and if that was what he meant by *politics*, he was certainly in the right; for I acknowledge I did not underſtand one word of it; nor did any of the ladies preſent, as I afterwards found, comprehend it more than myſelf.

A young gentleman, who, from his correct manner of ſpeaking, I ſuppoſe practiſed the law, and who had hitherto liſtened with great attention, then took upon him to be our ſex's advocate, and was proceeding to ſhew (in a very ſenſible manner, as I thought) the little danger that was to be feared, and the great advantage that might be reaped, from a young lady's appropriating a conſiderable part of her time to reading, provided her ſtudies were properly directed, when the arrival of ſome ceremonious viſitors put an end to the converſation; and the company ſat down to cards.

When I came home, I could not help reflecting, with a good deal of uneaſineſs, on what I had heard. For if there is really no ſuch thing as mental accompliſhment rendering a young lady more amiable, or if reading is to be of no real ſervice to us, I have certainly employed

ployed a great part of my paſt life to very little purpoſe. I was brought up in the country, where reading was not only my greateſt amuſement, but I was always told, that by that, and making proper reflections on what I read, I ſhould become contented with myſelf, and be beloved and reſpected by all who knew me; and, by theſe improvements alone, could hope to equal my ſiſter, who is a great deal handſomer than I, but who could ſeldom be perſuaded to open a book.

But the converſation above mentioned, which happened very ſoon after I came to town, has raiſed many doubts in my mind as to the real importance of my former ſtudies. I have mentioned my uneaſineſs to ſeveral of my female companions, who are all (eſpecially ſuch as are not handſome) very much intereſted in it, and would be very happy to ſee a MIRROR on this ſubject, though they were much ſurpriſed at my courage in propoſing to write to you; which, indeed, I never could have done, had I been able to find any other way to communicate my diſtreſs.

If you think this letter worthy your attention, I intreat you to give us, as ſoon as poſſible, your opinion as to what ſort of accompliſhments a young lady ought to be moſt anxious to acquire, and whether there is not ſome real ad-

vantage to be derived from reading; for I would fain think the young gentleman was in the right, though I am sorry I have never seen him since, to hear what he had further to say on the subject.

But if, on the contrary, you convince me, that I either cannot or need not aim at any mental accomplishments, I shall lay by my book, and proceed to finish some ornamental pieces of work, which have hitherto advanced very slowly, as I was always more solicitous to improve my mind, than to adorn my person.

I am, SIR,

Your constant reader and admirer,

EMILIA.

It were hard, indeed, if the word *accomplishment*, when applied to a woman, excluded the idea of such mental embellishments as *Emilia* seems particularly to have studied. In the Author of the MIRROR, she has chosen a partial umpire; for he will fairly own, that he addresses many of his papers chiefly to the ladies, and feels a high degree of pleasure when he is told that any one of them has been lucky enough to interest or to please the fair part of his Readers. Such a Paper he sets down as one *à bonnes fortunes*, and grows vain upon it accordingly.

It

It muſt, however, be conſeſſed on the other hand, that the leſſer order of *accompliſhments*, mentioned by *Emilia*, are very neceſſary attendants on that higher ſort, which *reading* and *reflection* confer. They are neceſſary even to the men; for without them learning grows pedantry, and wit becomes rudeneſs. But, in *women*, a certain ſoftneſs of addreſs and grace of manner is ſo indiſpenſable, that no talents or acquirements can poſſibly pleaſe without them. To give that ſoftneſs, to confer that grace, reading and reflection will not ſuffice alone; to impart them in the higheſt degree, no other accompliſhments will ſuffice without reading and reflection. Emilia's harpſichord will ſettle the matter. Let us take *treble* for the firſt ſort of accompliſhments, and *baſe* for the latter; ſtrike with the right hand—'tis muſic, but without ſtrength; with the left—'tis harſh, and wants ſoftneſs; touch it with both hands, and the inſtrument is quite as it ſhould be.

It is not from the poſſeſſion of knowledge, but from the diſplay of it, that a woman ceaſes to be feminine. To lecture with authority, to argue with violence, to diſpute with obſtinacy, are qualifications purely maſculine. It were too much to ſay that to be in the right, is a male quality; but to feel one's ſelf in the right, or rather to ſhew that feeling, is not delicately female.

male. The muſical department will furniſh us with another illuſtration. *Emilia* has heard of that ſort of ſinging below the full powers of the performer's voice, which the Italians call ſinging *ſotto-voce*; now, let a woman's underſtanding be ever ſo ſtrong, let her mind be ever ſo accompliſhed, it ſhould always be delivered *ſotto-voce*.

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## To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I Am juſt going to commence buſineſs as a *Milliner*, and am reſolved to beſtow more than common pains in furniſhing out as elegant a ſhop-liſt as poſſible, being of opinion, that much of the employment a ſhopkeeper gets, is owing to the attraction of a happy-fancied ſign, advertiſement, or ſhop-bill. In executing this intention, I have met with ſeveral difficulties; and, therefore, am induced to trouble you for a ſolution of them. A friend of mine whom I conſulted (becauſe, as he was often reading, I imagined him to be a wiſe and learned man), adviſed me to look into a book called *Johnſon's Dictionary*, which he ſaid would ſpell, explain, and deſcribe to me, any thing I was at a loſs about. Accordingly, after ſome difficulty, I procured

procured a ſight of this book from a relation, who was acquainted with a bookſeller. But, as this ſame Johnſon explains his words in a foreign language, I am as much at a loſs as ever; becauſe I am totally ignorant what language it is, and, therefore, cannot judge, whether what he ſays be ſuch a deſcription of my commodities as will bring me cuſtomers. Upon my looking, for inſtance, at his explanation of *net-work*, I find it to be, "any thing reticulated or de-"cuſſated with interſtices betwixt the inter-"ſections." Now, Mr. MIRROR, I beg the favour of you to tell me what language this is. You certainly can eaſily do it, when you have obtained ſuch a character in town for wiſdom and learning. If it ſhould be French, be ſo good as tranſlate it to me; and, if it proves to be ſuch a deſcription as I think ſuits the net-work I have on hand, I ſhall moſt gladly inſert it in my bill. But if it ſhould turn out to be Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or Dutch, or any other Heathen language, I would not meddle with it for all the world; for no perſon then would come near my ſhop. I am adviſed by all my friends to put as much French into my bills and advertiſements as poſſible; and, indeed, I believe the advice is good; for I have a relation, a *Perruquier*, as he calls himſelf, who has told me, that he believed he owed almoſt all his buſineſs

fineſs (and a great deal he had) to an advertiſement in the newſpapers interlarded with French words. It began thus, for I copied it letter for letter, "*Perruques au dernier gout*, made to fit "the head, *avec une air bien degagé*, to be "had," &c. This wigmaker informed me, that there was ſcarcely a young beau in town who wore a wig that could reſiſt his advertiſement.

I ſhould beg pardon for the freedom I am uſing, in thus taking up your time about a matter which muſt appear ſo trifling to you; but if you are a benevolent man (and ſuch I have heard you are), it will readily occur to you, that, though my requeſt appears of a trivial nature, yet it treats of an affair of very great conſequence to me. This conſideration has emboldened me to apply to you; and, if you take the trouble to give me your aſſiſtance on this occaſion, I promiſe you to take in your MIRROR to my ſhop for the amuſement of my cuſtomers; though, upon ſecond thoughts, I am doubtful whether it may not rather hurt my buſineſs. A mirror is as neceſſary to a milliner's ſhop, as the goods that are in it; but then it muſt be a mirror for the body. Now yours is one for the mind; and my beſt cuſtomers, in all probability, will conſiſt of a ſet of ladies who ſeldom or never look into their minds at all: for thoſe ladies, Mr. MIRROR, who decorate

decorate their persons in the highest extravagance of the fashion, and who, of consequence, are the best customers to the milliners, are generally such, I am told, as have their minds worst dressed and least ornamented. Besides, the ladies generally find something in the bodily mirror which pleases them; but your mental looking-glass, is one of such just reflection, that, if my ladies should view themselves in it, I am afraid they would be so dissatisfied and displeased with seeing their minds so unadorned as they really are, that they would go away in very bad humour, and without laying out a sixpence in ornaments for their persons.

I must, therefore, before I venture upon this step, consider further of it, and have the opinion of my friends on the matter. I have a good mind, Sir, to consult yourself upon it. I think so highly of you, that I scruple not to abide by your determination. Be so good, therefore, as to tell me in your answer, whether you think I ought to venture to take in your MIRROR to lie on my counter.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

LETITIA LAPPET.

N° 90. SATURDAY, *March* 18, 1780.

*Verum etiam amicum qui intuetur tanquam exemplar aliquod intuetur sui. Quocirca et absentes adsunt, et egentes abundant, et imbecilles valent, et, quod difficilius dictu est, mortui vivunt; tantus eos honos, memoria, desiderium prosequitur amicorum. Ex quo illorum beata mors videtur, horum vita laudabilis.*

CICERO.

"LIFE," says Sir *William Temple*, "is like "wine; who would drink it pure, must "not draw it to the dregs." Such, I confess, has ever been my opinion, although, in reckoning up the good things of this world, long life is commonly estimated as one of its chief blessings.

I am ready to allow, that an old man, looking back on a well-spent life, in which he finds nothing to regret, and nothing to be ashamed of, and waiting with dignity for that event which is to put a period to his existence, is one of the most venerable and respectable of all objects. The idea that he is soon to quit the busy scenes of life, throws a tenderness around him similar

similar to that we feel in bidding adieu to a friend who is to leave us for a long time.

There is, however, something wonderfully unpleasant in the decay of the powers of mind and body, the necessary consequence of extreme old age. To those around them, particularly to those with whom they are more nearly connected, the imbecility which almost always attends persons in a very advanced period of life, affords one of the most affecting spectacles that can well be conceived. It is a situation truly interesting; and, while it teaches us to make every allowance for the weakness of age, it disposes us, by every attention, by every mark of observance, to smooth the steps of the aged, and to remove, as much as possible, those clouds that hang on the evening of life.

It must, at the same time, be admitted, that there are men who live to a very great age, in the full possession of their faculties, and, what is still more, with all the affections of the mind alive and unabated. Yet, even where this is the case, I cannot, for my part, consider long life as an object much to be desired.

There is one circumstance, which with me is alone sufficient to decide the question. If there be any thing that can compensate the unavoidable evils with which this life is attended, and the numberless calamities to which mankind

are subject, it is the pleasure arising from the society of those we love and esteem. Friendship is the cordial of life. Without it, who would wish to exist an hour? But every one who arrives at extreme old age, must make his account with surviving the greater part, perhaps the whole, of his friends. He must see them fall from him by degrees, while he is left alone, single and unsupported, like a leafless trunk, exposed to every storm, and shrinking from every blast.

I have been led to these reflections by a loss I lately sustained in the sudden and unlooked-for death of a friend, to whom, from my earliest youth, I had been attached by every tie of the most tender affection. Such was the confidence that subsisted between us, that, in his bosom, I was wont to repose every thought of my mind, and every weakness of my heart. In framing him, nature seemed to have thrown together a variety of opposite qualities, which, happily tempering each other, formed one of the most engaging characters I have ever known. An elevation of mind, a manly firmness, a *Castilian* sense of honour, accompanied with a bewitching sweetness, proceeding from the most delicate attention to the situation and the feelings of others. In his manners simple and unassuming; in the company of strangers modest to a degree of

bashfulness;

baſhfulneſs; yet poſſeſſing a fund of knowledge, and an extent of ability, which might have adorned the moſt exalted ſtation. But it was in the ſocial circle of his friends that he appeared to the higheſt advantage; there the native benignity of his ſoul diffuſed, as it were, a kindly influence on all around him, while his converſation never failed at once to amuſe and to inſtruct.

Not many months ago I paid him a viſit at his ſeat in a remote part of the kingdom. I found him engaged in embelliſhing a place, of which I had often heard him talk with rapture, and the beauties of which I found his partiality had not exaggerated. He ſhewed me all the improvements he had made, and pointed out thoſe he meant to make. He told me all his ſchemes, and all his projects. And, while I live, I muſt ever retain a warm remembrance of the pleaſure I then enjoyed in his ſociety.

The day I meant to ſet out on my return, he was ſeized with a ſlight indiſpoſition, which he ſeemed to think ſomewhat ſerious; and, indeed, if he had a weakneſs, it conſiſted in rather too great anxiety with regard to his health. I remained with him till he thought himſelf almoſt perfectly recovered; and, in order to avoid the unpleaſant ceremony of taking leave, I reſolved to ſteal away early in the morning, before any of the family ſhould be aſtir. About daybreak

I got up, and let myself out. At the door I found an old and favourite dog of my friend's, who immediately came and fawned upon me. He walked with me through the park. At the gate he stopped, and looked up wishfully in my face; and, though I do not well know how to account for it, I felt, at that moment when I parted with the faithful animal, a degree of tenderness, joined with a melancholy so pleasing, that I had no inclination to check it. In that frame of mind I walked on (for I had ordered my horses to wait me at the first stage) till I reached the summit of a hill, which I knew commanded the last view I should have of the habitation of my friend. I turned to look back on the delightful scene. As I looked, the idea of the owner came full into my mind; and, while I contemplated his many virtues and numberless amiable qualities, a suggestion arose, if he should be cut off, what an irreparable loss it would be to his family, to his friends, and to society. In vain I endeavoured to combat this melancholy foreboding, by reflecting on the uncommon vigour of his constitution, and the fair prospect it afforded of his enjoying many days. The impression still recurred, and it was some considerable time before I had strength of mind sufficient to conquer it.

I had

I had not been long at home when I received accounts of his being attacked by a violent distemper, and in a few days after I learned that it had put an end to his life.

This blow, for a time, unmanned me quite. Even now, the chief consolation I find is in the society of a few chosen friends. Should they also be torn from me, the world would to me be as a desert; and, though I should still endeavour to discharge my duty in that station which Providence has assigned me in life, I should never cease to look forward, not without impatience, to those peaceful mansions where the weary are at rest, and where only we can hope to meet again with those from whom we have been parted by the inexorable hand of death.

R.

## N° 91. TUESDAY, *March* 21, 1780.

*Non quia, Mæcenas, Lydorum, quidquid Etruscos*
*Incoluit fines, nemo generosior est te;*
*Nec quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus*
*Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitârint,*
*Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco*
*Ignotos.* HOR.

IN estimating the conduct of men, we naturally take into account not only the merit or blame of their actions, abstractedly considered, but also that portion of either which those actions derive from the situation of the persons performing them. Besides the great moral laws by which every man is bound, particular ranks and circumstances have their peculiar obligations; and he who attains elevation of place, or extent of fortune, increases not only the pleasure he has to enjoy, but the duties he has to perform. This, however, moralists have always complained, is apt to be forgotten; the great are ever ready to exercise power, and the rich to purchase pleasure; but the first are not always mindful of benignity, nor the latter of beneficence.

In

In the lighter duties of life the ſame rule takes place, and is, in the ſame manner, but little attended to. In theſe, indeed, it is more liable to be diſregarded from an idea of its unimportance. Yet to the little and the poor, the behaviour of the great or the rich is often as eſſential as their conduct. There may be tyranny and injuſtice in the one as well as in the other; nay, I have known many men who could forgive the oppreſſion of the powerful, and the encroachments of the wealthy, in more material inſtances, who never could pardon the haughtineſs of their demeanour, and the faſtidiouſneſs of their air.

It is ſtrange, methinks, that the deſire of depreſſing the humble, and overawing the modeſt, ſhould be ſo common as it is among thoſe on whom birth or ſtation has conferred ſuperiority. One might wonder how it ſhould ever happen, that people ſhould prefer being feared to being loved, to ſpread around them the chillneſs of unſocial grandeur, rather than the warmth of reciprocal attachment. Yet, from the pride of folly, or of education, we find this is often the caſe; there is ſcarce any one who cannot recollect inſtances of perſons who ſeem to have exchanged all the pleaſures of ſociety, all intercourſe of the affections, for the cold pre-eminence of ſtate and place.

But, in the ideas of their power, it is proper to inform such persons, they are frequently mistaken. It must be on a mind very contemptible, indeed, that mere greatness can have the effects they are apt to ascribe to it. They cannot blast with a frown, or elevate with a smile, from rank or station alone, without some other qualities attending them. 'Tis with rank and station, as an acquaintance of mine, somewhat of a coxcomb, though a better thing from nature, observed to me of dress, "Every man," said he, looking at himself in a mirror, "every man can "put on a fine coat; but it is not every man "who can wear one."

It is by no means so easy to do the honours of a high station, as many who attain high stations are apt to imagine. The importance of a man to himself is a feeling common to all; to settle with propriety the claims of others, as well as of ourselves, requires no inconsiderable degree of discernment; and the jealousy of inferior stations in this matter, will criticise with the utmost nicety the determinations of their superiors. In proportion as the great claim respect or adulation, the spirit of those beneath them will commonly refuse it. We see daily examples of men, who go on arrogating dignity, and procuring contempt; who meet with slights where they demand respect, and are refused

even

even the attention to which they are intitled, becauſe they would impoſe attention rather than receive it.

But it is not always by haughtineſs of demeanour that people ſhew themſelves moſt haughty. There is a claim of ſuperiority, amidſt the condeſcenſion of ſome men, infinitely more diſguſting than the diſtant dignity of ordinary pride. Somebody has called the part which the inferiors of ſuch people play, "holding the lower end of familiarity." *Orgilius* keeps a *pack* of theſe end-holders conſtantly about him. He calls them by their names, as he does his hounds; they open at his jeſts, follow the ſcent of every obſervation he makes, and run down every character he attacks. For all this he rewards them exactly as he does his favourite dogs, by allowing them to dirty his parlour, and feed at his table; and, like the maſter of many a pack, he is deſpiſed by all his neighbours who have underſtanding, and hated by all thoſe who want it.

Nothing is more difficult than the art of a *patron*; the power of patroniſing is but one ingredient in its compoſition. A patron muſt be able to read mankind, and to conciliate their affections; he muſt be ſo deſerving of praiſe as to be independent of it; yet receive it as if he had no claim, and give it value where it is juſt,

by

by reſiſting adulation. He muſt have that dignity of demeanour which may keep his place in the circle; yet that gentleneſs which may not overpower the moſt timid, or overawe the meaneſt. If he patroniſes the arts, he muſt know and feel them; yet he muſt ſpeak to the learned as a learner, and often ſubmit the correctneſs of his taſte to the errors of genius. With ſo many qualifications requiſite for a patron, it is not wonderful that ſo few ſhould ariſe; or that the bunglers whom we ſee attempt the part, ſhould ſo frequently make enemies by offices of friendſhip, and purchaſe a lampoon at the price of a panegyric.

There is a ſort of female patronage, of which I cannot forbear taking notice, though it be ſomewhat out of place here. It is conſidered as of little importance, though, I am apt to believe, its conſequences are ſometimes of a very ſerious nature. In ſome great houſes, *My Lady*, as well as My Lord, has a train of followers, who contend for that honour which her intimacy is held to confer, and emulate thoſe manners which her rank and faſhion are ſuppoſed to ſanctify. Let the humanity of ſuch a patroneſs lead her to beware, leſt her patronage be fatal to her favourites. If the glare of grandeur, or the luxuries of wealth, deprive them of the reliſh of ſober enjoyments; if the eaſe of

fashionable behaviour seduce them from the simplicity of purer manners, they will have dearly purchased the friendship which they court, or the notice which they envy. Let such noble persons consider, that to the young ladies they are pleased to call their friends, those sober pleasures, those untainted manners, are to be the support of celibacy, the dower of marriage, the comfort and happiness of a future life. It were cruel, indeed, if, by any infringement of those manners, any contempt for those pleasures (too easily copied by their inferiors), they should render the little transient distinctions which they bestow in kindness, a source of lasting misery to those who receive them.

To the behaviour of the rich, the above observations may apply; wealth, in a commercial country like ours, conferring, in a great measure, the dignity of title or of birth. There are, however, some particular errors, into which the possessors of suddenly acquired fortunes are apt to fall, that defeat the ends at which they aim, that disgust where they meant to dazzle, and only create envy where they wish to excite admiration. When *Lucullus*, at a dinner to which he has invited half a dozen of his old acquaintance, shews his sideboard loaded with plate, and brings in seven or eight laced servants to wait at table, I do not reckon the dinner given,

given, but ſold. I am expected to pay my reckoning as much as in a tavern; only here I am to give my admiration, and there my money; and it is certain that many men, and ſome very narrow ones too, will ſooner part with the laſt than with the former. I have ſometimes ſeen a high-ſpirited poor man at *Lucullus*'s table, affronted by the production of *Burgundy*, and refuſe *Champaigne*, becauſe it had the *borachio* of our landlord's fourſcore thouſand pounds on't. This was honeſt, and Lucullus had not much title to complain; but he knows not how often his Burgundy and Champaigne are drank by fellows, who tell all the world, next day, of their former dinners with him at a ſhilling ordinary, with ſixpenny-worth of punch, by way of regale, upon holidays.

There is an obligation to complacency, I had almoſt ſaid humility of manners, which the acquiſition of wealth or ſtation lays on every man, though it has often, eſpecially on weak minds, a directly oppoſite effect. A certain degree of inattention, or even rudeneſs, which from an equal we may eaſily pardon, from a ſuperior becomes a ſerious injury. When my ſchool companion *Marcus* was a plain fellow like myſelf, I could have waited for him half an hour after the time of appointment, and laugh-

ed

ed at his want of an apology when we met. But now that he is become a great man, I count the minutes of my attendance with impatience; and, when he ſwaggers up to his elbow-chair without an acknowledgment, I hate him for that arrogance which I think he aſſumes, and almoſt hate myſelf for bearing it as I do. The truth is, *Marcus* was born in the rank, but without the ſenſibilities of a gentleman; a want, which no office in the ſtate, no patent of dignity, can ever ſupply. If the term were rightly underſtood, I might confine my admonitions on the ſubject of this paper to three words, "Be a *gentleman*." The feelings of this character, which, in point of manners, is the moſt reſpectable of any, will be as immediately hurt by the idea of giving uneaſineſs by his own behaviour, as of ſuffering uneaſineſs from the behaviour of another.

## N° 92. SATURDAY, *March* 25, 1780.

LOOKING from the window of a houſe where I was viſiting ſome mornings ago, I obſerved, on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet, a ſign-poſt, ornamented with ſome little buſts and bronzes, indicating a perſon to live there, by trade a *Figure-maker*. On remarking to a gentleman who ſtood near me, that this was a profeſſion I did not recollect having heard of before, my friend, who has a knack of drawing obſervations from trifles, and, I muſt confeſs, is a little inclined to take things on their weak ſide, replied, with a ſarcaſtic ſmile, that it was one of the moſt common in life. While he ſpoke, a ſmart young man, who has lately ſet up a very ſhowy equipage, paſſed by in his carriage at a briſk trot, and bowed to me, who have the honour of a ſlight acquaintance with him, with that air of civil conſequence which puts one in mind of the notice a man thinks himſelf intitled to. "That young gentleman," ſaid my friend, "is a *Figure-maker*, and the chariot he "drives in is his *ſign-poſt*. You might trace "the brethren of this trade through every ſtreet, "ſquare, and houſe in town. *Figure-making* "is common to all ranks, ages, tempers, and "ſituations: there are rich and poor, extrava-

"gant

" gant and narrow, wise and foolish, witty and " ridiculous, eloquent and silent, beautiful and " ugly *Figure-makers*. In short, there is scarce " any body such a cypher from Nature, as not " to form some pretensions to making a figure " in spite of her.

" The young man who bowed to you is an " extravagant *Figure-maker*, more remarkable " from being successor to a narrow one. I " knew his father well, and have often visited " him in the course of money-transactions, at " his office, as it was called, in the garret-" story of a dark airless house, where he sat, " like the Genius of Lucre, brooding, in his " hole, over the wealth his parsimony had ac-" quired him. The very ink with which he " wrote was adulterated with water, and he " delayed mending his pen till the characters it " formed were almost illegible. Yet he too " had great part of his enjoyment from the " opinion of others, and was not insensible to " the pleasures of *Figure-making*. I have often " seen him in his threadbare brown coat, stop " on the street to wait the passing of some of " his well-dressed debtors, that he might have " the pleasure of insulting them with the in-" timacy to which their situations intitled him ; " and I once knew him actually lend a large " sum, on terms less advantageous than it was

" his

" his cuſtom to inſiſt upon, merely becauſe it " was a *Peer* who wanted to borrow, and that " he had applied in vain to two right honour- " able relations of immenſe fortune.

" His ſon has juſt the ſame deſire of ſhew- " ing his wealth that the father had; but he " takes a very different method of diſplaying it. " Both, however, diſplay, not enjoy, their " wealth, and draw equal ſatisfaction from the " conſequence derived from it in the opinion " of others. The father kept guineas in his " coffers which he never uſed; the ſon changes, " indeed, the ſpecies of property, but has juſt " as little the power of uſing it. He keeps " horſes in his ſtable, miſtreſſes in lodgings, " and ſervants in livery, to no better purpoſe " than his father did guineas. He gives din- " ners, at which he eats made diſhes that he " deteſts, and drinks Champaigne and Bur- " gundy, inſtead of his old beverage of port " and punch, till he is ſick, becauſe they are " the diſhes and drink of great and rich men. " The ſon's ſituation has the advantage of bril- " liancy, but the father's was more likely to be- " permanent; he was daily growing richer " with the aſpect of poverty; his ſon is daily " growing poorer with the appearance of " wealth.

" It

" It is impoſſible to enumerate the pranks " which the ſudden acquiſition of riches, joined " to this deſire of *Figure-making*, ſets people " a playing. There is nothing ſo abſurd or " extravagant, which riches, in the hands of " a weak man, will not tempt him to commit; " from the mere idea of enjoying his money in " the way of exhibition. Nay, this will hap- " pen to perſons of whoſe ſenſe and diſcretion " the world had formerly a high opinion, even " where that opinion was a juſt one; for " wealth often makes fools where it does not " find them."—My friend happening to caſt his eye towards me at that moment, diſcovered a ſmile on my countenance: " You are thinking " now," ſaid he, " that you and I could en- " dure being left twenty or thirty thouſand " pounds, notwithſtanding the truth of my ob- " ſervation."—" It would ſpoil your lecture," I replied; " but you may go on in the mean " time."—— He took the pinch of ſnuff which my remark had ſtopped in its progreſs towards his noſe, and went on.

" From this motive of *Figure-making*," continued he, turning to the ladies of the company, " Beauty puts on her airs, and Wit labours for " a *bon-mot*, till the firſt becomes ugly, and the " latter tireſome. You may have frequently " obſerved *Betſey Ogle*, in a company of her " ordinary

" ordinary acquaintance, look charmingly, be-
" cauſe ſhe did not care how ſhe looked, till
" the appearance of a gentleman, with a fine
" coat or a title, has ſet her a toſſing her head,
" rolling her eyes, biting her lips, twiſting her
" neck, and bringing her whole figure to bear
" upon him, till the expreſſion of her counte-
" nance became perfect folly, and her attitudes
" downright diſtortion. In the ſame way our
" friend *Ned Glib* (who has more wit than any
" man I know, could he but learn the economy
" of it), when ſome happy ſtrokes of humour
" have given him credit with himſelf and the
" company, will ſet out full tilt, mimicking,
" caricaturing, punning, and ſtory-telling, till
" every body preſent wiſhes him dumb, and
" looks grave in proportion as he laughs.

" That wit and beauty ſhould be deſirous of
" making a figure is not to be wondered at,
" admiration being the very province they con-
" tend for. That folly and uglineſs ſhould
" thruſt themſelves forward to public notice,
" might be matter of ſurpriſe, did we not re-
" collect that their owners moſt probably think
" themſelves witty and handſome. In theſe,
" indeed, as in many other inſtances, it unfor-
" tunately happens, that people are ſtrangely
" bent upon making a figure in thoſe very de-
" partments,

" partments, where they have leaſt chance of " ſucceeding.

" But there is a ſpecies of animal, ſeveral of " whom muſt have fallen under the notice of " every body preſent, which it is difficult to " claſs, either among the witty or the fooliſh, " the clever or the dull, the wiſe or the mad, " who, of all others, have the greateſt propen- " ſity to *Figure-making*. Nature ſeems to have " made them up in haſte, and to have put the " different ingredients, above referred to, into " their compoſition at random. They are more " common in ſuch a place as this, than in a " more extenſive ſphere, like ſome vermin, that " breed in ponds and rivulets, which a larger " ſtream or lake would deſtroy. Our circle is " juſt large enough to give their talents room, " and ſmall enough to be affected by their " exertion. Here, therefore, there is never " wanting a junto of them of both ſexes, who " are liked or hated, admired or deſpiſed, who " make people laugh, or ſet them aſleep, ac- " cording to the faſhion of the time, or the " humour of their audience, but who have " always the ſatisfaction of talking themſelves, " and of being talked of by others. With us, " indeed, a very moderate degree of genius is " ſufficient for this purpoſe; in ſmall ſocieties, " folks are ſet agape by ſmall circumſtances. I

" have

" have known a lady here contrive to make a " figure for half the winter, on the ſtrength of " a plume of feathers, or the trimming of a " petticoat; and a gentleman make ſhift to be " thought a fine fellow, only by outdoing every " body elſe in the thickneſs of his *queue*, or the " height of his foretop.

" But people will not only make themſelves " fools; I have known inſtances of their be- " coming knaves; or, at leaſt, boaſting of their " being ſo, from this deſire of *figure-making*. " You ſhall hear a fellow, who has once got " the character of being a ſharp man, tell " things of himſelf, for which, if they had been " true, he deſerved to be hanged, merely be- " cauſe his line of *figure-making* lies in trick " and chicane; hence too, proceed all thoſe " hiſtories of their own profligacy and vice, " which ſome young men of ſpirit are perpe- " tually relating, " who are willing to ' *record* " *themſelves villains*,' rather than not be record- " ed at all.

" In the arts, as well as in the characters of " men, this ſame propenſity is productive of " ſtrange diſorders. Hence proceed the bom- " baſt of poetry, the tumor of proſe, the gariſh " light of ſome paintings, the unnatural *chiaro* " *ſcuro* of others; hence, in muſic, the abſurd " mixture of diſcordant movements, and the

" ſqueak

" ſqueak of high-ſtrained cadences; in ſhort, " all thoſe ſins againſt nature and ſimplicity, " which artiſts of inferior merit are glad to " practiſe, in order to extort the notice of the " Public, and to make a figure by ſurpriſe and " ſingularity."

The accidental interruption of a new viſitor now ſtopped the current of my friend's diſcourſe; he had, indeed, begun to tire moſt of the company, who were not all diſpoſed to liſten quite ſo long as he ſeemed inclined to ſpeak. In truth, he had forgot that the very reproof he meant to give his neighbours, applied pretty ſtrongly to himſelf, and that, though he might ſuppoſe he was lecturing from the deſire of reformation, he was, in reality, haranguing in the ſpirit of *figure-making*.

I

## N° 93. TUESDAY, *March* 28, 1780.

*Parva leves capiunt animos.* OVID.

THAT life conſiſts, in a great meaſure, of trifling occurrences and little occupations, there needs no uncommon ſagacity or attention to diſcover. Notwithſtanding the importance we are apt to aſcribe to the employments and the time, even of the greateſt and moſt illuſtrious, were we to trace ſuch perſons to the end of their labours and the cloſe of their purſuits, we ſhould frequently diſcover, that trifles were the ſolace of the one, and the purpoſe of the other. Public buſineſs and political arrangement are often only the conſtrained employments to which accident or education has devoted their hours, while their willing moments are deſtined, perhaps, to light amuſements and to careleſs mirth.

It is not, then, ſurpriſing, that trifles ſhould form the chief gratification of ordinary men, on whom the Public has no claim, and individuals have little dependence. But, of thoſe trifles, the nature will commonly mark the man, as much as circumſtances of greater importance. A mind capable of high exertion or delicate ſentiment, will ſtoop with a certain conſciouſneſs

of

of its deſcent, that will not allow it to wanton into abſurdity, or ſink into groſſneſs. There is, in ſhort, a difference, which ſenſe and feeling will not eaſily forget, between the little and the mean, the ſimple and the rude, the playful and the fooliſh.

But the ſureſt mark of a weak mind is an affectation of importance amidſt the enjoyment of trifles, a buſtle of ſerious buſineſs amidſt the moſt inſignificant concerns. The bringing forward of little things to the rank of great ones, is the true burleſque in character as well as in ſtyle; yet ſuch characters are not uncommon, even among men who have acquired ſome eſtimation in the world. In this particular, the world is eaſily deceived; dulneſs may often ape ſolemnity, and arrogate importance, where brighter talents would have drawn but little regard; as objects are magnified by miſts, and made awful by darkneſs.

Of a character of this ſort I received, ſome time ago, the following ſketch from a young lady, who ſometimes honours me with her correſpondence, whoſe vivacity can give intereſt to trifles, and entertainment to abſurdity.

Dear Sir,

YOU made me promiſe, on leaving town, that I would write to you whenever the country afforded any thing worth writing about. The country, at preſent, merely as country, preſents no landſcape, but one undiſtinguiſhed tract of ſnow; vegetation is locked up in froſt, and we are locked up within doors; but ſomething might be traced within doors, had I a good pencil for the purpoſe.—Mine hoſt, of whom you have heard a good deal, is no bad ſubject: Suppoſe I make him ſit for his picture.

Believe me, he is not quite the ſenſible intelligent man we were told he was.—So much the better, I like oddities—even now and then in town; ſtill better in the country; but in froſt and ſnow, and all the dreary confinement of winter,—Oh! your *battledore* and *ſhuttlecock* are a joke to them.

You remember, a long while ago (ſo long, that I have forgot every part of the book but the name), we read *Nature diſplayed* together. You then told me of a certain Mr. *Leeuwenhoek*, I think you called him, whoſe microſcope ſhewed the circulation of frog's blood, the ſcales of the ſcales of fiſhes, the briſtles of mites, and every other tiny thing in the world. Now, my worthy landlord, Mr. G. R. has always

ways such a glass as *Leewenhoek*'s in his noddle; every little thing is so great to him, and he does little things, and talks of little things, with an air of such importance!—but I hate definitions; pictures are ten times better; and now for a few sketches of my winter-quarters, and of the good man under whose government I live.

I discovered, on my first entry into his house, that every thing was in exact order, and every place inviolably appropriated to its respective use. The gentlemen were to put their hats and sticks in one corner, and the ladies their clogs in another. The very day of my arrival, I heard the family-apothecary get a severe rebuke for violating the chastity of the clog-corner with his rattan. I have hitherto escaped much censure on this score: Luckily I have attracted the regard of Mr. R.'s youngest sister, a grave, considerate, orderly young lady. I don't know how it is, but I have often got into favour with those grave ladies.—God knows, I little deserve it.—Miss Sophia R. therefore keeps me right in many important particulars, or covers my deviations with some apology; or, if all won't do, I laugh, as is my way; Mr. R. calls me Rattlescull; says, he shall bring me into order by and bye, and there's an end on't.

By that attention to trifles, for which, from his earlieſt days, he was remarkable, Mr. R. made himſelf commodious to ſome perſons of conſiderable influence, and procured many advantages, to which neither from birth nor fortune he was any wiſe entitled. He travelled in company with a gentleman of very high rank and diſtinguiſhed abilities, by whoſe means he procured an introduction to many eminent men in foreign countries; and, when he returned from abroad, was often in the ſociety of the eminent men of our own. But his brain, poor man! was like a gauze ſearce, it admitted nothing of any magnitude: Amidſt great men and great things, it took in only the duſt that fell from them.

He was reading in the news-papers, the other morning, of the marriage of the Honourable Miſs W—— to Sir H. S——. "Ah!" ſaid he, "to think how time paſſes! I remem-"ber her grandfather Lord W—— well; a "great man, a very great man. We met at "*Naples*, and afterwards went to *Parma* toge-"ther. I gave him the genuine receipt for "the *Parmeſan cheeſe*, which I went purpoſely "to procure, while he was examining ſome "ſtatues and ancient manuſcripts. We were "ever afterwards on the moſt friendly footing "imaginable.

" imaginable. I was with him a few mornings
" before the marriage of Lord C. W——, this
" very Miss W——'s father. I remember it
" well;—it was at breakfast;—I often break-
" fasted with him before he went to the house;
" —he always eat *butter'd muffins*; but when I
" was there, he used to order *dry toast*; I al-
" ways eat *dry toast*.—The bride was with us;
" I was intimately acquainted with her too; she
" let me into the whole secret of the courtship.
" Her father's principal inducement to the
" match,—it was a long affair,—the B——
" estate was to be settled on the young folks at
" the marriage; no, not all,—part of the
" B—— estate, with the manor in Lincoln-
" shire.——But, as I was saying, we were
" at breakfast at Lord W——'s. His son and
" the bride were by; Lord C. had velvet
" breeches, and gold clocks to his stockings;
" the question was, whether this was proper?
" I put it to the bride; I made her blush, I
" warrant you;—she was a fine woman, a pro-
" digious fine woman; she always used my
" wash-ball: I wrote out the receipt for her; it
" was given me at *Vienna* by Count O——;
" a very great man Count O——, and knew
" more of the affairs of the empire than any man
" in Germany.—From him I first learned with
" certainty, that the Duchess of *Lorraine*'s

"two fore-teeth were falſe ones. I remember "he had an old gray monkey.—Siſter Mary, "you have heard me tell the ſtory of Count "O——'s monkey."—But here it pleaſed Heaven that *William* called his maſter out of the room, and ſaved us from the Count and his old gray monkey.

This ſuperficial knowledge of great men, and accidental acquaintance with ſome of the vocables of ſtate-buſineſs, has given him a conſequential ſort of phraſeology, which he applies, with all the gravity in the world, to the moſt trifling occurrences. When he orders the chaiſe for his eldeſt ſiſter, himſelf, and me, the white pad for *Sophy*, and the old roan mare for her attendant, he calls it "*regulating the order of the proceſſion.*" When he gives out the wine from the cellar, and the groceries from the ſtore-room (for he does both in perſon), he tells us, he has been "*granting the ſupplies*;" the acceptance, or offer of a viſit, he lays before "*a committee of the whole houſe*;" and for the killing of the fat ox this Chriſtmas, he called the gentlemen three ſucceſſive mornings to "*a grand council of war.*"

It were well if all this were only matter of amuſement; but ſome of us find it a ſource of very ſerious diſtreſs. Your managing men are commonly plagues; but Mr. R. manages ſo much

much to a hair's-breadth, that he is a downright torment to the other members of his family. It was but yesterday we had the honour of a ceremonious visit from some great folks, as we think them, who came lately from your town to eat their *mince-pies* in the country. After a wonderful ringing of bells, calling of servants, and trampling upon the stairs all morning, Mr. R. came down to the drawing-room at a quarter before three, with all his usual *fiddle faddleation*, but as I thought, in very good humour. He had on his great company wig, and his round set shoe-buckles. The servants had their liveries new white-ball'd, and the best china was set out, with the large silver salvers, and the embossed porter-cups on the side-board. The covers were stripped from the worked chair-bottoms, and his grandmother's little diced carpet was taken off the roller, and laid, like a patch, on the middle of the floor, the naked part of which was all shining with bees-wax. The company came at their hour; the beef was roasted to a turn; dinner went on with all imaginable good order and stupidity; supper was equally regular and sleepy; in short, every thing seemed quite as it should be: Yet, next morning, I perceived foul weather in all the faces of the family; Mr. R. and his sister scarce spoke to one another, and he talked, all the time of breakfast,

of female careleſſneſs and inattention. *Miſs Sophia* explained it to me when we were left alone. "Oh! do you know," ſaid ſhe, "a ſad affair "happened laſt night: My brother and ſiſter had "ſuch a *tiff!* You muſt underſtand, before the "company arrived yeſterday, he had, as uſual, "adjuſted the ceremonial of their different apart-"ments; but he diſcovered, on attending them "to their rooms at night, that my ſiſter had put "the gilt-china bottle and baſon into the *callico* "bed-chamber, and the ordinary blue and white "into the *pink damaſk.*"—It is lucky this man is no guardian of mine; were he to watch me as he does his ſiſters, and ſee all the odds and ends about me—But what has he to do to be a guardian. Yet Nature, perhaps, meant him for ſomething, if fortune had allowed it; he might have been excellently employed in a *pin-ſhop*, in ſticking the rows in a *pin-paper*.

I fancy you have quite enough of my landlord. You uſed to ſay I was the beſt of your philoſophers, your *Democritus* in petticoats. If I have an inch of philoſophy about me, it is without my knowledge, I aſſure you; you are welcome to it, however, ſuch as it is. Other folks may give you what I have heard you call the *great views* of Nature and Life; it is enough for me if I can enrich your collection with a paper of *inſects*.

Yours moſt truly,

C. F.

## N° 94. SATURDAY, *April* 1, 1780.

AMONG the other privileges of an anonymous periodical author, is that of writing letters in praise of himself, which he is, now and then, obliged to insert on account of their merit, however offensive they may be to his modesty. This sort of correspondence, which I suppose is a very pleasant one, I have not ventured to indulge in. The correspondents whom I have personated, always talk of themselves instead of the MIRROR; and, on the other hand, several of the papers I have received, are written in the person of the author, a character in which it were improper to praise him, and which, when *assumed*, gives, perhaps, no great inclination to do it. Of this last sort is the first of two communications to which I devote the paper of to-day; the second, containing one of the very few compliments which the MIRROR has exhibited of itself, is a genuine letter from London, written by a gentleman in the very situation, the feelings of which he so naturally describes.

IN my first paper I took occasion to mention a few particulars of my situation and character, and my object in this publication. My design has been to afford an agreeable and innocent amusement; and, by laying before my readers those characters I was acquainted with, and which presented themselves before me, I had some hopes, though I should not reclaim the completely vicious, that I might be able to guard the young and inexperienced, to alarm the inconsiderate, to confirm the wavering, and to point out, even to the worthy, some of those errors and imperfections, from which, perhaps, the finest minds are in the greatest danger of suffering.

How far I have been able to afford any amusement, I will not take upon me to say; but I am sorry to find, that many of the characters which I have presented to the public, with a view to point out men's errors and defects, have been considered as proper objects of imitation, and that some of my readers have so far mistaken the purpose I had in presenting such characters, as to be flattered by thinking that themselves bear some resemblance to them.

When I made my readers acquainted with my friend Mr. *Fleetwood*, I never meant to recommend

mend that excessive delicacy and false refinement which often prevents him from being happy; on the contrary, my intention was to point out the danger of that excessive refinement, and to guard such of my readers as should be disposed to indulge in it, against its fatal consequences; and yet I know a gentleman, who is so desirous of being thought possessed of delicacy and refinement, that, the other day, I saw him very much pleased when one of his friends told him he was a very *Fleetwood*. Luckily for him I know him to be possessed of Fleetwood's good qualities, without his imperfections. I cannot say so much for his acquaintance C. D.; he is a peevish discontented creature, quick in his temper, jealous of his friends, and dissatisfied with every thing about him. He has of late taken it into his head to be *a man of taste*, though he has not the least pretensions to the character; and, while he indulges his own peevishness and chagrin, he flatters himself with the thought that he is a Fleetwood, and apologises for his bad temper, by calling it the effect of his delicacy and refinement of mind. Though I confess my partiality for Fleetwood's good qualities, yet, had I not known C. D., I could hardly have thought that any one would have been vain of his imperfections, who was not possessed of any of his merits.

When

When I introduced Mr. *Umphraville* to my readers, I never meant to recommend that seclusion from the world, and that abstraction from the duties of life, which, with all the dignity of mind he is possessed of, have given occasion to his little oddities, and disqualified him for every active purpose; and yet *Tom Meadows*, who gave up the profession of the law, because he was too idle to attend to it, and who has lately sold his commission in the army, because he would not undergo the fatigues of a foreign campaign, has thought proper to justify his conduct by appealing to Mr. Umphraville's example, and pretends to say, that he, forsooth, has too much pride of mind, to occupy himself in applying the rules of law to the uninteresting disputes of individuals, or to be engaged in assisting at a review, or lining the streets at a procession.

H. B.'s letter, in my 51st Number, describes the dangerous effects of giving too much culture, and too many accomplishments, and of softening too much the mind of a young girl, who has to struggle with the difficulties of life, and is not placed in such a situation as makes her independent of the world. It represents, in a very feeling manner, the delicate distress which these circumstances had occasioned. I have lately, however, received a letter from a

Correspondent,

Correſpondent, who, from her language and expreſſions, ſeems to be a great reader in the circulating library. She ſays, ſhe has lately ſpent much of her time in ſtudying the *Belles Lettres*; that, of all things, ſhe would wiſh to be learned and accompliſhed;—that ſhe regrets that her father did not educate her better;—that, of all the perſons ſhe ever read of, ſhe would wiſh to be like my Correſpondent H. B.;—that ſhe envies her affliction, for that "*affliction makes part of her dream of happineſs.*"

The letter publiſhed in my 78th Number, gives an excellent deſcription of the bad effects of that too great eaſineſs of temper which leads a man into folly and extravagance, and makes him be ruined by having too many friends. My neighbour *Will. Littlebit*, whoſe heart is ſo contracted as not to be ſuſceptible of the ſentiment of friendſhip, and who, far from being in danger of being preyed upon by his friends, never admits a gueſt within his houſe, ſays, that the 78th is the only good paper he has ſeen in the MIRROR, and that the laſt paragraph in particular ſhould be printed in letters of gold, to ſerve as a leſſon of imitation for all the young men of the age.

The particulars above mentioned have taught me how difficult is the attempt to inſtruct or reform.—There is no virtue which is not nearly connected

connected with ſome vice; there is no imperfection which does not bear a near reſemblance to ſome excellency.—And mankind, fond of indulging their favourite paſſions and inclinations, inſtead of diſtinguiſhing, endeavour to confound their vices with their virtues; inſtead of ſeparating the bad from the good grain, they bind all up together, and hug themſelves in the belief of holding only what is valuable.

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To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR, *London, March* 13, 1780.

I AM, though at this diſtance, one of your conſtant readers, and mark with pleaſure not only the general good tendency of your papers, but perceive alſo, that you draw your pictures of human nature from the only pure fountain, Nature herſelf.

You muſt know I am a native of *Edinburgh*, where I paſſed my youth, and received my education; but have been long ſettled in this place. Some years ago I was impelled by a very natural deſire to reviſit my native country, and I now ſit down to communicate to you the ſenſations I felt upon that occaſion.

On

On my arrival in *Edinburgh*, I will own, that what firſt ſtruck me was the total change of faces. Very few were left whom I knew when a boy, and thoſe ſo altered in their appearance, ſo much the ſhadows only of what they once were, as could not fail to excite many ſerious reflections. Hardly a ſingle houſe did I find inhabited by the ſame perſons I left in it; but every where a new race, new manners, and new modes of living. In ſhort, I found myſelf, in almoſt every ſenſe of the word, an utter ſtranger. Even the improvements that had been made during my long abſence diſpleaſed me. The corn-fields on the ſouth ſide of the town were quite covered with ſubſtantial houſes; *Barefoot's Parks*, where I have had many a retired and pleaſant walk, converted into a ſplendid city, and, in the old town, many ruinous buildings, the ſcenes of ſome of my youthful amuſements, now rebuilt with equal ſolidity and elegance.

Nor were theſe my only grievances. The removal of the *Croſs*, of the *Netherbow-port*, and of many other incumbrances; in ſhort, every alteration, though evidently for the better, that had taken place ſince my departure, more or leſs diſpleaſed me. You will more eaſily account than I can, how it comes to paſs that the human mind ſhould be ſo much ſet againſt all

innovations

innovations of what nature ſoever. This may, perhaps, inſenſibly ariſe from the picture they exhibit of the mutability of every object before us, and a tacit intimation that we ourſelves are compoſed of the ſame changeable materials, and muſt ſoon quit the ſcene.

I will acknowledge, however, that I had the ſatisfaction to find many places that did not hurt me by any alteration or improvement. Your *wynds* and *cloſes* were nearly in the ſtate I had left them; and where, in ſome parts of the ſtreets, you have got new pavements, the good people who live at the ſides of them take care that there ſhall be no innovation in point of cleanlineſs. Your *Theatre* and *Concert-Hall* are new buildings; but your *Aſſembly-Room*, where people of the higheſt faſhion reſort, is juſt as paltry as ever. But as they dance there for the benefit of the *poor*, I ſhall forbear any further remarks on it—"*charity covereth a multitude of ſins.*"

The *High-School* *, and its environs, I found unaltered, though the yards appeared to me to be much diminiſhed in their extent. The *College*, too, remained the ſame plain, mean, unadorned building it was half a century ago, and ſeemed to me, after having ſeen the ſplendid

* This ſchool, I underſtand, has been ſince rebuilt.

palaces

palaces of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, more homely than ever. Though, perhaps, in literature as in religion, *Sister Peg* confines herself to substance, without much regard to ornament; yet, methinks, it is rather a reproach to the capital of our country, that, amidst all its improvements, this university, so much celebrated over Europe for the ability of its Professors, and the success with which every branch of science is there cultivated, should present to the eye of a stranger a set of buildings so inconvenient as well as mean. The present period is, perhaps, not very favourable to expensive public designs; but I would have your readers, among whom, I hope, are included all the men of fortune and taste in the kingdom, think of the *College*, as soon as the pressure of the times will admit. As an individual, from that regard to the honour of the land of my nativity, which, I hope, will never be extinguished, I shall willingly and liberally contribute, whenever this necessary work is determined upon.

I will not tire you with my various observations during several excursions I made into different parts of the country; because some of them might, to your readers, appear too trite, and others, perhaps, too trivial. But I cannot omit telling you, that the spirit of industry, so conspicuous in the various manufactures set on

foot

foot of late years, and in the improved face of the country, gave birth to many pleasing sensations which are not easily described. Yet I was not much better pleased with some of the fine buildings of the country than with those of the town. In many places I could not help regretting the Gothic grandeur of ancient castles, displaced by modern shewy edifices. Some of their owners, I fancy, are of my mind; for I was informed that their fathers used to reside at the mansions in their former state nine months in the year; but that the present possessors of those elegant houses are scarcely seen there at all. Nor could I refrain, as I passed along, from dropping a tear over the ruins of our religious houses; which, however they might have been perverted from the original purposes of their erection, I could not help considering as splendid monuments of the piety of our ancestors. Some of them I saw that had still more tender ties upon my mind. I remembered having played, when a boy, under arches, which time had since mouldered away, with companions, the echo of whose voices was still fresh in my memory, though they, alas! as well as those arches, were now crumbled into dust!

Were I to go on, I find I should be in danger of growing too serious. Recalling to remembrance days long past, and the juvenile society

ſociety of thoſe who are now no more, is an awful operation of the human mind; and, while it ſpeaks loudly the truth of St. *Paul*'s obſervation, that "*the faſhion of this world paſſeth* "*away*," imperceptibly leads to a train of thinking that might here be out of place, though it is neither unpleaſing nor unſuitable to the character of a rational being, who hath been taught and accuſtomed to conſider himſelf as an immortal part of the creation.

I am, &c.

N° 95. SATURDAY, *April* 4, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS you have, by several of your publications, given proof that you do not think the occurrences of domestic life unworthy your attention, I shall, without further preface, address you on a subject full as deserving of it as any yet offered to your consideration. It is now above four years since I became the wife of a gentleman, my equal in rank and fortune; and, what was more material, of a disposition and turn of mind every way suitable to mine. His estate lies at a considerable distance from the capital; but as it is situated in an agreeable neighbourhood, and as we have both a taste for reading, and Mr. B. is not averse to rural employments, we spent our time as happily as possible, till about half a year ago, that my ill stars directed me to renew my acquaintance with a young lady, who had been my companion at school, and who now came on a visit to a relation who lived at no great distance from our house.

Before

Before I proceed in my ſtory, I muſt beg a candid conſideration of it. From the introduction to the diſagreeable part of it, you will be apt to imagine that I am one of thoſe ſelf-tormentors juſtly ridiculed by the ingenious author of the *Jealous Wife*. No ſuch thing, Mr. MIRROR; my huſband's attention to other women never gave me the ſlighteſt uneaſineſs. Convinced of his attachment, ſatisfied with his treatment of me, I never expected him to be blind to the charms of a beautiful woman, or inſenſible of the merit of an agreeable one; nor had I the miſtaken policy of many wives, of never ſuffering a tolerable female to enter my doors, or of courting the intimacy of ſome tall elderly maiden, that I might gain by the compariſon. No, Sir, I depended wholly upon my unremitting attention to pleaſe Mr. B. for the continuance of his attachment. Nor can I in the leaſt reproach myſelf with giving cauſe for the abatement I too plainly perceive in it.

But to return to my ſtory. I was much pleaſed at ſeeing my old ſchool-fellow: We had been parted many years, and I found the wild lively romp improved into an elegant woman. She ſtill, however, retained a good deal of the heedleſs manner that marked her childiſh days; and, though ſhe has an excellent underſtanding, ſhe never ſeemed to make uſe of it in the

the regulation of her conduct or behaviour. She expreſſed herſelf much pleaſed at finding me ſo happily ſettled: Mr. B. appeared to her a moſt amiable man, and my children (particularly my little *Beſs*) ſhe ſaid were angels. Her attention to them, I own, endeared her to me very much; though, indeed, Mr. MIRROR, no one can help loving them, for they are charming children. Her good-humoured playful ways made the little creatures doat on her. At my return from walking, I have frequently found her on her knees on the floor, building card-houſes for their entertainment. Mr. B. has obſerved to me, on thoſe occaſions, how amiable it was in a young admired woman, who ſpent her life in the uſual round of folly and diſſipation, to preſerve ſuch natural and right feelings. He generally concluded his obſervations with ſaying, that he believed ſhe would make a moſt excellent wife. I, for a long time, agreed with him in opinion, and uſed to tell her before his face the fine things Mr. B. ſaid of her. She received them in a rattling good-humoured way, inſiſting that her conduct in the married ſtate would depend on her huſband's; for ſhe declared that ſhe did not find in herſelf that exalted turn of mind to love virtue for its own ſake, and ſhe believed ſhe would make but an indifferent wife to half the men in the world. Such converſation generally produced

produced an argument between her and Mr. B. which, as it was carried on with ſpirit and temper, had no other effect than making them ſtill more pleaſed with one another. If ſhe found the argument growing ſerious, ſhe would call over the children, and, putting them on their father's knee, deſire them to kiſs him into a good humour, which never failed having the effect; or, if ſhe ſaid a flippant thing to him, with which he ſeemed half offended, ſhe uſed to take his hand, and ſmile ſo ſweetly in his face, it was impoſſible for him to continue diſpleaſed with her; and generally a kiſs, and a game of billiards, ſealed their reconciliation. I own to you, I began not to reliſh her behaviour; yet it ſeemed ſo unpremeditated, and ſo perfectly correſponding with her general character, that I did not know how to make her ſenſible of the impropriety of it. I even doubted my own judgment of the matter. I had, for ſome time, lived ſo much out of the gay world, that I did not know but *Maria*'s very great freedom of manner might be the faſhionable behaviour of the people ſhe had been accuſtomed to ſee: if ſo, how was ſhe to blame? or why ſhould I be uneaſy, knowing her to be a woman of honour, ſurely incapable of ſo baſe an action as endeavouring

to alienate my husband's affection from me? By such reasonings I strove to quell the first emotions (jealous, if you will have them so) that rose in my breast. But, alas, Mr. MIRROR, to what purpose! I have every hour fresh cause of uneasiness. About a week ago I went suddenly into the parlour, and found *Maria* sitting on Mr. B.'s knee, her head leaning on his shoulder: he looked a little out of countenance; but she was not in the least distressed at my appearance, but asked me, with her usual good humour, what made me look so grave? then, slapping Mr. B. gently on the cheek, said, "It is your fault, "you harsh thing you! when I knew her "formerly, she used to be all life and spi-"rits." He answered (coldly I thought), that it was his wish ever to see me in spirits, and that he was sorry he was not so happy as to hit on a method to make me so. I turned my head aside, to hide the starting tear. *Maria*, as if guessing at my emotion, put her arm about my neck, and, drawing round my averted face, said, in a loud whisper, "My dear "Mrs. B. how can you indulge such weak-"ness?" Mr. B. snatched up his hat, and left the room; I heard the word "childish," as he shut the door. I remember the time when he

could not bear the leaſt cloud on my looks, without tenderly inquiring the cauſe; but now he ſeems often to forget that I am preſent, while *Maria* engroſſes his whole attention. I have been for ſome days deprived of his company, and have ſpent the time in reflecting ſeriouſly on my ſituation. The more I conſider it, the more it appears to me of a particular and diſtreſſing nature. I have at laſt determined to requeſt your opinion of it, and, through the channel of your paper, to give *Maria* a hint, that to keep clear of the groſſneſs of vice, is not ſufficient for the delicacy of the female character; and that the woman who, by an alluring and refined coquetry, engages the thoughts, and intereſts the feelings of a married man, is a more dangerous, and perhaps not a leſs criminal, companion, than the avowed wanton, who excites a ſhort-lived paſſion, ſoon extinguiſhed by remorſe, and, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, fully compenſated for by the returning tenderneſs of the repenting huſband.

I am, &c.

E. B.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

Mr. MIRROR,

I Married, for love, a moſt charming woman, who has made me the happy father of two very fine children: I have a thouſand a-year eſtate, and enjoy a moſt perfect ſtate of health; yet a very ſlight and contemptible cauſe was near deſtroying all thoſe fair proſpects of happineſs, by interrupting the harmony of a union founded on mutual liking, and cemented by mutual eſteem. In your obſervations on the female world, you have ſuffered to eſcape your notice a dangerous and moſt deſtructive race, whoſe hearts, hardened by vanity, are equally impenetrable to the ſhafts of love, and inſenſible of the charms of friendſhip: yet the buſineſs of their lives is to excite paſſions they never mean to gratify, and ſentiments they are incapable of returning. My dear Mrs. B. unfortunately for us both, ſome months ago, renewed an intimacy, formed in her childiſh days, with one of thoſe females. To *Maria* I was introduced as the huſband of her friend; as ſuch I was received by her, without reſerve, and ſoon treated with the moſt flattering diſtinction. *Maria* poſſeſſes all thoſe powers of allurement

lurement which men for ever condemn, and can never withſtand: ſhe can aſſume every ſhape that is fitted to captivate the ſenſes, or delight the imagination, and can vary her appearance at pleaſure. So conſummate is her art, that one could not, for an inſtant, ſuſpect her of any deſign in her behaviour; and even at this moment, that an accident has laid open her whole character to me, I ſhould not anſwer for my reſolution, were ſhe to enter the room, and ſmilingly take my hand, as was her frequent cuſtom, with ſuch a mixture of ſweetneſs and tenderneſs in her looks!—I almoſt fear I ſhould be weak enough to forget that my opinion of her is founded on the cleareſt proofs of her diſſembling arts, and ſtand before her ſelf-condemned, as the defamer of innocence and undeſigning ſimplicity.

Luckily I am out of her reach: I left my own houſe immediately upon the diſcovery I made of the fair hypocrite's real diſpoſition. I mean to ſend for my dear Mrs. B. and with her pay a viſit to the capital, and there uſe all my efforts to make her amends for any uneaſineſs my fooliſh infatuation may have given her; but firſt I wiſhed to make this public acknowledgment of it; and, as *Maria* deſerves no mercy, I ſhall ſhew her none, except concealing her family-name.

For five months, Mr. MIRROR, the Proteus-like animal had found out a thousand different ways to charm me. Was I in spirits, she was all life and good humour; when in a graver mood, I found her all sense and seriousness. If what I had been reading excited in me a tender and not unpleasing melancholy, the sympathetic tear stood ready in her eye. A few days since, upon my reading to her the story of *La Roche*, so beautifully told in your papers, she wept, leaning upon my shoulder; and I own to you, Mr. MIRROR, as her tears fell upon the finest bosom Nature ever formed, while her white hand lightly pressed my arm, I thought I had never beheld so interesting an object. Mrs. B. came suddenly into the room; her grave cold manner was at the moment disagreeably contrasted to *Maria*'s animated feelings. For the first time since our marriage, I thought I saw a change in Mrs. B.'s temper, and that she was not the very amiable woman I took her for. She took amiss something I said, and I left the room in disgust. I strolled down a shady walk that goes round part of my improvements: at the end of it I found *Maria* seated on the grass, with one of my little girls on her lap. She rose at my approach, and, desiring the child to walk before us, took me under the arm, and, in the gentlest terms, expostulated with me on the abruptness

abruptneſs of my manner. She had, ſhe ſaid, after a vain attempt to ſoothe her, left Mrs. B. in tears. She acknowledged I had not given her very ſerious cauſe of uneaſineſs, but that a man of my ſenſe ſhould make allowance for the trifling blemiſhes of a very good woman; adding, with a ſmile, "My dear Mr. B. we are "none of us angels."—I was puppy enough to be ready to exclaim, "Upon my ſoul, you "are one."—I contented myſelf with ſaying, "Whoever you marry, *Maria*, will have no "reaſon to complain of your temper." She bluſhed, drew out her handkerchief to cover her face with it, as if to conceal her emotions, but gave me ſuch a look from below it!—A ſervant appeared to tell us that dinner waited, and we went into the houſe together.

In the afternoon, one of my little girls came into the parlour, where I was ſitting alone: "See what I found in the walk, Papa!" ſaid ſhe, holding out a paper. I took it from the child, and, ſeeing it was *Maria*'s hand, was about to go up ſtairs to reſtore it to its owner, when my own name, written in large characters, ſtruck my eye. My good manners were overpowered by the immediate impulſe of my curioſity; I opened the paper, and read what

follows; it was part of an unfinished letter to a friend in town.

"You ask what havock I have made among "the beaux at ———? Alas! my dear Bell, "you know but little of my situation when you "talk of beaux; not a creature one would "allow to pick up one's fan within ten miles "of us. Having nothing upon my hands, I "have struck up a sort of sentimental Platonic "flirtation with a Mr. B. who lives within a "small distance of our house. I knew his "wife at school, and she was one of the first "who visited me upon my arrival here. Her "violent praises of her beloved, gave me a sort "of desire to see him; and, I own, I found "him tolerable enough in his appearance, and "by no means deficient in understanding, but "vain of his slight pretensions to talents, and "very fond of being thought profound. At "the first glance I saw into him, and could "now twist him round my finger. It is very "diverting to observe by what foolish prin-"ciples your men, who think themselves very "wise, are governed. Flatter this man's va-"nity, and you might lead him round the "world. Now I know you will treat me, in "return for my frankness, with a lecture upon "coquetry, married men, impropriety, and so "forth.

" forth. Take my advice, my dear Bell, and " ſave yourſelf the trouble; it would be all to " no purpoſe. A coquette I am, and a coquette " I will remain, to the laſt day of the exiſtence " of my powers of pleaſing."

The paper was there at an end. It raiſed in me the ſtrongeſt indignation and contempt for the writer. And I felt ſo aſhamed of my folly, that I determined not to ſee my dear Mrs. B. until I had made ſome atonement, by ſending you an account of my errors and repentance.

I am, &c.

J. B.

N° 96. SATURDAY, *April* 8, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM neither ugly, nor old, nor poor, nor neglected; I have a clear conſcience: nor have I ſuffered any calamity by the inconſtancy of lovers, or the death of relations. I am not unhappy. The world would laugh at me if I ſhould ſay I were unhappy. But I am not happy. I will tell you my caſe: I confide in your feelings; for you ſeem to underſtand, what few people underſtand, that a perſon may be in eaſy circumſtances, have a clear conſcience, and enjoy ſufficient reputation, and yet be—no, I will not ſay miſerable,—but not happy.

I am the only daughter of an eminent merchant. My father made his own fortune; and a very good fortune he has made of it. He married my mother before his ſituation was ſo comfortable as it is at preſent. They are neither of them niggardly. Having wherewithal to live, not only with eaſe, but with ſome degree of ſplendor, they chooſe, as they ſay,

say, to enjoy the fruit of their labours. Accordingly, we live in an elegant house, have a handsome carriage, keep a good number of servants, and see a great deal of company. You will easily conceive, however, that the shew attending my father's present system of living, and the manners suited to his present condition, do not just agree with his former habits. But this does not signify much. He is a good-natured worthy man; and they must be very captious, indeed, who will not suffer his merits to conceal his defects.

With regard to myself, my parents, having no other daughter, and intending to give me a genteel portion, were determined I should have a good education. "For," said my father, "a "young woman of fortune, and of an agree-"able appearance, must go into company. You "and I, Bridget," addressing himself to my mother, "set out in life in a different manner. "But Mary must have education."

So they sent me to a famous boarding-school; and, in so far as my improvement was concerned, they spared no expence.—Sir, I speak to you without reserve; and I hope you will not think me too vain, if I tell you, that my education was no difficult matter. I understand music, and had little difficulty in acquiring the French and Italian languages. Indeed, the

worthy perſon who had the charge of my education, was well calculated to promote my improvement. She was a woman of family, of fine education, exquiſite taſte, great goodneſs of heart, and had ſhewn ſpirit enough, on the decline of her father's fortune, rather than live a dependant on her relations, to procure an independent, and now ſhe has rendered it a reſpectable, livelihood for herſelf. In a word, Sir, I am what they call tolerably accompliſhed; and you will think it ſtrange, and I think it ſtrange myſelf, that this ſhould be the ſource of my uneaſineſs.

It is now ſome time ſince I returned to my father's houſe. When I came home, I was received with raptures. My father and mother adored me. They would refuſe me nothing. They ſtrove to prevent my wiſhes.—Good people! may Heaven grant them peace of mind, and long life to enjoy the fortune they ſo juſtly deſerve!—But why, Sir, did they make me, as they term it, ſo very accompliſhed? They have made me a different creature from themſelves. I am apt to fancy myſelf of a higher order.—Forgive my preſumption; and I am ſure you will forgive me, when I tell you, I really wiſh myſelf lower. Indeed, Sir, and it grieves me to the ſoul, I am ſometimes impatient of my parents; but I will not dwell upon this.

I told

I told you, we see a great deal of a company; and all the people we see are disposed to admire me. "Mighty well," you will say: "Give a "young woman admiration, and what more "can she wish for?"—Sir, I wish they loved me more, and admired me less. I am made to sing, and to play on the harpsichord; and, to oblige my father, am sometimes constrained to repeat verses: and all this to people who understand no music, and know no other poetry than the Psalms of David in metre. Indeed, till I became better acquainted with them, I found that, even in our conversation, there was a mutual misapprehension; and that they were sometimes as unintelligible to me as I was to them. I was not at all surprised to hear them call some of our acquaintances *good* men; but, when I heard them call our neighbour *John Staytape* a *great* man, I could not help asking what discovery he had made in arts or science, or what eminent service he had rendered his country? I was told, in return, that within these few years he had *realised* a *plum*. This phrase was also new to me; and I wished to have known something about the nature of such *realization*. Chusing, however, to ask but one question at a time, I said nothing; and soon learned, that, whatever services Mr. *Staytape* might do his country, he had hitherto made no great discovery in arts or sciences.

I con-

I confeſs, indeed, that at one time I fancied they might have ſome little notion of books; and when I heard them ſpeak about *underwriters*, I thought it might perhaps be ſome ludicrous term for the *minor poets*.

So, when they ſpoke about *policies*, I fancied they were uſing the Scotch word for improvements in gardening; and ventured to ſay ſomething in favour of *clumps*; "Clumps;" ſaid a gentleman, who is a frequent viſitor at our houſe, "ſhe is to be laden with Norway fir." I found they were ſpeaking about the good ſhip Rebecca.

A grave looking man, who ſat near me one day at dinner, ſaid a good deal about the *fall*, and of events that ſhould have happened before and after the *fall*. As he alſo ſpoke about *Providence*, and *Salem*, and *Ebenezer*; and as great deference was ſhewn to every thing that he ſaid, and being, as I told you, a grave looking man in a black coat, I was not ſure but he might be ſome learned theologian; and imagined he was ſpeaking about Oriental antiquities, and the *fall of Adam*. But I was ſoon undeceived. The gentleman had lived for ſome time in *Virginia*; by *Providence* he meant the town of that name in *Rhode-Iſland*; and, by the *fall* he meant, not the *fall* of our firſt parents, for concerning them he had not the leaſt idea, but,

as

as I suppose, the fall of the leaf; for the word is used, it seems, in the American dialect, for autumn.

In this situation, Sir, what shall I do? By my boasted education, I have only unlearned the language, and lost the manners, of that society in which I am to live.—If you can put me on any method of bringing my friends up to me, or of letting myself down to them, you will much oblige,

Yours, &c.

MARY MUSLIN.

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To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS you are very successful in delineating the manners of modern times, it might add, perhaps, to the effect of your pictures, if you sometimes gave a view of former manners. The contrast would be agreeable; and, if I may use the expression, would give a certain *relief* to your other delineations. I offer you a small sketch of an incident, supposed to have happened in the times of our forefathers. I flatter myself you have no objection to it on account of

of its being in verſe. It is merely an outline; yet, I hope, it is ſo marked, as that concomitant circumſtances, though not expreſſed, may readily be conceived.

MONTANUS.

## The MARRIAGE of EVAL.

I.

Loud from JURA's rocky ſhore,
Heard ye the tumultuous roar?—
Sudden from the bridal feaſt,
By impetuous ire poſſeſs'd,
Fury flaſhing in their eyes,
Kinſmen againſt kinſmen riſe:
And iſſuing to the fatal field,
Bend the bow, the falchion wield.——
From her eyry, with diſmay,
The tow'ring eagle ſoars away.
The wild-deer from their cloſe retreat,
Start with terror and amaze,
Down on the furious conflict gaze,
Then to deep foreſts bend their nimble feet.

II.

Ah! that reckleſs ſpeech ſhould fire
Kinſmen with inhuman ire!——
Goaded by vindictive rage
Lo! the martial clans engage.

Now

Now the feather'd arrows ſing;
Now the boſſy targets ring.
With rav'ning ſwords the ſudden foes
Now in fierce encounter cloſe.
Lo! the blade horrific gleams;
And now the purple torrent ſtreams:
The torrent ſtreams from EVAL's ſide,
Tinging with his flowing gore
The white foam on the ſea-beat ſhore.—
Ah! who will ſuccour his afflicted bride?

III.

Lo! ſhe flies with headlong ſpeed;
"Bloody, bloody was the deed;"
Wild with piteous wail, ſhe cries,
Treſſes torn and ſtreaming eyes;
"Lift, O! gently lift his head:
"Lay him on the bridal bed;
"My kinſmen!—cruel kinſmen ye!
"Theſe your kindlieſt deeds to me!—
"Yes, the clay-cold bed prepare,
"The willing bride and bridegroom there
"Will tarry; will for ever dwell.———
"Now, inhuman men, depart;
"Go, triumph in my broken heart!"—
She ſaid, ſhe ſigh'd, a breathleſs corſe ſhe fell.

To

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of a family of young ladies who read your paper, with which we have been hitherto tolerably well pleaſed, though we could wiſh it were not quite ſo *grave*, and had a little more *love* in it. But we have found out, of late, that it is none of your own, but moſtly borrowed from other people. A couſin of ours, who is himſelf a fine ſcholar, and has a great acquaintance among the critics, ſhewed us many different inſtances of this. Your firſt paper, he told us, was copied from the firſt paper of the *Spectator*; and, upon looking into both, we found them exactly the ſame, all about the author and the work from beginning to end. Your *Umphraville*, he ſaid, was juſt Sir *Roger de Coverley*; which we perfectly agreed in, except that my ſiſter *Betſey* obſerved, *Umphraville* wanted the *Widow*, which all of us think the very beſt part of Sir *Roger*. Your *Bobby Button*, he aſſured us, was borrowed from N° 13. of *the True Patriot*, publiſhed by Mr. *Fielding*, who wrote *Tom Jones*; and there, indeed, we found there was a ſtory of a young gentleman who liked French wine better than his country, juſt like Sir *Bobby*. N° 72. which

we

we thought a very *sweet* paper, he informed us was taken from the *Night Thoughts*; and indeed, though we don't understand *Latin*, we saw plainly that the *mottos* were the same to a *T*. All this, however, we might have overlooked, had not a gentleman, who called here this morning, who used formerly to be a great advocate for the MIRROR, confessed to us, that our cousin's intelligence was literally true; and, more than all that, he told us, that your very last Number was to be found, every *word* of it, in *Johnson's Dictionary*.

We send you therefore notice, Sir, that unless you can contrive to give us something new for the future, we shall be obliged to countermand our subscription for the MIRROR. We can have a reading of a fresh *Novel* every morning for the money, with a *spick and span* new story in it, such as none of us ever read or heard of in all our lives before.

Yours, &c.

EVELINA.

N° 97. TUESDAY, *April* 11, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent K. B. has well described the calamitous condition of *a private tutor*, without money or friends. Perhaps it will afford him some consolation, to hear of one who needlessly entangled himself in difficulties of a like nature.

My father bred me to the study of letters, and, at his death, left me in possession of a fortune, not sufficient to check my industry in the pursuit of knowledge, but more than sufficient to secure me from servile dependence.

Through the interest of his friends, I obtained an honourable and lucrative office; but there were certain arrangements to be made, which delayed my admission to it for a twelvemonth. While I was considering in what way I might best fill up this interval of life, an acquaintance of mine requested, as a particular favour, that I would bestow the year which I could call *mine*, in *reading* with the only son of the rich Mr. *Flint*. The conditions offered were

uncommonly advantageous, and such as indeed flattered the vanity of a young man.

For understanding my story, it is fit that you should be informed of the characters of that family into which I was received with so many marks of favour and distinction.

*Rowland Flint*, Esq; was born of poor but honest parents; they made a hard shift to have him instructed in reading, and even in writing and arithmetic, and then they left him to find his way through the world, as he best could. The young man, like a philosopher, carried about with him all that was truly his own, his quill and his ink-holder; he attached himself to one of the subordinate departments of the law, in which his drudgery was great and his profits scanty. After having toiled for many years in this humble, contented, and happy vocation, he was suddenly raised to opulence by the death of an uncle.

This uncle went abroad at a very early period of life, with the fixed resolution of acquiring a competency, and then of enjoying it at home. But *that competency*, which filled up the measure of the ambition of a bare Scotch lad, proved far short of the desires of an eminent foreign merchant. He imperceptibly became "in "easy circumstances, well in the world, of "great credit, a man to be relied on, and to

"be

" be adviſed with, and even one ſuperior to all " ſhocks, calls, and runs."

While engaged in making his fortune, he thought it needleſs to enquire after his poor relations, whom he could not aſſiſt; and, after he had made his fortune, he thought it equally needleſs, as he was to ſee them ſo ſoon in Scotland. Yet a multitude of unforeſeen obſtacles retarded his return: ſome new mortgage was to be ſettled, ſome company concerns to be wound up, or ſome bottomry-accompt to be adjuſted; and thus year glided along after year, till at length death ſurpriſed him at the age of threeſcore and ten.

Buſied in making money, he had never beſtowed a thought on providing an heir to it: *that* he left to the impartial determination of the laws of his country; and, dying inteſtate, he was ſucceeded by his nephew *Rowland Flint*.

This gentleman, on his becoming rich, diſcovered himſelf to be eminently ſkilled in the ſcience of law, the ſtudy, as he boaſted, of his earlier years; and this knowledge engaged him in three or four law-ſuits, which the court uniformly determined againſt him, with coſts.

But of every other ſcience he honeſtly avowed his want of knowledge; and he did not even pretend to underſtand painting or politics; but he had a mighty veneration for literature, and

its

its profeſſors, and he was reſolved to make his ſon a great ſcholar, *although it ſhould ſtand him in ten thouſand pounds ſterling.*

My pupil is in his fifteenth year. They had taken him from ſchool before it was diſcovered that his proficiency in literature did not qualify him for college; and it became my taſk to *bring him forward*, that is, to teach him what he ought to have known already.

The youth is of a docile diſpoſition, and of moderate talents; his memory good, and his application ſuch as is generally to be found among thoſe who, having no particular incentives to ſtudy, perform their taſks merely as taſks.

I have little to ſay concerning his mother: her mind was wholly abſorbed in the contemplation of her huſband's riches, and in the care of her ſon's health and her own. Baron *Bielfield*, an eminent German author, obſerves, that, in our iſland, there is a diſeaſe called *le catch-cold*, of which the natives are exceedingly apprehenſive. Mrs. *Flint* lived under the perpetual terror of that diſeaſe.

Being thus rendered incapable of the active duties of houſe-keeping, ſhe committed them to her brother, Captain *Winterbottom*, who, as he was wont to ſay, "could bear a hand at any "thing." But his chief excellence lay in the conduct of the ſtew-pan and the nation. He had

had long commanded a veſſel in the Baltic trade; and it having been once employed as a tranſport in the ſervice of government, he affected to wear a cockade, and wiſhed to have it underſtood that he belonged to the navy. The captain had dealt occaſionally in borough-politics, belonged to ſeveral reſpectable clubs in London, and was one of the original members of the Robin-Hood ſociety.

The laſt of the family that I ſhall mention is Miſs *Juliana Winterbottom*, a maiden ſiſter of Mrs. *Flint*. Her original name was *Judith*; but, when ſhe arrived at the years of diſcretion, ſhe changed it to *Juliana*, as being more genteel.

Many years ago, Lady ——— was adviſed to paſs a winter at *Nice*, for recovery of her health, worn out by the vigils and diſſipation of a London winter; and ſhe eaſily prevailed on Miſs Juliana to go as her companion. The heat of the climate, and the cold blaſts from the Alps, ſoon completed what the corrupted air of good company, and the damps from the Thames, had begun, and Lady —— lived not to *re-fee* her Britiſh phyſicians.

Miſs *Juliana*, on her return home, paſſed by the caſtle of *Fernay*, and got a peep of *M. de Voltaire*, in his furred cap and night-gown. At Paris, ſhe chanced to be in company with Count *Buffon*, for half an hour; and ſhe actually purchaſed a volume of muſic *written* by the

the great *Rouſſeau* himſelf. Having thus become acquainted with the foreign *literati*, ſhe commenced a ſort of *literata* in her own perſon. She frequently advances thoſe opinions in hiſtory, morals, and phyſics, which, as ſhe imagines, are to be found in the writings of the French philoſophers. But, whether through the habits of education, or through conſcious ignorance, it muſt be confeſſed that ſhe dogmatizes with diffidence, and is a very ſtammerer in infidelity.

Having ſeen Paris, and having picked up a good many French words in the courſe of her travels, ſhe thinks that ſhe is authoriſed, and, in ſome ſort, obliged to ſpeak French. Nothing can be more groteſque than her travelled language. When ſhe left Scotland, "her ſpeech," to uſe a phraſe of Lord *Bacon*, "was in the "full dialect of her nation." At *Nice* ſhe converſed with Engliſh and Iriſh; and, by imitating the language of each, ſhe has, in her pronunciation, completed the union of the three kingdoms. But ſtill her own country-language predominates; for, during her reſidence abroad, ſhe had an opportunity of preſerving, and even of improving it, by daily conferences with the houſe-maid, who was born and educated in the county of *Banff*.

In pronouncing French, she blends the tone of all those dialects: and her phraseology is as singular as her pronunciation; for she faithfully translates every word from her own mother-tongue. An example of this presents itself, which I shall never forget. One day, addressing her discourse to me, she said, "*Je doute pas que vous* "*avez* perusé *les ouvraiges di Mongseer le Counte* "*de Bouffon*; *que un charmang creature! il met* "*philosophes et* divins *par les oreilles.*" That is, "I doubt not that you have read the works of "Count *Buffon*; what a charming creature! "he sets philosophers and divines by the ears." I answered her, that I had never read the works of that renowned author, but that I had read the *Principia* of Sir *Isaac Newton*. "Why, in-"deed," replied she, "Sir *Isaac* may have been "a man of better *principles*, but *assheurement*, "the *theories* of the *Count* are wittier."

It is a happy circumstance that Miss *Winterbottom* did not make the grand tour. Had she visited Italy, she would have proved as great an adept in statuary and in painting, as she is at present in philosophy. But Miss *Winterbottom* cannot, in conscience, talk of her having visited Italy, while her travels were limited to the borders of Piedmont.

I never heard her mention Italy but once, and then she got no great encouragement to proceed

proceed in her remarks. At dinner she said, "I remember that, in Italy, they have some-"thing very like our veal, which they call *vi-*"*tello*." "Well, Sister *Juddy*," cried Captain *Winterbottom*, "and why should they not? for "if *vitello* means *veal* in their *lingo*, what else "would you have the poor devils call it?"

It was resolved to postpone my lessons for a while, "that," as Mr. Flint expressed it, "I "might come to know the ways of the house "first."

Miss *Juliana* constantly teased me with questions about my plan for her nephew's education. To puzzle her a little I said, that, some weeks hence, I proposed to teach him to make nonsense verses. "*Misericorde*," cried she, "*nonsense verses!* Is that part of the *etiquaitte?*"

"Let the boy alone," added Captain *Winterbottom*, "when he is old enough to be in "love, he will make *nonsense verses*, I war'nt "you, without any help of yours; ay, although "it should be on Mamma's dairy-maid." Mr. Flint laughed loud, and Mrs. Flint said gently, "Oh fy, brother!"

Perceiving that, on this encouragement, the Captain was about to be more witty, I recalled the conversation to nonsense verses, endeavoured to explain their nature, and observed, that their

main use was to instruct one in the quantity of syllables.

"Quantity of syllables," exclaimed the Captain, "there is modern education for you! "Boys have their heads lumbered with great "quantities of Latin syllables and words, when "they should be taught to understand *things*, "to speak their own language rough and round, "and so *cut* a figure in parliament. I remember *Will. Fitzdriver*; but he is gone! Honest *Will.* knew no tongue except a little of his "own, and yet he would talk to you for an "hour, and you would have thought that he "had scarcely entered on the subject at all. "He never valued any of your outlandish "*lingos*, not he!"

I said, that, if my pupil were of an age to go into parliament, I should be apt to advise him to follow the precepts of *Pythagoras*, and be silent for seven years. "He must have been "a sure card, that Mr. *Pythagoras*," observed the Captain, "and I do suppose that he lived "up to his own precepts; for I never heard "of any speaker of that name; no, not even "in committees. People, to be sure, may hold "their tongues, and have a slice of the great "pudding; but *this* is not a time for your "dumb senators. No, we must have bold "well-spoken men, to tell poor Britannia that "she

" she is beggared, and bleeding, and expiring, " ay, and dead too, for ought that some folks " care." He rounded this pathetic period with one of his best oaths.

" Were all men to make speeches," said I, " what time would there be left for doing bu- " siness ?" " Business," cried the Captain, " is " not oratory business ? and why cannot they " set to it *watch and watch*, as we do at sea ?"

Mrs. *Flint* expressed her hope, that I would not load her poor boy's memory, by making him get a deal by heart.

" When I first got the multiplication-table " by heart," said Mr. Flint, who generally falls in the rear of conversation, " it was a " plaguy troublesome job; but now that I am " master of it, I don't perceive that it loads " my memory at all."

" Learned men have remarked," said Miss *Juliana*, " that it is not the getting by heart " that is censurable, but the getting by rote, " as one does one's catechism."

" *There* she goes, the travelled lady," cried the Captain; " she must always have a fling at " her catechism."

" Mr. *Winterbottom*," replied Miss *Juliana* with exceeding dignity, " you wrong me much, " I am sure, that I should be the last woman " alive to say any thing, especially in mixed

" companies, to the disparagement of the reli-
" gion of the state, which I have always con-
" sidered as the great *lyeng* [*lien*] of society."

" You have always considered religion as
" *great lying!* and who taught you that, sister
" *Juddy?* your godfathers and your godmo-
" thers! No, sure."

Here I was laid under the necessity of interposing, and of assuring Captain *Winterbottom*, that he mistook his sister, and that she had inadvertently used a French word to express her own *idea*, " that religion was the great *tie* of " society." Perhaps I prevaricated a little in my office of interpreter.

" Well, well," said the Captain, " if *her* " tongue was *tied*, society would be no loser."

To divert the storm which seemed gathering, I spoke of my purpose to explain the tenth satire of *Juvenal*, a poem, for method, composition, and animated language, universally admired.

" What does that *Juvenal* write about?" said Miss *Juliana*; " I am not acquainted " with his works: was he a member of the " *French academy?*"—" Perhaps," replied I, smiling, " he would be no favourite with you, " Miss *Juliana*; he has been very severe upon " the Roman ladies."

" Ay,

"Ay, they were Papists," said Captain *Winterbottom*, "and they are all wh——." "Give "me leave to tell you," cried Miss *Juliana*, in a higher key, "when I was abroad, I had "the honour of being known to several ladies "of the Roman persuasion, and they were per- "sons of the strictest virtue."

"I suppose you asked them whether they "were wh——, and they said they were not. "Poor sister *Juddy!* it is true, I never was in "the gallies at *Nice*, as you have been; but I "have touched at *Marseilles*, and have laid "close off the mole of *Genoa*, and that is far- "ther than ever you travelled; and I say they "are all wh——."

How this wonderful controversy would have ended, I know not; but happily we were called to coffee, which separated the combatants.

I was now pretty well acquainted with the *ways of a house*, in which ignorance, self-conceit, and illiberality of sentiment and manners, had fixed their residence. It was agreed, that, on the Monday following, I should begin my lessons. Appearances, I must acknowledge, were not very favourable. My pupil had been generally present at the conversations of which I have given you a specimen, and, indeed, they were not such as could either enlarge his mind, or improve his understanding. I flattered my-

self, however, that he would be left to prosecute his studies under my direction, and that every new acquisition in knowledge would increase his love for letters.

In what way our studies were conducted, will best appear from a faithful journal of the progress which we made during the first week. But of this hereafter. Meanwhile I am, Sir, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

No. 98. SATURDAY, *April* 15, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I Now ſend you a faithful narrative of the progreſs of our ſtudies in Mr. Flint's family, from Monday morning to Saturday at bed-time, carefully diſtinguiſhing the proficiency made in each day.

## MONDAY.

Mrs. *Flint* had previouſly informed me, that her ſon's conſtitution did not agree with much ſtudy before breakfaſt, and that, whenever he read on an empty ſtomach, he was apt to be diſturbed with uneaſy *yawnings*; we therefore reſolved that he ſhould have a ſhort leſſon only at eight in the morning.

After waiting in the parlour till within a quarter of nine, I learned from Mrs. Flint, that her ſon had been obſerved to turn himſelf twice or thrice during the night, and that he ſeemed to be threatened with a ſort of *ſtuffing* and *wheeſing*: and that, by way of prevention, ſhe judged it beſt to give him a little *ſenna*, and

confine him to his chamber for a few hours; but that, in the evening, we might profecute our ſtudies without farther interruption.

Accordingly, at ſix, my pupil and I prepared to read the tenth ſatire of *Juvenal*. After having explained to him the general ſcope and method of the ſatiriſts, I began,

*Omnibus in terris quæ ſunt a Gadibus uſque,*
*Auroram et Gangem.*

At that moment I heard a gentle tap at the door, and then entered Miſs *Juliana* and her ſiſter, with Mr. *Flint* and the Captain, a little behind, and walking on tiptoe. "You muſt "pardon our *femelle curioſité*," ſaid Miſs *Juliana*, "we come to ſee *Jemmy* take his firſt "leſſon from you. What have you got here? "I fancy, from my knowledge of French, "that I could pick out the meaning of ſome "part of it. Oh! I underſtand; *there* is *au-* "*roram*, does not *that* mean, *break of day?*

"*Que l'aurore*
"*Nous trouve encore.*

"I learned it in a French *Chanſong a boar*." "What is that *boar ſong?*" demanded Captain *Winterbottom*, "is it a hunting one?" "Oh "fy, no," ſaid Miſs *Juliana*, "it is a drinking "ſong."

" song." " And *who* taught you drinking " songs, sister *Juddy*; did you learn them from " your outlandish ladies of honour?" A tremendous assault on the knocker announced the approach of a person of quality.—" The " Countess of ——." On this joyful news the ladies hurried to the drawing-room.

Mrs. *Flint* presently returned. " I must " make an apology," said she, " for thus in- " terrupting the course of my son's studies; " but the Countess has made a flying visit to " tell me, that there is a meeting of young " people at her house this evening, and that " there will be a dance and a little supper, " and she insists to have *Jemmy* of the party; " but I would not engage for any thing, " without asking your leave, as you have the " whole charge of his education. There will " be many rich folks, and many fine folks; " and there will be Miss *Punaise*, the great " heiress; she has a vast improveable estate, " hard by the borough of *Ayno*, and who can " tell—"—The good woman was busy in weaving the web of futurities, when I reminded her that her son had taken medicine that morning, and that, possibly, he might catch cold. At another time, the mention of *catch-cold* would have awakened all her feelings; but, at present, Mrs. *Flint* was elevated above the region of

alarms; "Never fear," said she, "we are "going to a close warm house, without a "breath of air in it. Come away, *Jemmy*, and "put on a pair of white silk stockings as fast "as you can; the Countess waits us."

## TUESDAY.

My pupil had been kept out of bed so much beyond his usual hour, that he did not make his appearance till after breakfast. "Cheer up, "my boy," cried Mrs. *Flint*, "you look as if "you had been dreaming all night of your "partner Miss *Punaise*: come, let us take an "airing, and refresh ourselves after the fatigues "of the ball. These late sittings don't answer "with my old bones. You see, Mr. ——, "that I have been as good as my word, and "that *Jemmy*, poor man, has caught no cold. "You shall go along with us on our airing; "there is room for you in Mr. *Flint*'s carriage "and six, and you may talk over your lessons "by the way; for you will find the carriage "quite easy." Nothing indeed could be more admirably calculated to elude every jolt; and there wanted only solitude and independence to make it resemble a down bed. "We must, "first of all, shut out the common enemy, the "east wind," said Mrs. *Flint*, pulling up the glasses.

glasses. The weather was warm, and Mrs. *Flint* grew eloquent on the fund of knowledge she had acquired the night before. She gave me *the catalogue and character* of the company: she dwelt most on her son's looks and dancing. "A gentleman at the Countess's, who said he "was lately come from Paris, told me, *Jemmy* "was vastly like the *Count de Provence*, the "King of France's brother, particularly in the "*minuet*: but remember, *Jemmy*, that to be a "great scholar is a much finer thing than to "be a great dancer. I am sure, Mr. ———, "that my boy will profit by your instructions: "he has a charming memory, and he will take "in his learning as fast as you can give it "him; and I am sure *that* is saying a great "deal; for, from all that I can discover, Mr. "*Flint* could not have bestowed his money "better."—She was going on; but, alas! flattery vibrated faintly on my ear: we had got above pine-apple heat, and I became sick and oppressed. I asked leave to get out, and walk home, as I felt myself not well. "Oh, to be "sure," said she: "I have known people sick "in carriages for want of practice; don't be "alarmed, Mr. ———: but here, *Jemmy*, "do you wrap this handkerchief about your "neck, before the coach-door is opened."

I walked

I walked home in great ſpirits, animated by every gale around me; and I forgot, for a while, that I was not my own maſter.

In the evening, my pupil came to me dreſſed out and powdered: "Mamma," ſaid he ſheepiſhly, "has made me engage to drink tea with "Miſs *Punaiſe*, my laſt night's partner. I "don't much like her neither; for ſhe is pitted "with the ſmall-pox, has a yellow ſkin, and a "bleared eye; and, beſides, ſhe dances out of "time.—There was a Miſs with black hair."—Not inclining to become his confident, I ſaid, "Maſter *Flint*, all engagements that *can* be "kept with honour, *muſt* be kept; and, there-"fore, you *muſt* go." "Nay," ſaid he, "there "is not any *muſt* in the matter; for, I believe, "the Miſs with the black hair lives with *their* "Miſs *Punaiſe*. However, I can do a double "taſk to-morrow; and my aunt is wont to "ſay, that a young man ought not to be al-"ways at his books." He ſeemed to have treaſured up this precious apophthegm in his memory.

## WEDNESDAY.

My pupil was punctual to his hour. But we had hardly ſeated ourſelves, when Captain *Winterbottom* arrived. "No leſſons to-day," roared he;

he; "*This is my lady's wedding-day, and therefore* "*we keep holiday, and come for to be merry.* "Why, you young dog, if it had not been "for this day, you would either have not been "at all, or have been a baſtard." It was, indeed, a day of feſtivity and riot.

## THURSDAY.

All the ſervants having dutifully got drunk over night, my pupil was not called, and ſo he overſlept himſelf. He came down to the parlour about eleven, and we reſumed the fatal firſt line of the tenth ſatire of Juvenal. "The "French maſter is here," ſaid a ſervant. I begged that he might return in about an hour; but I ſoon learned that *that* was impoſſible, without deranging the ſyſtem of education in all parts of the city. "It is no great matter for "an hour," ſaid Miſs *Juliana*, "you have *al-* "*ways* my nephew at your command; but "poor *Signor Bergameſco* is much hurried, and "his time is not his own." "*Signor Bergameſ-* "*co*," cried I, "is your French maſter an Ita- "lian?" "Yes," ſaid ſhe, "of a noble family "in the dominions of the *Dog* of Venice, but "a younger brother, with a ſmall patrimony, "which he unfortunately conſumed *en travail-* "*lant par l'Europe*. It was a fancy of my own; "I thought

"I thought that, after the *Signor* had taught "my nephew French, he might teach him Ita- "lian alſo; for you know that it is a great loſs "to change preceptors, and that young men "who have not ſeen much of the world are "ſhy with ſtrangers."

The taſk impoſed on my pupil by *S. Bergameſco*, occupied all his leiſure till dinner-time; but I thought that I ſhould have the abſolute command of the evening. I was beginning to read, *Omnibus in terris*, when a ſervant ſaid, "Here is the French maſter." "What," cried I, "can *S. Bergameſco*, who is ſo much hurried, "afford to give two leſſons in one day to the "ſame ſcholar?" "It is another French maſter "whom they had got for me," ſaid my pupil. I applied to Miſs *Juliana* for the explanation of this *phænomenon*. "It was none of my adviſing," ſaid ſhe; "but my brother knew Mr. *O'Cal-* "*lachan*, when linguiſt to commodore *Firebrace*, "and *he wiſhed to throw a good job in the poor* "*fellow's way*; theſe were his very words; and "ſo Mr. *O'Callachan* came to be employed: "but, indeed, after recollection, I thought it "would anſwer well enough, as both maſters "taught by the ſame grammar, and both of "them read *Telemac*."

The linguiſt of Commodore *Firebrace* had juſt taken his leave, when a ſmart young fellow burſt

burſt into the room, with an air of much hurry and importance. "What," cried I, "*more* "French maſters?" "Don't be alarmed," ſaid Mrs. *Flint*, who accompanied him; "it "is only the *Friſeur*, who comes to put up my "boy's hair in papers. Pray don't aſk me "*why*, for it is a great ſecret; but you ſhall "know it all to-morrow."

## FRIDAY.

"You muſt know," ſaid Mrs. *Flint* at breakfaſt, "that I am aſſured that *Jemmy* is very "like the Count *de Provence*, the King of "France's own brother. Now *Jemmy* is ſitting "for his picture to *Martin*; and I thought it "would be right to get the *friſeur*, whom you "ſaw laſt night [he is juſt arrived from Paris], "to dreſs his hair like the Count *de Provence*, "that Mr. *Martin* might make the reſemblance "more complete. *Jemmy* has been under his "hands ſince ſeven o'clock.—Oh, here he "comes!" "Is it not *charming?*" exclaimed Miſs *Juliana*. "I wiſh Miſs *Punaiſe* ſaw you," added the happy mother. My pupil, loſt in the labyrinth of croſs curls, ſeemed to look about for himſelf. "What a powdered ſheep's head "have we got here?" cried Captain *Winterbottom*.—We all went to Mr. *Martin*'s to aſſiſt him

in

in drawing *Jemmy*'s picture. On our return, Mrs. *Flint* discovered that her son had got an inflammation in his right eye, by looking stedfastly on the painter. She ordered a poultice of bread and milk, and put him to bed; so there was no more talk of "*Omnibus in terris*" for that evening.

## SATURDAY.

My pupil came down to breakfast in a complete suit of black, with weepers, and a long mourning-cravat. The Count *de Provence*'s curls were all demolished, and there remained not a vestige of powder on his hair. "Bless "me," cried I, "what is the matter?" "Oh, "nothing," said Mrs. *Flint*, "a relation of "mine is to be interred at twelve, and *Jemmy* "has got a burial-letter. We ought to ac- "knowledge our friends on such melancholy "occasions. I mean to send *Jemmy* with the "coach and six. It will teach him how to "behave himself in public places."

At dinner, my pupil expressed a vehement desire to go to the play. "There is to be *Har-* "*lequin Highlander*, and the blowing up of the "St. *Domingo* man of war," said he; "it will "be vastly comical and curious." "Why, "*Jemmy*," said Mrs. *Flint*, "since this is Sa- "turday,

"turday, I suppose your tutor will have no "objection; but be sure to put on your great "coat, and to take a chair in coming home." "I thought," said I, "that we might have "made some progress at our books this even-"ing." "Books on Saturday afternoon," cried the whole company, "it was never heard of." I yielded to conviction; for, indeed, it would have been very unreasonable to expect that he, who had spent the whole week in idleness, should begin to apply himself to his studies on the evening of Saturday.

I am, SIR, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

## N° 99. TUESDAY, *April* 18, 1780.

*Juvat, aut impellit ad iram,*
*Aut ad humum, mœrore gravi, deductit et angit.*
HOR.

CRITICISM, like every thing elſe, is ſubject to the prejudices of our education, or of our country. National prejudice, indeed, is, of all deviations from juſtice, the moſt common and the moſt allowable; it is a near, though perhaps an illegitimate, relation of that patriotiſm, which has been ranked, among the firſt virtues of characters, the moſt eminent and illuſtrious. To authors, however, of a rank ſo elevated as to aſpire to univerſal fame, the partiality of their countrymen has been ſometimes prejudicial; in proportion as they have unreaſonably applauded, the critics of other countries, from a very common ſort of feeling, have unreaſonably cenſured; and there are few great writers, whom prejudice on either ſide may not, from a partial view of their works, find ſome ground for eſtimating at a rate much above or much below the ſtandard of juſtice.

No author, perhaps, ever exiſted, of whom opinion has been ſo various as *Shakeſpeare*. Endowed

dowed with all the ſublimity, and ſubject to all the irregularities, of genius, his advocates have room for unbounded praiſe, and their opponents for frequent blame. His departure from all the common rules which criticiſm, ſomewhat arbitrarily, perhaps, has impoſed, leaves no legal code by which the deciſion can be regulated; and, in the feelings of different readers, the ſame paſſage may appear ſimple or mean, natural or prepoſterous, may excite admiration, or create diſguſt.

But it is not, I apprehend, from particular paſſages or incidents that *Shakeſpeare* is to be judged. Though his admirers frequently contend for beauty in the moſt diſtorted of the former, and probability in the moſt unaccountable of the latter; yet it muſt be owned, that, in both, there are often groſs defects which criticiſm cannot juſtify, though the ſituation of the poet, and the time in which he wrote, may eaſily excuſe. But we are to look for the ſuperiority of *Shakeſpeare* in the aſtoniſhing and almoſt ſupernatural powers of his invention, his abſolute command over the paſſions, and his wonderful knowledge of Nature. Of the ſtructure of his ſtories, or the probability of his incidents, he is frequently careleſs; theſe he took, at random, from the legendary tale, or the extravagant romance; but his intimate ac-

quaintance with the human mind ſeldom or never forſakes him; and, amidſt the moſt fantaſtic and improbable ſituations, the perſons of his drama ſpeak in the language of the heart, and in the ſtyle of their characters.

Of all the characters of *Shakeſpeare*, that of *Hamlet* has been generally thought the moſt difficult to be reduced to any fixed or ſettled principle. With the ſtrongeſt purpoſes of revenge he is irreſolute and inactive; amidſt the gloom of the deepeſt melancholy, he is gay and jocular; and, while he is deſcribed as a paſſionate lover, he ſeems indifferent about the object of his affections. It may be worth while to enquire, whether any leading idea can be found, upon which theſe apparent contradictions may be reconciled, and a character ſo pleaſing in the cloſet, and ſo much applauded on the ſtage, rendered as unambiguous in the general as it is ſtriking in detail? I will venture to lay before my readers ſome obſervations on this ſubject, though with the diffidence due to a queſtion of which the Public has doubted, and much abler critics have already written.

The baſis of *Hamlet*'s character ſeems to be an extreme ſenſibility of mind, apt to be ſtrongly impreſſed by its ſituation, and overpowered by the feelings which that ſituation excites. Naturally of the moſt virtuous and moſt amiable

ble diſpoſitions, the circumſtances in which he was placed unhinged thoſe principles of action, which, in another ſituation, would have delighted mankind, and made himſelf happy. That kind of diſtreſs which he ſuffered was, beyond all others, calculated to produce this effect. His misfortunes were not the misfortunes of accident, which, though they may overwhelm at firſt, the mind will ſoon call up reflections to alleviate, and hopes to cheer; they were ſuch as reflection only ſerves to irritate, ſuch as rankle, in the ſoul's tendereſt part, her ſenſe of virtue, and feelings of natural affection; they aroſe from an uncle's villany, a mother's guilt, a father's murder!—Yet, amidſt the gloom of melancholy, and the agitation of paſſion, in which his calamities involve him, there are occaſional breakings-out of a mind, richly endowed by nature, and cultivated by education. We perceive gentleneſs in his demeanour, wit in his converſation, taſte in his amuſements, and wiſdom in his reflections.

That *Hamlet*'s character, thus formed by Nature, and thus modelled by ſituation, is often variable and uncertain, I am not diſpoſed to deny. I will content myſelf with the ſuppoſition, that this is the very character which *Shakeſpeare* meant to allot him. Finding ſuch a character in real life, of a perſon endowed with

with feelings so delicate as to border on weakness, with sensibility too exquisite to allow of determined action, he has placed it where it could be best exhibited, in scenes of wonder, of terror, and of indignation, where its varying emotions might be most strongly marked amidst the workings of imagination, and the war of the passions.

This is the very management of the character by which, above all others, we could be interested in its behalf. Had *Shakespeare* made *Hamlet* pursue his vengeance with a steady determined purpose, had he led him through difficulties arising from accidental causes, and not from the doubts and hesitation of his own mind, the anxiety of the spectator might have been highly raised; but it would have been anxiety for the event, not for the person. As it is, we feel not only the virtues, but the weaknesses of *Hamlet*, as our own; we see a man who, in other circumstances, would have exercised all the moral and social virtues, one whom Nature had formed to be

"Th' Expectancy and Rose of the fair State,
"The Glass of Fashion, and the Mold of Form,
"Th' observ'd of all Observers,"

placed in a situation in which even the amiable qualities of his mind serve but to aggravate his distress,

diſtreſs, and to perplex his conduct. Our compaſſion for the firſt, and our anxiety for the latter, are excited in the ſtrongeſt manner; and hence ariſes that indeſcribable charm in *Hamlet*, which attracts every reader and every ſpectator, which the more perfect characters of other tragedies never diſpoſe us to feel.

The *Oreſtes* of the Greek poet, who, at his firſt appearance, lays down a plan of vengeance which he reſolutely purſues, intereſts us for the accompliſhment of his purpoſe; but of him we think only as the inſtrument of that juſtice which we wiſh to overtake the murderers of *Agamemnon*. We feel with *Oreſtes* (or rather with *Sophocles*, for in ſuch paſſages we always hear the poet in his hero), that "it is "fit that ſuch groſs infringements of the moral law ſhould be puniſhed with death, in "order to render wickedneſs leſs frequent:" but when *Horatio* exclaims on the death of his friend,

"Now crack'd a noble heart!"

we forget the murder of the King, the villany of *Claudius*, the guilt of *Gertrude*; our recollection dwells only on the memory of that "*ſweet prince*," the delicacy of whoſe feelings a milder planet ſhould have ruled, whoſe gentle

virtues ſhould have bloomed through a life of felicity and uſefulneſs.

*Hamlet*, from the very opening of the piece, is delineated as one under the dominion of melancholy, whoſe ſpirits were overborn by his feelings. Grief for his father's death, and diſpleaſure at his mother's marriage, prey on his mind, and he ſeems, with the weakneſs natural to ſuch a diſpoſition, to yield to their controul. He does not attempt to reſiſt or combat theſe impreſſions, but is willing to fly from the conteſt, though it were into the grave:

"Oh! that this too too ſolid fleſh would
"melt," &c.

Even after his father's ghoſt has informed him of his murder, and commiſſioned him to avenge it, we find him complaining of that ſituation in which his fate had placed him.

"The time is out of joint; oh! curſed ſpight,
"That ever I was born to ſet it right!"

And afterwards, in the perplexity of his condition, meditating on the expediency of ſuicide,

"To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion."

The

The account he gives of his own feelings to *Rozincratz* and *Guildenſtern*, which is evidently ſpoken in earneſt, though ſomewhat covered with the miſt of his affected diſtraction, is exactly deſcriptive of a mind full of that wearineſs of life which is characteriſtic of low ſpirits;

" This goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me
" a ſterile promontory," &c.

And, indeed, he expreſsly delineates his own character as of the kind above mentioned, when, heſitating on the evidence of his uncle's villany, he ſays,

" The ſpirit that I have ſeen
" May be the Devil, and the Devil hath power
" T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and perhaps
" *Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy*
" Abuſes me to damn me."

This doubt of the grounds on which our purpoſe is founded, is as often the effect, as the cauſe of irreſolution, which firſt heſitates, and then ſeeks out an excuſe for its heſitation.

It may, perhaps, be doing *Shakeſpeare* no injuſtice to ſuppoſe, that he ſometimes began a play, without having fixed in his mind, in any determined manner, the plan or conduct of his

piece. The character of some principal person of the drama might strike his imagination strongly in the opening scenes; as he went on, this character would continue to impress itself on the conduct as well as the discourse of that person, and, it is possible, might affect the situations and incidents, especially in those romantic or legendary subjects, where history did not confine him to certain unchangeable events. In the story of *Amleth*, the son of *Horwendil*, told by *Saxo-Grammaticus*, from which the tragedy of *Hamlet* is taken, the young prince, who is to revenge the death of his father, murdered by his uncle *Fengo*, counterfeits madness, that he may be allowed to remain about the court in safety and without suspicion. He never forgets his purposed vengeance, and acts with much more cunning towards its accomplishment than the *Hamlet* of *Shakespeare*. But *Shakespeare*, wishing to elevate the hero of his tragedy, and at the same time to interest the audience in his behalf, throws around him, from the beginning, the majesty of melancholy, along with that sort of weakness and irresolution which frequently attends it. The incident of the *Ghost*, which is entirely the poet's own, and not to be found in the Danish legend, not only produces the happiest stage-effect, but is also of the greatest advantage in unfolding that

that character which is ſtamped on the young prince at the opening of the play. In the communications of ſuch a viſionary being, there is an uncertain kind of belief, and a dark unlimited horror, which are aptly ſuited to diſplay the wavering purpoſe and varied emotions of a mind endowed with a delicacy of feeling that often ſhakes its fortitude, with ſenſibility that overpowers its ſtrength.

Z

N° 100. SATURDAY, *April* 22, 1780.

THE view of *Hamlet*'s character, exhibited in my laſt Number, may, perhaps, ſerve to explain a difficulty which has always occurred both to the reader and the ſpectator, on perceiving his madneſs, at one time, put on the appearance, not of fiction, but of reality; a difficulty by which ſome have been induced to ſuppoſe the diſtraction of the prince a ſtrange unaccountable mixture throughout, of real inſanity and counterfeit diſorder.

The diſtraction of *Hamlet*, however, is clearly affected through the whole play, always ſubject to the controul of his reaſon, and ſubſervient to the accompliſhment of his deſigns. At the grave of *Ophelia*, indeed, it exhibits ſome temporary marks of a real diſorder. His mind, ſubject from Nature to all the weakneſs of ſenſibility, agitated by the incidental misfortune of *Ophelia*'s death, amidſt the dark and permanent impreſſion of his revenge, is thrown for a while off its poiſe, and, in the paroxyſm of the moment, breaks forth into that extravagant rhapſody which he utters to *Laertes*.

Counterfeited

Counterfeited madneſs, in a perſon of the character I have aſcribed to *Hamlet*, could not be ſo uniformly kept up as not to allow the reigning impreſſions of his mind to ſhew themſelves in the midſt of his affected extravagance. It turned chiefly on his love to *Ophelia*, which he meant to hold forth as its great ſubject; but it frequently glanced on the wickedneſs of his uncle, his knowledge of which it was certainly his buſineſs to conceal.

In two of *Shakeſpeare*'s tragedies are introduced, at the ſame time, inſtances of counterfeit madneſs, and of real diſtraction. In both plays the ſame diſtinction is obſerved, and the falſe diſcriminated from the true by ſimilar appearances. *Lear*'s imagination conſtantly runs on the ingratitude of his daughters, and the reſignation of his crown; and *Ophelia*, after ſhe has waſted the firſt ebullience of her diſtraction in ſome wild and incoherent ſentences, fixes on the death of her father for the ſubject of her ſong:

"They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier——
"And will he not come again?
"And will he not come again?" &c.

But *Edgar* puts on a ſemblance as oppoſite as may be to his real ſituation and his ruling

thoughts. He never ventures on any expreſſion bordering on the ſubjects of a father's cruelty, or a ſon's misfortune. *Hamlet*, in the ſame manner, were he as firm in mind as *Edgar*, would never hint any thing in his affected diſorder, that might lead to a ſuſpicion of his having diſcovered the villany of his uncle; but his feeling, too powerful for his prudence, often breaks through that diſguiſe which it ſeems to have been his original, and ought to have continued his invariable purpoſe to maintain, till an opportunity ſhould preſent itſelf, of accompliſhing the revenge which he meditated.

Of the reality of *Hamlet*'s love, doubts alſo have been ſuggeſted. But if that delicacy of feeling, approaching to weakneſs, for which I contend, be allowed him, the affected abuſe, which he ſuffers at laſt to grow into ſcurrility, of his miſtreſs, will, I think, be found not inconſiſtent with the truth of his affection for her. Feeling its real force, and deſigning to play the madman on that ground, he would naturally go as far from the reality as poſſible. Had he not loved her at all, or ſlightly loved her, he might have kept up ſome appearance of paſſion amidſt his feigned inſanity; but really loving her, he would have been hurt by ſuch a reſemblance in the counterfeit. We can bear a downright

downright caricature of our friend much easier than an unfavourable likeness.

It must be allowed, however, that the momentous scenes in which he is afterwards engaged, seem to have smothered, if not extinguished, the feelings of his love. His total forgetfulness of *Ophelia* so soon after her death, cannot easily be justified. It is vain, indeed, to attempt justifying *Shakespeare* in such particulars. "*Time*," says Dr. Johnson, "*toil'd* "*after him in vain.*" He seems often to forget its rights, as well in the progress of the passions, as in the business of the stage. That change of feeling and of resolution which time only can effect, he brings forth within the limits of a single scene. Whether love is to be excited, or resentment allayed, guilt to be made penitent, or sorrow cheerful, the effect is frequently produced in a space hardly sufficient for words to express it.

It has been remarked, that our great poet was not so happy in the delineation of *love* as of the other passions. Were it not treason against the majesty of *Shakespeare*, one might observe, that, though he looked with a sort of instinctive perception into the recesses of Nature, yet it was impossible for him to possess a knowledge of the refinements of delicacy, or to catch in his pictures the nicer shades of polished manners;

and, without this knowledge, love can ſeldom be introduced on the ſtage but with a degree of coarſeneſs which will offend an audience of good taſte. This obſervation is not meant to extend to *Shakeſpeare*'s tragic ſcenes: in ſituations of deep diſtreſs or violent emotion, the *manners* are loſt in the *paſſions*; but if we examine his *lovers*, in the lighter ſcenes of ordinary life, we ſhall generally find them treſpaſſing againſt the rules of decorum, and the feelings of delicacy.

That gaiety and playfulneſs of deportment and of converſation, which *Hamlet* ſometimes not only aſſumes, but ſeems actually diſpoſed to, is, I apprehend, no contradiction to the general tone of melancholy in his character. That ſort of melancholy which is the moſt genuine, as well as the moſt amiable of any, neither ariſing from natural ſourneſs of temper, nor prompted by accidental chagrin, but the effect of delicate ſenſibility, impreſſed with a ſenſe of ſorrow, or a feeling of its own weakneſs, will, I believe, often be found indulging itſelf in a ſportfulneſs of external behaviour, amidſt the preſſure of a ſad, or even the anguiſh of a broken heart. Slighter emotions affect our ordinary diſcourſe; but deep diſtreſs, ſitting in the ſecret gloom of the ſoul, caſts not its regard on the common occurrences of life, but ſuffers them to trick themſelves out in the uſual garb

of

of indifference, or of gaiety, according to the fashion of the society around it, or the situation in which they chance to arise. The melancholy man feels in himself (if I may be allowed the expression) a sort of double person; one which, covered with the darkness of its imagination, looks not forth into the world, nor takes any concern in vulgar objects or frivolous pursuits; another, which he lends, as it were, to ordinary men, which can accommodate itself to their tempers and manners, and indulge, without feeling any degradation from the indulgence, a smile with the cheerful, and a laugh with the giddy.

The conversation of *Hamlet* with the *Grave-digger* seems to me to be perfectly accounted for under this supposition; and, instead of feeling it counteract the tragic effect of the story, I never see him in that scene, without receiving, from his transient jests with the clown before him, an idea of the deepest melancholy being rooted at his heart. The light point of view in which he places serious and important things, marks the power of that great impression, which swallows up every thing else in his mind, which makes *Cæsar* and *Alexander* so indifferent to him, that he can trace their remains in the plaster of a cottage, or the stopper of a beer-barrel. It is from the same turn

of mind, which, from the elevation of its sorrow, looks down on the bustle of ambition, and the pride of fame, that he breaks forth into the reflection in the fourth act, on the expedition of *Fortinbras*.

It is with regret, as well as deference, that I accuse the judgment of Mr. *Garrick*, or the taste of his audience; but I cannot help thinking, that the exclusion of the scene of the *Grave-digger*, in his alteration of the tragedy of *Hamlet*, was not only a needless, but an unnatural violence done to the work of his favourite poet.

*Shakespeare*'s genius attended him in all his extravagancies. In the licence he took of departing from the regularity of the drama, or in his ignorance of those critical rules which might have restrained him within it, there is this advantage, that it gives him an opportunity of delineating the passions and affections of the human mind, as they exist in reality, with all the various colourings which they receive in the mixed scenes of life; not as they are accommodated, by the hands of more artificial poets, to one great undivided impression, or an uninterrupted chain of congenial events. It seems, therefore, preposterous, to endeavour to *regularize* his plays, at the expence of depriving them of this peculiar excellence, especially as

the alteration can only produce a very partial and limited improvement, and can never bring his pieces to the ſtandard of criticiſm, or the form of the *Ariſtotelian* drama. Within the bounds of a pleaſure-garden, we may be allowed to ſmooth our terraces and trim our hedge-rows; but it were equally abſurd as impracticable, to apply the minute labours of the *roller* and the *pruning-knife* to the noble irregularity of trackleſs mountains and impenetrable foreſts.

N° 101. TUESDAY, *April* 25, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN books, whether moral or amuſing, there are no paſſages more captivating both to the writer and the reader, than thoſe delicate ſtrokes of ſentimental morality, which refer our actions to the determination of feeling. In theſe the poet, the novel-writer, and the eſſayiſt, have always delighted; you are not, therefore, ſingular, for having dedicated ſo much of the MIRROR to ſentiment and ſenſibility. I imagine, however, Sir, there is much danger in puſhing theſe qualities too far: the rules of our conduct ſhould be founded on a baſis more ſolid, if they are to guide us through the various ſituations of life; but the young enthuſiaſt of ſentiment and feeling is apt to deſpiſe thoſe leſſons of vulgar virtue and prudence, which would confine the movements of a ſoul formed to regulate itſelf by finer impulſes. I ſpeak from experience, Mr. MIRROR; with what juſtice, you ſhall judge, when you have heard the little family-hiſtory I am going to relate.

My

My niece, *Emilia* ———, was left to my care by a brother whom I dearly loved, when she was a girl of about ten years old. The beauty of her countenance, and the elegance of her figure, had already attracted universal notice; as her mind opened, it was found not less worthy of admiration. To the sweetest natural dispositions, she united uncommon powers both of genius and of understanding: these I spared no pains to cultivate and improve; and I think I so far succeeded, that, in her eighteenth year, *Emilia* was inferior to few women of her age, either in personal attractions or in accomplishments of the mind. My fond hopes (for she was a daughter to me, Mr. MIRROR) looked now for the reward of my labour, and I pictured her future life as full of happiness as of virtue.

One feature of her mind was strongly predominant; a certain delicacy and fineness of feeling, which she had inherited from Nature, and which her earliest reading had tended to encourage and increase. To this standard she was apt to bring both her own actions and the actions of others; and allowed more to its effects, both in praise and blame, than was consistent either with justice or expediency. I sometimes endeavoured gently to combat these notions. She was not always logical, but she

was

was always eloquent in their defence; and I found her more confirmed on their side, the more I obliged her to be their advocate. I preferred, therefore, being silent on the subject, trusting that a little more experience and knowledge of the world would necessarily weaken their influence.

At her age, and with her feelings, it is necessary to have a *friend: Emilia* had found one at a very early period. *Harriet S* —— was the daughter of a neighbour of my brother's, a few years older than my niece. Several branches of their education the two young ladies had received together; in these the superiority lay much on the side of *Emilia*. *Harriet* was no wise remarkable for fineness of genius or quickness of parts; but though her acquirements were moderate, she knew how to manage them to advantage; and there was often a certain avowal of her inferiority, which conciliated affection the more, as it did not claim admiration. Her manners were soft and winning, like those of *Emilia*, her sentiments as delicate and exalted; there seemed, however, less of nature in both.

*Emilia*'s attachment to this young lady I found every day increase, till, at last, it so totally ingrossed her as rather to displease me. When together, their attention was confined almost

almoſt entirely to each other; or, what politeneſs forced them to beſtow upon others, they conſidered as a tax which it was fair to elude as much as poſſible. The *world*, a term which they applied indiſcriminately to almoſt every one but themſelves, they ſeemed to feel as much pride as happineſs in being ſecluded from; and its laws of prudence and propriety, they held the invention of cold and ſelfiſh minds, inſenſible of the delights of feeling, of ſentiment, and of friendſhip. Theſe ideas were, I believe, much ſtrengthened by a correſpondence that occupied moſt of the hours (not many indeed) in which they were ſeparated. Againſt this I ventured to remonſtrate, in a jocular manner, with *Emilia*; ſhe anſwered me in a ſtrain ſo ſerious, as convinced me of the danger of ſo romantic an attachment. Our diſcourſe on the ſubject grew inſenſibly warm: *Emilia* at laſt burſt into tears; and I apologized for having, I knew not how, offended her. From that day forth, though I continued her adviſer, I found I had ceaſed to be her friend.

That office was now *Harriet*'s alone; the tie only wanted ſome difficulty to rivet it cloſer, ſome ſecret to be intruſted with, ſome diſtreſs to alleviate. Of this an opportunity ſoon after preſented itſelf. *Harriet* became enamoured of a young gentleman of the name of *Marlow*, an officer

officer of dragoons, who had come to the country on a visit to her brother, with whom he had been acquainted at college. As she inherited several thousand pounds, independent of her expectations from her father, such a match was a very favourable one for a young man who possessed no revenue but his commission. But, for that very reason, the consent of the young lady's relations was not to be looked for. After some time, therefore, of secret and ardent attachment, of which my niece was the confident, the young folks married without it, and trusted to the common relentings of parental affection, to forgive a fault which could not be remedied. But the father of *Harriet* remained quite inexorable: nor was his resentment softened even by her husband's leaving the army; a step which, it was hoped, might have mitigated his anger, as he had often declared it principally to arise from his daughter's marrying a soldier.

After some fruitless attempts to reinstate themselves in the old gentleman's affections, they took up their residence in a provincial town, in a distant part of the kingdom; where, as *Harriet* described their situation to *Emilia*, they found every wish gratified in the increasing tenderness of one another. *Emilia*, soon after, went to see them in their new abode: her

her deſcription of their happineſs, on her return, was warm to a degree of rapture. Her viſit was repeated on occaſion of *Harriet*'s lying in of her firſt child. This incident was a new ſource of delight to *Emilia*'s friends, and of pleaſure to her in their ſociety. *Harriet*, whoſe recovery was ſlow, eaſily prevailed on her to ſtay till it was completed. She became a member of the family, and it was not without much regret on both ſides, that ſhe left, at the end of ſix months, a houſe, from which, as ſhe told me, the world was ſecluded, where ſentiment regulated the conduct, and happineſs rewarded it. All this while I was not without alarm, and could not conceal my uneaſineſs from *Emilia*; I repreſented the ſituation in which her friend ſtood, whom prudent people muſt conſider as having, at leaſt, made a bold ſtep, if not a blameable one.—I was anſwered rather angrily, by a warm remonſtrance againſt the inhumanity of parents, the unfeelingneſs of age, and the injuſtice of the world.

That happineſs, which my niece had deſcribed as the inmate of *Harriet*'s family, was not of long duration. Her huſband, tired of the inactive ſcene into which his marriage had caſt him, grew firſt diſcontented at home, and then ſought for that pleaſure abroad which his own houſe

houſe could not afford him. His wife felt this change warmly, and could not reſtrain herſelf from expreſſing her feelings. Her complaints grew into reproaches, and rivetted her huſband's diſlike to her ſociety, and his reliſh for the ſociety of others. *Emilia* was, as uſual, the confident of her friend's diſtreſs; it was now increaſed by a lingering illneſs, which had ſucceeded the birth of her ſecond girl. After informing me of thoſe diſagreeable circumſtances in which her *Harriet* was ſituated, *Emilia* told me ſhe had formed the reſolution of participating, at leaſt, if ſhe could not alleviate, her friend's diſtreſs, by going directly to reſide in her houſe. Though I had now loſt the affections of my niece, ſhe had not yet forced me into indifference for her. Againſt this propoſal I remonſtrated in the ſtrongeſt manner. You will eaſily gueſs my arguments; but *Emilia* would not allow them any force. In vain I urged the ties of duty, of prudence, and of character. They only produced an eulogium on generoſity, on friendſhip, and on ſentiment. I could not ſo far command my temper as to forbear ſome obſervations, which my niece interpreted into reflections upon her *Harriet*. She grew warm on the ſubject; my affection for her would not ſuffer me to be cool.

cool. At last, in the enthusiasm of her friendship, she told me I had cancelled every bond of relationship between us; that she would instantly leave my house, and return to it no more. She left it accordingly, and set out for *Harriet*'s that very evening.

There, as I learned, she found that lady in a situation truly deplorable: her health declined, her husband cruel, and the fortune she had brought him wasted among his companions at the tavern and the gaming-table. The last calamity the fortune of *Emilia* enabled her to relieve; but the two first she could not cure, and her friend was fast sinking under them. She was at last seized with a disorder which her weak frame was unable to resist, and which her physicians informed *Emilia*, would soon put a period to her life. This intelligence she communicated to the husband in a manner suited to wring his heart for the treatment he had given his wife. In effect, *Marlow* was touched with that remorse which the consequences of profligate folly will sometimes produce in men more weak than wicked. He, too, had been in use to talk of feeling and of sentiment. He was willing to be impelled by the passions, though not restrained by the principles of virtue, and to taste the

pleasures

pleaſures of vice, while he thought he abhorred its depravity. His converſion was now as violent as ſudden. *Emilia* believed it ſincere, becauſe confidence was natural to her, and the effects of ſudden emotion her favourite ſyſtem. By her means a thorough re-union took place between Mr. and Mrs. *Marlow*; and the ſhort while the latter ſurvived was paſſed in that luxury of reconcilement, which more than reinſtates the injurer in our affection. *Harriet* died in the arms of her huſband; and, by a ſolemn adjuration, left to *Emilia* the comfort of him, and the care of her children.

There is in the communion of ſorrow one of the ſtrongeſt of all connections; and the charge which *Emilia* had received from her dying friend of her daughters, neceſſarily produced the freeſt and moſt frequent intercourſe with their father. Debts, which his former courſe of life had obliged him to contract, he was unable to pay; and the demands of his creditors were the more peremptory, as, by the death of his wife, the hopes of any pecuniary aſſiſtance from her father were cut off. In the extremity of this diſtreſs, he communicated it to *Emilia*. Her generoſity relieved him from the embarraſſment, and gave him that farther tie which is formed by the gratitude of thoſe we

we oblige. Meanwhile, from the exertions of that generosity, she suffered considerable inconvenience. The world was loud, and sometimes scurrilous, in its censure of her conduct. I tried once more, by a letter written with all the art I was master of, to recal her from the labyrinth in which this false sort of virtue had involved her. My endeavours were vain. I found that *sentiment*, like religion, had its superstition, and its martyrdom. Every hardship she suffered she accounted a trial, every censure she endured she considered as a testimony of her virtue. At last my poor deluded niece was so entangled in the toils which her own imagination, and the art of *Marlow* had spread for her, that she gave to the dying charge of *Harriet* the romantic interpretation of becoming the wife of her widower, and the mother of her children. My heart bleeds, Mr. MIRROR, while I foresee the consequences! She will be wretched, with feelings ill accommodated to her wretchedness. Her sensibility will aggravate that ruin to which it has led her, and the world will not even afford their pity to distresses which the prudent may blame, and the selfish may deride.

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Let me warn, at leaſt, where I cannot remedy. Tell your readers this ſtory, Sir. Tell them there are bounds beyond which virtuous feelings ceaſe to be virtue; that the deciſions of ſentiment are ſubject to the controul of prudence, and the ties of friendſhip ſubordinate to the obligations of duty.

I am, &c.

LEONTIUS.

V

## N° 102. SATURDAY, *April* 29, 1780.

### To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOU have already obſerved how difficult it is to reduce the ſcience of *manners* to general denominations, and have ſhewn how liable to miſapplication are ſome of the terms which are uſed in it. To your inſtances or *men of faſhion* and *good company*, you will give me leave to add another, of which, I think, the perverſion is neither leſs common nor leſs dangerous: I mean the term applied to a certain ſpecies of character, which we diſtinguiſh by the appellation of a *man of ſpirit*.

Lord Cheſterfield ſays ſomewhere, that, to ſpeak and act with ſpirit, is to ſpeak rudely, and act fooliſhly: and his Lordſhip's definition is frequently right. At the ſame time, SPIRIT may be, and certainly is, often applied to that line of conduct and ſentiment that deſerves it: A perſon of virtue, dignity, and prudence, is, with much propriety, denominated a "MAN OF

"SPIRIT;" but, by the abuſe I complain of, "man of ſpirit," is, for the moſt part, very differently applied.

In the various departments of buſineſs, the term *ſpirit* is frequently applied to unprofitable projects and viſionary ſpeculations. Let a man be bold enough to riſk his own fortune, and the fortunes of other people, upon ſchemes brilliant but improbable; let him go on, ſanguine amidſt repeated loſſes, and dreaming of wealth till he wakes in bankruptcy; and it is ten to one that, after he fails, the world will give a ſort of fame to his folly, and hold him up to future truſt and patronage, under the title of an unfortunate *man of ſpirit.*

But theſe are not the moſt glaring inſtances of the monſtrous perverſion of this character; the airy adventurer, or the magnificent but ruined projector, may both be men of ſpirit, though it is not ſpirit, but want of judgment, and viſionary impetuoſity, that have procured them the character. They may, however, poſſeſs that dignity and independence of mind in which alone true ſpirit conſiſts, and may have been ruined by whim and want of foreſight, not want of ſpirit. But there is one ſet of men on whom the appellation is beſtowed, whoſe conduct, for the moſt part, is, in every

article, the reverſe of dignity or ſpirit, and perfectly inconſiſtent with it.

The men I mean are thoſe, who, by a train of intemperance and profuſion, run out their fortunes, and reduce themſelves to miſery.—Such men are common, and will be ſo, while vice, folly, and want of foreſight, prevail among mankind.—They have been frequently ridiculed and expoſed by the ableſt pens: and it is not the character itſelf that falls under my obſervation; it is the unaccountable abſurdity of beſtowing upon ſuch characters the appellation of "men of ſpirit;" which they uniformly acquire, whether the fortunes they have ſquandered is new, or has been handed down to them through a long line of anceſtors.

The miſapplication of the term is ſo completely ridiculous, as to be beneath contempt, were it not for the miſchief that I am convinced has been occaſioned by it. Youths entering on the ſtage of life are catched with the engaging appellation, "a man of ſpirit:" they become ambitious of acquiring that epithet; and perceiving it to be moſt generally beſtowed on ſuch men as I have deſcribed, they look up to them as patterns of life and manners, and begin to ape them at an age which thinks only of enjoyment, and deſpiſes conſequences; nay, if they ſhould look forward, and view the "man

"of spirit" reduced, by his own profusion, to the most abject state of servile dependence, it does not mend the matter. In the voice of the world he is "a man of spirit still."—It is said, that the easy engaging manners of Captain Macheath have induced many young men to go on the highway. I am convinced the character of "a man of spirit" tempts many a young man to enter on a course of intemperance and prodigality, that most frequently ends in desperate circumstances and a broken constitution.

This perversion is the more provoking, that, of all human characters, the intemperate prodigal is, in every feature and every stage, the most diametrically opposite to a man of spirit. —True *spirit* is founded on a love and desire of *independence*, and the two are so blended together, that it is impossible, even in idea, to separate them. But the intemperate prodigal is the most dependent of all human beings.—He depends on others for amusement and company; and, however fashionable he may be in the beginning, his decline in the article of companions is certain and rapid. In the course of his profusion, he becomes dependent on others for the means of supporting it; and when his race of prodigality is run, he suffers a miserable dependence for the support even of

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that wretched life to which it has reduced him. After all, the world calls him a "man of ſpi-" rit," when he is really in a ſtate of ſervile indigence, with a broken conſtitution, without ſpirit, and without the power of exerting it; with the additional reflection of having himſelf been the cauſe of his diſtreſſes.

Nor is it only in the *affirmative* uſe of the term that I have to complain of its perverſion; the ſame injuſtice takes place when it is applied in the *negative*. Calling an intemperate and ruined prodigal a "MAN OF SPIRIT," may proceed ſometimes from pity; but, when you hear a man of moderation and virtue, eſpecially, if he happen alſo to be opulent, blamed as "*wanting* "*ſpirit*," the accuſation is generally the child of detraction and malignity. I do not apply my obſervation to the avaricious and niggardly, to men whoſe purſes are ſhut againſt their friends, and whoſe doors are barred againſt every body; ſuch men certainly want ſpirit, and are, for the moſt part, defective in every virtue; but I am afraid that it often happens that a perſon, benevolent to his friends, hoſpitable to the deſerving, kind to his ſervants, and indulgent to his children, is blamed as "*wanting ſpirit*," for no reaſon but becauſe he is proof againſt the abſurdities of faſhion and vanity, becauſe he guards againſt the tricks of the deſigning, de-

ſpiſes the opinions and diſapprobation of the fooliſh, and perſiſts in that train of moderate œconomy, which he knows is beſt ſuited to his fortune and rational views.

Inſtead of wanting "*ſpirit*," ſuch a character is the true idea of "a man of ſpirit." In every part of his manners and conduct, he paſſes through life with an uniform ſteadineſs and dignity. His moderation ſecures his independence, and his attention ſupplies the means of hoſpitality and benevolence. While the prodigal is running his feverous and diſtempered courſe, the man of moderation and virtue proceeds in a train of quiet contentment and reſpectable induſtry; and, at the end of their race, when the prodigal, with a ſhattered conſtitution, without fortune, and without friends, is in abſolute want, or, at beſt, become the mean flatterer of ſome inſolent minion of wealth or power; the man of moderation and virtue, feeling his independence without pride, is happy in himſelf, uſeful to his family and friends, and beneficent to mankind, contributing, perhaps, from charity, not reſpect, his aſſiſtance to that very decayed prodigal who had frequently characteriſed him as a *man of no ſpirit*.

But it was not my purpoſe to delineate at length the character of a real "man of ſpirit." —I propoſed only to explode a very abſurd and miſ-

miſchievous abuſe of an epithet that too generally prevails. I ſhall, therefore, conclude, with aſſuring thoſe who are ambitious of being "men of ſpirit," by putting on the life and manners of an intemperate prodigal, that, though they may attain the character, and even preſerve it after their fortunes are ſpent, and their conſtitutions broken; yet they will be "men of "ſpirit" only nominally; and, in the mouths of the world, in reality, and in their hearts, they will be the meaneſt as well as the moſt unhappy of mankind, lingering out a uſeleſs and contemptible life, on which intemperance has entailed diſeaſe, and extravagance and profuſion inflicted poverty and dependence.

I am, &c.

MODERATUS.

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My correſpondent has confined his obſervations to one half of the world, and remarked the abuſe of the term *ſpirit*, when applied to the *men* only. Might he not have extended his remarks a little farther, and traced the application of the phraſe to the conduct and behaviour of the other ſex? Perhaps, indeed, the *character* is not ſo univerſally in repute, as to

come within the line of *Moderatus*'s complaint; but the *thing* is more in vogue than it seems to have been at any period of which my predeceſſors, who are a ſort of chroniclers of manners and faſhions, have preſerved the hiſtory.

In *London*, to which place we are always to look for the "*Glaſs of Faſhion*," the ladies, not ſatisfied with ſhewing their *ſpirit* in the bold look, the maſculine air, and the manly garb, have made inroads into a province from which they were formerly conſidered as abſolutely excluded; I mean that of public oratory. Half a dozen ſocieties have ſtarted up this winter, in which female ſpeakers exerciſe their powers of elocution before numerous audiences, and canvaſs all manner of ſubjects with the freedom and ſpirit of the boldeſt male orators. We, in Edinburgh, have not yet attempted to rival the polite people of the metropolis in this reſpect: ſome of our ladies, however, do all they can to put us on a footing with them. There is ſeldom a crowded play, or a full concert, at which ſome of our *public ſpeakers* do not exert themſelves with a moſt laudable ſpirit to drown the declamation of the ſtage, or the muſic of the orcheſtra.

Nor is the ambition of thoſe ſpirited ladies ſatisfied with ſpeaking in public, and carrying off the attention of the audience from the voice

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of the actor, or the tones of the musician. The public eye, as well as ear, is to be commanded; and, in the side-box of the theatre, or the front-bench of the concert-room, there is often such a collection of beauty, animated with so much *spirit* of *exhibition*, that it is impossible the male part of the company should look at the scene, or think of the music. One of my predecessors has mentioned the art which the ladies of his day used in the unfurling of their *fans*, so as to display certain little *Cupids* and *Venuses* which lurked in their folds. Had he seen some of our ladies in the attitudes which modern *spirit* has taught them to assume—such unfurlings and unfoldings!—his *Venuses* and *Cupids* were mere ice and snow to them.

It is but justice to those ladies to remark, that this part of their behaviour seems calculated merely to shew their accomplishment in fashionable freedom of manner, without any motive of an interested or selfish kind. They are contented with the reputation of ease and spirit, without procuring much indulgence from the one, or licence from the other. I have sometimes, however, been inclined to think, that there was a degree of unfairness in this, and to doubt, if a lady was intitled thus to hang out false colours, and to be in reality innocent and harmless, while she was quite a different sort of

creature in appearance. I could not help allowing some justice in the complaint of a girl whom I overheard some weeks ago, in the passage from the upper boxes, thus addressing her companion: "Did you observe that pert, gig-"gling, naked thing in the stage-box? There's "not a man in the house she cares a farthing "for; and yet she has the assurance to look "like one of us."

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N° 103. TUESDAY, *May* 2, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

FROM my earliest infancy I have been remarkable for good humour, and a gentle, complying, inoffensive dispositon; qualities which, I am told, I inherit of my father, the late Mr. *Paul Softly*, an eminent linen-draper. Though I myself soon recover any disappointment or contradiction I meet with; yet so tender is my regard to the feelings of others, that I am led somehow, constitutionally, and almost against my reason, to comply with their requests, humour them in their foibles, and acquiesce in their opinions. I cannot bear, Mr. MIRROR, it hurts me more than you can imagine, to disappoint the hopes, or withstand the solicitation of any human being whatever. There is a sturdy, idle, impudent, merry-looking dog of a sailor, with a wooden leg, stationed at the corner of the street where I live, who, I do believe, has established himself as a pensioner upon me for life, by the earnestness of his tones, and his constant prayers to heaven for blessings

on my goodneſs. Often and often have I been engaged in midnight riots, though fond of peace and good neighbourhood, and frequently, though I abhor wine, have I been betrayed into intoxication, from a want of power to reſiſt the hoſpitable importunity of my landlord preſſing me to fill a bumper.

From this, I would not have you imagine that I am devoid of reſolution, or a will of my own. On the contrary, I do aſſure you, that, upon extraordinary occaſions, and when it is neceſſary, I can reſiſt and reſent too. Nay, my wife (if you will believe her) frequently complains of my obſtinacy and perverſeneſs; and declares, that, of all the men ſhe ever knew, *Simon Softly* (for that is my name) is the leaſt ſenſible of indulgence. However, Sir, as for my wife, conſidering that I married her, not ſo much from any perſonal regard, as in order to pleaſe her worthy family who had ſerved me, though I dare ſay without any expectation of reward, I thank God I lead a pretty tolerable ſort of life with her. Upon the whole, Sir, this diſpoſition of mine has always appeared to me more amiable as well as convenient, than that named firm and deciſive, which, I confeſs to you, I ſuſpect is at the bottom nothing elſe but conceit and ill-humour. Upon one occaſion in my life, however (I think it is the very

firſt),

first), which I am going to lay before you, I must own that it has given me a good deal of serious disturbance.

About six months ago I succeeded, by the death of an uncle, to a land-estate of L. 100 a-year, which, unfortunately, lies contiguous to that of the greatest proprietor in the county. Along with it I inherited a law-suit, kept alive, by various means, ever since the year thirty-three. The subject of it was a fourth part of the estate, which, though it had long been possessed by my predecessors, as part of the farm of *Oxentown*, Sir *Ralph Holdencourt*, our adversary and neighbour above mentioned, contended must belong to him, as included in his charters of the barony of *Acredale*.—But, before I go on, I must make you acquainted with Sir *Ralph*. He is descended from one of the oldest and most choleric families in the kingdom. The stem of it, as appears from the tree drawn by the hand of his great grandfather, Sir *Eustace*, was a Norman baron, who came over with the Conqueror. One of his posterity intermarried with a Welsh heiress; they were driven out of England for some act of rebellion, and, since their settlement in the north, their blood has been further heightened by alliance with the family of a Scots Peer and a Highland Chieftain. Their jealous pride, and the suddenness of their passion, have all

along borne ample teſtimony to the purity of their lineage. Sir *Euſtace* himſelf fought four duels, and was twice run through the body. In Sir *Ralph*'s veins, this ſpirit, though ſomewhat mitigated by his father's marriage with one, who, as it is whiſpered, had once ſerved him in the capacity of dairy-maid, is far from being extinct. In his youth, he experienced the vengeance of the law, for beating a merchant of the ſame ſurname, who, without juſt title, claimed kindred with him, and aſſumed the arms of his family. I have heard too, that he himſelf was once ſoundly peppered by a gentleman of ſmall fortune, whoſe gun Sir *Ralph* had attempted to ſeize, upon his own ground, under pretence of his being unqualified to carry one. Though now old, he is ſtill noted for his tenacious adherence to all his pretenſions, the ceremonious politeneſs with which he receives the great gentry, and his ſupercilious treatment of all thoſe who are not intitled to that name.——But to go on with my ſtory. Soon after my ſucceſſion, being on a viſit to another neighbour, Mr. B., I found him with his wife preparing to depart, in great form, for the ſeat of my adverſary, to whom they are annually in uſe of paying their reſpects. Being ignorant of my ſituation, they preſſed me much to accompany them; and I, deſirous to pleaſe them, Sir,

and not knowing how to excuſe myſelf, at the ſame time thinking it unreaſonable that I ſhould be at enmity with a man whom I did not know, merely becauſe we were at law together, was prevailed on to comply.

In a long avenue of lofty elms, terminated at one end by a large iron gate, at the top of which the family arms are worked, and at the other, by the manſion-houſe, a large old-faſhioned building, with a moat and turrets, we overtook the knight himſelf returning from a ride. He ſeemed to be about ſixty, but retained a robuſt make and florid complexion. He was ſeated on a ſuperb ſaddle, with bolſters, and a houſing of fur: he rode a long-tailed horſe, which had once been grey, but had now become white with age: and was attended, at due diſtance, by a ſedate elderly-looking ſervant, in an ample livery ſurtout, mounted on a black dock-tailed coach nag. No ſooner had he perceived us, than he puſhed on at a gallop, that he might be ready to preſent himſelf upon the platform of a large outer ſtone ſtair, to pay his compliments upon our arrival. I was introduced to him as his new neighbour Mr. *Softly*: but the moment the name reached his ears, the blood ruſhed into his face, and eyeing me with a look of indignation, he turned upon his heel, and left me. At this I was a good deal nettled (for I do not want

want ſpirit), and wiſhed to retire: but, perceiving that my horſe had been led into the ſtable, and that I muſt paſs through a crowd of ſervants, who were laughing at my reception, I thought it might be juſt as good to go on, and ſo followed them into the great hall. This was a large room, wainſcotted with oak, and decorated with ſome portraits, a map of the eſtate, a tree of the family deſcent, beſide a ſpear and a croſs-bow, which had been borne, I ſuppoſe, by ſome of the knight's progenitors. Here we were received by Miſs *Primroſe Holdencourt*, his ſiſter, a maiden lady of fifty-five, who, ever ſince the death of his wife, has done the honours of his table. To her I made a profound bow, of which ſhe took no notice, unleſs by bridling up her head, and toſſing a look of diſdain at me.

Our preſent company, beſide the perſons already mentioned, conſiſted of the knight's agent or attorney, and the parſon of the pariſh. The two latter, who, for ſome reaſon or other, had all along kept ſtanding together by one of the windows near the door were baniſhed, upon the appearance of dinner, to a bye-table in a corner of the room, where I likewiſe, finding no place unoccupied at the other table, was obliged to take my ſeat. But, for this diſgrace, I was ſoon comforted by the good-humour and facetiouſneſs

facetiousness of the attorney (who seemed to take a liking for me), as well as by some excellent ale, in which we both, along with the parson, participated pretty liberally. We had no communication with the other table, unless by an overture of mine towards a reconciliation with Miss *Primrose*, by drinking her health, which met with a very ungracious reception. We had, however, no great cause to envy their conversation, as it consisted chiefly of some annotations by her upon the table-linen, in which the heads of the twelve apostles, and some worthies of the family, were woven; besides a history from the Knight, of some exploits performed by the latter. Dinner being removed, and the ladies retiring along with it, the other table was naturally compelled to an union with ours; which, however, did not take place without strong marks of repugnance on the part of the Knight. These became still more and more manifest, as the liquor elevated his pride: he pushed the bottle past me, neglected to require my toast, and every now and then eyed me over his shoulder with a look of the utmost jealousy and aversion. I did not value the looks of him or any other man a farthing; so I kept my seat manfully. In a short time, my friend Mr. B. having, for some purpose or other, left the room, the attorney, with an appearance of great

great candour and cordiality, enquired of me, whether that unhappy conteſt relative to the farm of Oxentown were drawing to an iſſue? "*Nothing that depends on my will for that purpoſe* "*ſhall be wanting*," anſwered I. "*You allow*, "*then*," immediately interpoſed the Knight, "*that the lands of Harrow-field make part of my* "*barony of Acredale: you are at laſt become ſenſi-* "*ble of the juſtice of my claims.*" "*I am glad of* "*it, heartily glad of it*," rejoined the attorney; "*but, indeed, it is impoſſible to doubt of it, for*"—and here he began a long diſſertation, ſo full of law-terms and bad Latin, that I did not underſtand a word on't, which he finiſhed with, "*From all which, it is* luce clarius, *that the lands* "*belong to Sir Ralph.*" "*Moſt aſſuredly*," echoed the parſon. "*And when, my dear Sir,* "*do you mean to renounce your claim?*" reſumed the attorney. All this, Mr. MIRROR, paſſed with ſo much rapidity, that I had no time for recollection or reply. Nothing could be farther from my intention, than totally to ſurrender my claim; an amicable accommodation was all that I meant to hint at. But what could I do, Mr. MIRROR? My friend, who might have ſupported me, had left the room: I had no anſwer ready to the attorney's argument; the whole company concurred in regarding my claim as groundleſs; my meaning had been miſunderſtood,

ſtood, and an explanation, beſides expoſing me to their reſentment (but that I did not value a ſtraw), would have ſubjected me to the ſuſpicion of inſincerity and looſe dealing. Still, however, I was loth thus to play away ſo conſiderable a part of my inheritance. After heſitating a little while, aukward and embarraſſed, between theſe oppoſite motives, I did at laſt reſolve to undeceive them, and had actually begun to meditate an addreſs for that purpoſe, which, I do believe, I ſhould have delivered, when the attorney, ſlapping me on the ſhoulder with one hand, and ſtretching out the other to me, with an air of the greateſt cordiality, cut me ſhort, "*What ſay you, Mr. Softly? faſt bind "faſt find; what ſay you to finiſhing the matter "immediately?*" This propoſal being quite unexpected, utterly diſconcerted me. Between ſurpriſe, embarraſſment, and the deſire of relieving myſelf by a deciſion one way or other, ſeeing them, at the ſame time, full of expectation, I haſtily, almoſt without knowing what I did, took him by the hand, and anſwered, "*Sir, with all my heart.*" In ſhort, Mr. MIRROR, paper, pen, and ink were called for, and a deed drawn out, which I inſtantly executed. The Knight, immediately after, coming up to me, ſhook me by the hand, and commanding a bumper to my health, deſired and inſiſted to ſee me often at *Caſtle Holdencourt*.

Being

Being naturally of an eaſy temper, and ſeeing that the matter could not be mended, touched at the ſame time with the ſatisfaction it had diffuſed, I ſoon, in ſome degree, regained my good humour. More wine was called for repeatedly; and next morning I found myſelf at my friend Mr. B.'s houſe, without knowing how or when I had been tranſported to it.

Upon ſerious deliberation, however, and after ſome converſation upon the ſubject with my wife, I am really vexed and diſpirited with this affair. In making application to you, I have three views; the firſt merely to diſburden my mind by telling the ſtory (I fear it is a dull and tedious one); the ſecond, to learn from any of your readers who is at the bar, whether my facility be a ground for *reducing* my conſent; the third, to warn perſons of a ſimilar diſpoſition from going into company with their adverſaries in a law-ſuit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
SIMON SOFTLY.

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As I ſincerely ſympathiſe with Mr. *Softly* in his diſtreſs, I have publiſhed his letter for the firſt purpoſe mentioned in its concluſion, to diſburden his mind of the ſtory. As to the ſecond

ſecond, I am afraid I can be of little uſe to him, as a law opinion delivered through the channel of the MIRROR, would be deſtitute of ſome of the pre-requiſites, without which it would be dangerous to rely on it as the ground of legal proceeding. The third, which is a very diſintereſted motive, is, I believe, more charitable in him, that it will be uſeful to his readers. There is, I fancy, very little occaſion for warning people againſt going into the company of thoſe with whom they are at law, leſt they ſhould be ſurpriſed into improper conceſſions; I have generally obſerved, that being in company with an adverſary in a law-ſuit, has a greater tendency to make a man tenacious of his rights, than to diſpoſe him to relinquiſh them.

Z

## N° 104. SATURDAY, *May* 6, 1780.

IT has been remarked, that the *country-life* prevails more in Great Britain than in any civiliſed nation in Europe. However true this obſervation may be in the general, there is one ſet of men among us, to whom, in the preſent times, it will by no means apply: I mean our great nobles, and men of high fortune. It is indeed vain to expect, that perſons in that rank of life ſhould be able to withſtand the attractions of a court, and the ſeductions of a luxurious capital.

It is, nevertheleſs, a melancholy circumſtance, in travelling through this iſland, to find ſo many noble palaces deſerted by their illuſtrious owners, even in that ſeaſon of the year when, to every man of taſte, the country muſt afford true pleaſure. How mortifying is it to hear a great man tell you, that he cannot *afford* to live at his country-ſeat, and to ſee him, after paſſing a winter in London, and loſing thouſands in a week, reduced to the neceſſity of murdering the ſummer, by lounging from watering-place to watering-place, or retiring with two or three humble friends to a *villa* in the

*environs*

*environs* of London, instead of living with a becoming dignity in the mansion of his ancestors! To such men I would beg leave to recommend the advice of King James I. who, as Lord Bacon tells us, "was wont to be very earnest with "the country gentlemen to go from London to "their country-seats; and sometimes would "say to them, *Gentlemen, at London you are* "*like ships in the sea, which shew like nothing;* "*but, in your country-villages, you are like ships* "*in a river, which look like great things.*"

I do not mean, however, to say, that a *great man* should live always in the country. The duties of his station, and the rank he holds in society, require that he should pass part of the year in the capital; and, independent of those considerations, I believe it will be allowed, that a man of high rank, who has passed his whole life immured within the walls of his own *chateau*, and constantly surrounded by a circle who look up to him, is, of all mortals, the most insupportable.

Nay, I will go farther; I am disposed to believe, that it is an improper and a hurtful thing, even for a private gentleman of moderate fortune, to retire from the world, and betake himself altogether to a country-life.

A remarkable instance of the bad consequences of abandoning society, I lately met with

with in a visit I had occasion to pay to a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted at college, and whose real name I shall conceal under that of *Acasto*. Soon after he quitted the university, where he had been distinguished by an ardent love of literature, *Acasto* retired to his estate in the country, which, though not great, was fully sufficient for all his wants. There he had resided ever since; and, either from inclination or indolence, had remained a bachelor. I had not seen him for many years. Time had made some alteration on his figure; but that was little when compared with the change I found in him in all other respects. In his dress and manners he was indeed completely rusticated; and, by living much alone, he had contracted an indifference to that decorum, and to those little attentions, without which no man can be agreeable in society. The day I arrived at his house, I found him sauntering in his garden, waiting a call to dinner, dressed in an old coat, which had once been black, a slouched hat of the same complexion, with a long pole in his hand, and with a beard that did not appear to have felt a razor for many days.

After a hearty welcome, he carried me in to dinner. In his conversation, I found as great a change as in his outward appearance and deportment. From living in a narrow circle, he had

had contracted a peculiarity in his notions, which ſometimes amuſed from its oddity; and, from converſing chiefly with perſons rather of an inferior ſtation to himſelf, he had become as tenacious of his opinions, as if they had been ſelf-evident truths, and as impatient of contradiction, as if to differ from him had been a crime.

From the ſame cauſes, the verieſt trifle, particularly if it concerned himſelf, had become to him an object of importance. A *country-gentleman* he conſidered as the moſt reſpectable character in nature; and he talked as if honour, truth, and ſincerity, were confined to them alone. Every man who lived in the world, he conſidered as a villain; and every woman who paſſed much of her time in town, he made no ſcruple to ſay, was *no better than ſhe ſhould be*. At firſt, it aſtoniſhed me to hear a man, of his good ſenſe and benevolent diſpoſitions, talk of ſome of the moſt amiable characters of the age in the moſt diſreſpectful terms. When I endeavoured to put him to rights, he at once cut me ſhort, by ſaying, he could have no doubt of the truth of what he advanced, as he had been told ſuch and ſuch a thing by his friend and neighbour Mr. *Downright*, who ſcorned to flatter any man, or to tell any thing but the truth.

I ſoon had an opportunity of judging how far the country-gentlemen were intitled to the high character my friend had given them for honour and integrity. The morning after I arrived, my hoſt informed me he was obliged to attend a county meeting, where there was to be buſineſs of conſiderable importance, in which he was deeply intereſted; and, as he could not ſtay at home with me, I readily conſented to accompany him. He had dreſſed himſelf for the occaſion; that is, he had ſhaved his beard, and put on a clean ſhirt. It remained to determine how we ſhould travel. At firſt, he propoſed to go on horſeback; but the appearance of a black cloud made him think of the carriage. It then occurred, that taking the carriage would ſtop the plough; and it was determined we ſhould ride. But as we were going to mount, the recollection of a cold, attended with ſome threatenings of a ſore throat he had had the week before, made him again reſolve upon the carriage. In ſhort, I found, that my poor friend, naturally of an undeciſive temper, and having no proper object to fill his mind, had accuſtomed himſelf to deliberate on every trifle, as if it had been an affair of the greateſt conſequence. At length we ſet out in the carriage; but not till repeated inſtructions were given to *John* to drive only two miles the firſt hour, and

not

not more than three, or three and a quarter afterwards.

On the road, we met with ſome incidents that were amuſing enough. In the midſt of a ſerious converſation on the *ſtate of the nation*, in which *Acaſto* was propoſing plans of reformation, and tracing all our preſent calamities to the prevalence of the mercantile intereſt in parliament, and the ſhameful neglect of the country-gentlemen, we happened to paſs the houſe of a cottager, who had laid down a load of coals rather too near the high road; which *Acaſto* no ſooner perceived than he ſtopped the carriage, and calling out the poor man, began to rate him as if he had been guilty of the groſſeſt offence. Not ſatisfied with ordering the nuiſance to be removed, he thought it neceſſary to repreſent, in ſtrong colours, all the poſſible miſchiefs that might have enſued from it. "What might have happened," ſaid he, "if my horſes had ſtartled, "God only knows!—Had we been overturned, my carriage might have been broken, or "my horſes killed, and even I myſelf might "have been hurt."

This circumſtance, trifling as it was, ruffled my friend ſo much, that it was ſome time before he could reſume the thread of his converſation. Some other incidents of the ſame kind gave him an opportunity of diſplaying his attention to

the police of the country, and of impreſſing me with an idea of the obligations he had thereby conferred on his fellow-citizens. At length we arrived at the county-town, and immediately drove to the court-houſe, where we found a very numerous meeting.

I ſoon found, that the important buſineſs which had brought ſo many gentlemen from their own houſes, was to determine, whether a bridge ſhould be built at one end of a village or the other? From the courſe of the argument, if argument it could be called, I plainly perceived, that, to the *Public*, it was a matter of the moſt perfect indifference. But, if executed in one way, it would accommodate a gentleman who had acquired a large fortune in the courſe of trade, and had lately purchaſed an eſtate in the neighbourhood, on which he had built an elegant houſe. *Acaſto*, and his friend Mr. *Downright*, ſtrenuouſly oppoſed the plan of accommodating this *novus homo*, who had preſumed to buy one of the beſt eſtates in the county, from the heir of an ancient family, at a higher price than any body elſe would have given for it. For my own part, I was truly mortified to obſerve in both parties as much trick and chicane as might, when properly varniſhed, have done honour to the moſt finiſhed ſtateſman. In one thing only I diſcovered that

*open*

*open plainneſs* on which country-gentlemen are ſo apt to value themſelves, and that was in the *language* in which they addreſſed each other. *There*, indeed, they were ſufficiently plain; and no where did I ever obſerve a more total neglect of the favourite maxim of Lord Cheſterfield, *fortiter in re, ſuaviter in modo*.

On our way home, *Acaſto* entertained me with the characters of the gentlemen we had ſeen; but he might have ſaved himſelf the trouble; for, by recollecting how they *voted*, I ſhould immediately have known which of them were honeſt and ſincere, and which mean time-ſerving ſycophants.

I ſhall not trouble my readers with any reflections on *Acaſto*'s character. It is plain, that the little peculiarities which, with all his natural good ſenſe and benevolence, expoſe him hourly to ridicule or to cenſure, have been occaſioned by his retreat from the world, and by that ſolitude in which he has lived ſo long. Seldom, indeed, have I known any one that did not, in ſome degree, ſuffer from it; that did not, more or leſs, become ſelfiſh and contracted, conceited and opinionative. I never ſee a young heir fluttering about town in the circle of gaiety, without feeling an emotion of compaſſion. In a few years, when he comes to be ſupplanted in that circle by a younger ſet,

no resource remains for him but a retreat to the country, where he must pass his days either in a state of listless inactivity, or in pursuits unworthy of a rational being. I would, therefore, earnestly recommend it to every parent, to educate the heir of his fortune to some profession; to set before him some object that may fill his mind, may rouse him to action, and may make him at once a happy and respectable member of society.

M

## N° 105. TUESDAY, *May* 9, 1780.

THE winter, which, like an untaught visitor, had prolonged its ſtay with us to a very unreaſonable length, has, at laſt, given place to vernal breezes and a more indulgent ſky; and many of my readers will now leave the buſineſs or amuſements of the *town*, for the purer air and leſs tumultuous enjoyments of the *country*. As I have, now and then, ventured ſome obſervations on the manners and faſhions of the former, I could not forbear, from a friendly concern for thoſe whom the ſeaſon now calls into the latter, to offer a few remarks on certain errors which are more generally prevalent in the country. My laſt paper was intended for the ſerious peruſal of *country-gentlemen*. I mean, in this, to make a few lighter obſervations on ſome little failings, in point of manners, to which I have ſeen a propenſity in country-gentlemen, country-ladies, and in thoſe who, though of the town for the greateſt part of the year, make their appearance, like the *cuckow* (I mean no offence by the compariſon), when the trees have put on their leaves, and the meadows their verdure.

In the *first* place, I would beg of those who migrate from the city, not to carry too much of the town with them into the country. I will allow a lady to exhibit the newest-fashioned cut in her riding-habit, or to astonish a country-congregation with the height of her head-dress; and a gentleman, in like manner, to *sport*, as they term it, a grotesque pattern of a waistcoat, or to set the children agape by the enormous size of his buckles. These are privileges to which gentlemen and ladies may be thought to have intitled themselves by the expence and trouble of a winter's residence in the capital. But there is a provoking, though a civil sort of consequence such people are apt to assume in conversation, which, I think, goes beyond the just prerogative of *township*, and is a very unfair encroachment on the natural rights of their friends and relations in the country. They should consider, that though there are certain subjects of *ton* and fashion, on which they may pronounce *ex cathedrâ* (if I may be allowed so pedantic a phrase), yet that, even in the country, the senses of hearing, seeing, tasting, and smelling, may be enjoyed to a certain extent; and that a person may like or dislike a new song, a new lutestring, a French dish, or an Italian perfume, though such person has been unfortunate enough

enough to pass last winter at a hundred miles distance from the metropolis.

On the other hand, it is but fair to inform the ladies and gentlemen of the country, that there is a certain deference which ought to be paid, in those matters, to the enlightened judgment of their friends who are newly arrived from the seat of information and of knowledge. I have heard a lady in the country, when her cousin from Edinburgh had been very obligingly communicating some extraordinary piece of intelligence, or exhibiting some remarkable piece of dress or finery, cut her short, by saying, with all the coolness in the world, "That is "singular enough, but it is nothing to what I "heard from Miss B——, with whom I "have corresponded ever since she went to "London;" or, "This is very pretty, to be "sure, but not to be compared to Mrs. C——'s, "which she had sent her in a present from Pa-"ris." This sort of *brag-playing* in conversation I have sometimes heard carried to a very disagreeable length, which would be in a great measure prevented, if people were not to be allowed credit for what they may have heard, or have been told, but to take consequence only from what they have seen. If we town-people are to be thus out-wondered on report, there is an end of all order and subordination in the

matter. To borrow another alluſion from the *game* above mentioned, I think it is but reaſonable, that the wonders of perſons from town ſhould take the ſame precedence of the wonders of the people in the country, that *natural cards* do of *makers*.

But it is ſometimes from the oppoſite feeling, from too high an idea of the importance of their town viſitors, that the good people of the country are apt to fall into improprieties. It is wonderful to ſee the confuſion into which the appearance of the new-faſhioned carriage of a gentleman juſt arrived from town throws the family, eſpecially the female part of it, of his rural neighbour. Such a peeping from windows, ſuch a running backwards and forwards of bare-headed boys and girls to fetch their maſter from the field, and their miſtreſs from the waſh-houſe! Then, after waiting a long while in the parlour, which the chamber-maid has had but time to put half in order, comes the old lady with ſome aukward apology, followed by a ſcold to the maid for leaving her rubber or hearth-bruſh in view of the company. By and by appears the maſter of the houſe, with another apology for appearing before ladies in his farmer's dreſs. After a long ſeries of common enquiries, a frequent pulling out of watches on the part of the viſitors, and two or three

meſſages

meſſages up ſtairs from the miſtreſs of the family; down come the young ladies, with their caps awry, their long pins but half ſtuck in, their hair powdered in patches, and their aprons ſtiff from the folds. Here follows a ſecond courſe of the ſame queſtions and anſwers, which being cloſed by an obſervation of the late hour from the one ſide, and ſome ſtrictures on the ſhortneſs of town-viſits from the other, the company are ſuffered to depart, who, it is ten to one, laugh all the way home at the good people who were at ſuch pains to make themſelves fit, as they thought, to be ſeen by them. Let theſe laſt remember, that there is a ſtyle, as it is called, proper to every thing; decency and cleanlineſs they owe to themſelves; an imitation of the faſhionable fineries of the town they owe to nobody; moſt of theſe, indeed, are quite prepoſterous in the country; it is only when people get into crowds that they are at liberty to make fools of themſelves.

As I have, in the beginning of this paper, deſired the city-emigrants not to carry the town into the country, ſo I muſt intreat their country friends not to forget that the others have but lately arrived there. Their reliſh for draining, ditching, hedging, horſe-hoeing, liming, and marling, and ſuch other branches of the fine arts as an afternoon's converſation at a gentle-

man farmer's frequently runs into, has been a good deal blunted by seven months residence in the region of amusement and dissipation. The like caution will apply to those female orators who occupy the intervals of tea-drinking with dissertations on the cow-house, the dairy, and the poultry-yard.

There are some topics which may be introduced at that season, in which both town and country ladies are qualified to join, though even of them I would recommend a sparing and moderate use; I mean those little lectures on morality, sometimes known by the name of *scandal*. In these the town ladies, however, have some advantage, as their subjects are often such as may be reckoned fair game, persons of whom the world has a right to talk, and who seem to act as if they wished to be talked of. These notorious offenders against decency and decorum, of which there are always some instances in great towns, may be compared to certain atrocious criminals, whom the law has ordered to be sent, after execution, to *Surgeon's Hall*: their characters may be dissected at all tea-tables, without any danger of the crime of defamation. But the beauty of a country town or village is rarely so unguarded in her conduct as to give this licence to the tongues of her neighbours, who are, therefore, generally obliged

ed to resort to the whispering of little private anecdotes and family-secrets, which I very much doubt if they be legally intitled to do, at least except in cases of great necessity, as on a rainy Sunday, or where the party consists but of two, who can neither play cribbage, picquet, or backgammon.

Somewhat a-kin to the lovers of detraction are the *offence-takers*, a species of people I have observed more common in the country than in populous cities. They are deeply versed in the science of precedency, in the etiquette of paying and returning visits, in the ceremonial of drinking healths, and of acknowledging bows and curtsies. I have been astonished to find the circle of my acquaintance so circumscribed as I have sometimes experienced, when I have happened to take up my head-quarters at a gentleman's, who could only accompany me to the houses of one half of the neighbourhood, having contrived to be totally estranged from the other by neglects of himself, affronts to his wife, squabbles about dancing at annual balls, or toasts at county-meetings after the second bottle.

This disease of offence-taking is particularly epidemic in some places every *seventh* year, or sometimes it returns a little sooner by royal proclamation. As this summer may probably be the

the ſeaſon of its recurring with violence, I take the preſent opportunity of warning my readers againſt the company of the infected; and even to theſe a regimen of temper and good-manners may be found a very powerful and ſalutary alterative. The feelings of an offence-taker are always very diſagreeable; and, as to the external effects of this mental malady, whether it go off in oblique reflections, or break out into ſcurrility and abuſe, I need not, I fancy, enlarge on the danger of their conſequences. To gentlemen concerned in politics and electioneering, I would particularly obſerve, that the period of their canvaſs is not the proper time for indulging any ſuch freedoms in converſation or behaviour. When the conteſt is determined, the loſers have ſome ſort of privilege for railing; the ſucceſsful candidates, as things go now-a-days, ſhould keep all their foul language for that place to which the ſuffrages of their conſtituents are to ſend them.

I

## N° 106. SATURDAY, *May* 13, 1780.

*Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.*
HOR.

THE importance of education to fit men for the world, has been univerſally ſeen and acknowledged; but I think it has not been always ſufficiently attended to, as neceſſary to fit men for retiring from the world; as qualifying them to act their part with propriety when they retreat from the buſineſs of life, and to enjoy themſelves when enjoyment becomes their object. There is a certain time of life, when almoſt every man wiſhes to eſcape from the hurry and buſtle of the world, and to taſte the ſweets of retirement and repoſe; but how few are there, who, when they have arrived at that period which they fixed for this retreat, and have put their deſigns in execution, meet with that enjoyment which they looked for! Inſtead of pleaſure, they find ſatiety, wearineſs, and diſguſt; time becomes a heavy burden upon them, and in what way they may kill the tedious hours, grows, at length, their only object. But had theſe men received a good education, they would never be at a loſs how to fill up their

time; rich fields of entertainment would open to them from various ſources. Company and converſation would receive a finer reliſh; books would give perpetual enjoyment; the gay proſpects of the country, the romantic ſcenes which it affords, the adorning and beautifying thoſe ſcenes, and the culture of all the elegant arts, would make that fortune, which many poſſeſs without knowing how to uſe, the miniſter of every thing that can afford delight.

I believe it may be true, that neither learning, nor a taſte for the elegant arts, is requiſite to enable a perſon, engaged in the ordinary buſineſs of life, to ſucceed in his profeſſion; and, while ſo engaged, the occupations of that profeſſion will prevent his feeling any vacuity, or ſuffering any inconvenience from his ignorance and want of refinement. But when ſuch a perſon has acquired a fortune, and given up buſineſs, I have often obſerved, that, from this uncultivated ſtate of mind, he is at a loſs how to enjoy himſelf or his riches. He either becomes a prey to chagrin and *ennui*, or he gives himſelf up to the coarſeſt intemperance; or, ſhould he wiſh to figure as a man of taſte or faſhion, he receives but little entertainment himſelf, and his attempts are ſo abſurd and preposterous, as to make him the object of ſcoff and ridicule to others.

*Drexelius*

*Drexelius* was put early to buſineſs: his whole learning conſiſted in being able to read Engliſh, to write and keep accounts. He got ſoon into a very good branch of trade; his attention was unremitted; and his œconomy was equal to his attention. His labours, far from being a burden upon him, only gave him an exertion of mind, which kept him in an equal and unceaſing flow of ſpirits. By the time he was fifty, *Drexelius* had acquired a fortune equal to that of the richeſt of his fellow-citizens. He now began to think ſeriouſly of enjoying it. The reſolution which he had early formed of retiring to the country when he ſhould have acquired a fortune, and which had ſupported him during the labours of acquiring it, he now determined to put in practice. He, therefore, wound up his buſineſs, ſold off his ſtock, and purchaſed an eſtate in the country. The novelty of the ſituation, and the flattering thought that he was proprietor of ſo many acres, ſupported him for a while. But he ſoon began to find, that the fields, and woods, and rivers, gave him no ſort of pleaſure. He could receive no amuſement from farming, and books he was unable to enjoy. A volume of the *Spectator*, recommended to him by the clergyman of the pariſh, lay half-read upon the chimney-piece; and the proſpects which he heard others admire, appeared

ed to him not more beautiful than the front of the Exchange, or the pavement of the ſtreet on which he uſed to tread. Tired, therefore, of the country, and weary of every thing, he began to long for the town which he had abandoned, and to become again a frequenter of the 'Change. Accordingly he hired a houſe in town, and reſolved to ſpend in it the winter-months at leaſt. But the town had now alſo loſt its charms, and he found it impoſſible to recover them. He had no longer buſineſs to occupy his mind: when he roſe in the morning, he knew not what to do; he had no bargains to ſettle, and no ſhips to inſure. His acquaintance around him were buſy, while he was idle; he found himſelf alone in the midſt of a crowd, an unintereſted ſpectator of what uſed to employ him. Change of ſituation, therefore, gave him no relief, for the town was now as dull as the country. The purchaſe he had made was a dear one: upon his *eſtate*, which had coſt him more than at firſt he intended to give for it, he was obliged to build a houſe, and to make ſome other improvements, the expence of which, like that of all other buildings and improvements, greatly exceeded what their owner had made his account with. This, however, was little to one of *Drexelius*'s fortune. On former occaſions, he had loſt

more

more upon one adventure in trade, without being much affected by the loſs; but then he had different objects to intereſt him, and he expected to make up by other adventures what he had loſt upon one; now he had nothing elſe to think of but the daily expenditure. This took poſſeſſion of his imagination; he thought he ſaw poverty and ruin before him; and his health began to ſink under the vexations of his mind. In vain did his friends repreſent to him the greatneſs of his fortune; that the money he was laying out was a trifle to what he poſſeſſed; and that, after all his plans were finiſhed, he would ſtill have more than he could ſpend. It is to no purpoſe to reaſon with a diſeaſed imagination: the only thing which can relieve it is a change of objects, and a variety of amuſements. But this method could not be followed by *Drexelius:* there was no object to intereſt him; and his mind was incapable of amuſement. His diſeaſe, therefore, increaſed upon him every day. The proprietor of a fine place, poſſeſſed of a great fortune, in ſhort, with all the means of pleaſure and enjoyment, he was haunted with the demon of Poverty, and actually believed, that, if he lived many years, he ſhould die of want.

*Clavius* was a partner in trade with *Drexelius*, whoſe example he followed in the ſcheme of

enjoying

enjoying a retreat in the country. But his mind was as empty and uneducated as that of *Drexelius*, equally incapable of amusing itself in solitude, or of receiving pleasure from those enjoyments which a country-life is calculated to bestow. He was, however, a man of greater natural spirits, and was not therefore so apt to become a prey to listlessness, or to the effects of gloomy avarice. Company was his resource; and, that the hours might not lie heavy upon him, he took care never to be alone. But as he had no talent for conversation, every sort of company was equally welcome to him; and, where conversation was not the object, it became necessary to support the society by some adventitious aid. The bottle, therefore, was had recourse to. This was the employment during the finest summer-evenings; and the morning sun often rose upon the same company on which it had gone down. Men flocked to *Clavius*'s country-seat, not to enjoy the charms of the country, but the charms of society, and what they called good fellowship. Thus were *Clavius*'s nights spent in getting intoxicated, and his mornings in sleeping off that intoxication. His constitution was not long able to support this course of life; he died, a few years after he had quitted business, a martyr to that fortune which his wishes had formerly

merly represented as the certain source of felicity.

*Pomponius* took a different turn from the persons I have mentioned. He was equally ignorant and uneducated as they; but, when he had acquired his fortune, as he had heard much of taste, of elegance, and of refinement, he resolved to be a *man of taste*. The estate he purchased had been the old hereditary possession of a man of considerable rank. *Pomponius* gave several years purchase more than its value, that he might be possessed of the demesne of an ancient family, and have the pleasure of adding to his name "Esquire, of ———." When he came to live at this estate, he found the old mansion-house must be pulled down, and a new one erected. But, instead of trusting to the skill and taste of his architect, the plan must be his own. In this he heaped ornament upon ornament, and pillar upon pillar. The columns are large enough to have supported a Gothic cathedral; the inside is crowded with painted compartments; and every pannel and window is bedaubed with gilding. His fields are laid out in the most absurd taste. A clay-coloured ditch, which he calls a *canal*, made at an exorbitant expence, runs parallel with the front of his house; at each end is a circular

puddle, called a *baſon*, in which is a little bank of rubbiſh, dignified with the name of *iſland*. Not a walk but is ſtuck full of ſtatues; and temples and grottoes appear in every field. In ſhewing you his grounds, he tells you the price of every ſtatue; and every temple is honoured with the account of what it coſt. Not ſatisfied with being a man of taſte out of doors, he pretends to connoiſſeurſhip and to literature within. He ſhews pictures painted, as he thinks, by maſters, whoſe names he has not learned to pronounce. If doubts are ſtarted of their originality, *Pomponius* ſtops all further queſtions by the mention of the ſum he paid for them. His library has its ſtatues like his fields; it is furniſhed with a profuſion of *bronzes* and *buſts*; and the books are as liberally gilded as the reſt of his furniture. In talking of them (for he runs all riſks to be thought a man of learning) he gets into the moſt ridiculous blunders. He miſtakes a Greek for a Roman author; and, to ſhew himſelf a philoſopher, praiſes a writer, in the belief that he is an infidel, when, in fact, his books are written in defence of religion. The other day, ſomebody happening to mention the *World*, he aſked if the author Mr. *Fitzadam* was ſtill alive, and if he had written any other book.

*Drexelius*

*Drexelius* and *Clavius* were miſerable in the midſt of their wealth; *Pomponius* is ridiculous in the enjoyment of his.

How much is it to be regretted, that theſe perſons had not, in their earlier years, received the benefit of a liberal education? Had their minds been cultivated in their youth, had they then acquired the firſt principles of elegance and taſte, they would have been enabled, after attaining a fortune, to have enjoyed it with propriety and dignity: while they were reaping the fruits of their honeſt induſtry and ſucceſs, they might have been uſeful to others, and proved ornaments to their country.

## N° 107. TUESDAY, *May* 16, 1780.

*And* love *and* war *take turns like day and night.*
ROWE.

IN every art and ſcience, practitioners complain how often they are deceived by ſpecious theories and deluſive ſpeculation. Learned men, in the ſolitude of their ſtudies, are apt to imagine, that nothing which they can reconcile to their own ideas upon paper, can fail to be evinced by actual experiment, or to be reduced into eaſy and conſtant practice. But thoſe who are to apply the doctrine to the fact, too often find, that what was infallible in the brain of the demonſtrator, is ſadly fallacious in the hands of him who is to execute it.

There is ſomething, however, ſo delightful in this art of *theory-building*, that the experience of a thouſand diſappointments will never be able to extinguiſh it. Nor, indeed, ſhould any body wiſh for its extinction, when it is remembered, that the perſon who builds is delighted with the expectation of ſucceſs, and that other people are often little leſs pleaſed with tracing the diſappointment. The laſt are flattered by ſeeing

ſeeing the ſuperiority of ſcience thus levelled and brought down; the firſt ſolaces himſelf by imputing the failure to errors in the execution, and, ſhutting his cloſet-door, returns to freſh theories and new ſpeculation.

In the courſe of my reading, I have met with two theoretical deſcriptions, which pleaſed me ſo much by the appearance they exhibited of ſelf-ſatisfaction in the ſages who compoſed them, that I cannot reſiſt the deſire of laying them before my readers in this day's paper. The firſt I found in an obſcure author of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, in tracing the progreſs of certain affections of the mind, thus perſonifies his ideas of *Honourable Love*.

"When a young man," ſays he, "of illuſtrious deſcent, rarely gifted by Nature in mind and body, the which he hath, through the care of his noble parents and his own ſpecial induſtry, much helped by art, firſt cometh from the retired haunts of learning into the reſort of the world, he is ſuddenly ſmitten by the beauty and rare accompliſhments of ſome young damſel, of parentage no leſs honourable than his own, and of endowments no leſs precious than thoſe wherewith himſelf is graced. He ſeeketh all opportunities of converſe with, and of courteſy towards, her; which never-

 theleſs

theleſs ſhe, out of maiden ſhyneſs, whereof her lady-mother hath well inſtructed her, doth, with a determined ſtatelineſs of aſpect, moſt conſtantly avoid; whereat the young man being grieved in his mind, but no wiſe damped in his love, he reſteth not till by all means he render himſelf more worthy of her regard, not only by excelling in all gentlemanlike exerciſes, ſuch as dancing, horſemanſhip, ſkill in his rapier, and the like, but likewiſe in all becoming ſoftneſs of behaviour, and courtly niceneſs of ſpeech, adding thereunto the ſtudy of ſweet poeſy, wherewith, in curious ſonnets, he ſpeaketh the praiſe of his miſtreſs's manifold perfections. But ſhe, no wiſe yielding to ſuch flatteries, nor abating the rigour of her looks, he ſometimes complaineth of his thraldom in more bitter terms, and for a while, as ſeeking freedom from his fair tyrant, ſhunneth her company, and reſorteth to that of jovial companions, much given to the ſports of the field, and the joys of wine, thinking thereby to efface her image quite from his mind. But, after no great ſpace, he groweth uneaſy and unquiet, and, though ſtoutly denying all allegiance to that dominion, whereof he hath ſworn to be free, he goeth ſecretly where he can again ſteal a glance of her lovely face, by one look of which being, as he deemeth, encouraged to better hope, he reneweth his ſuit with freſh

freſh warmth, renouncing his paſt rebellion as a grievous ſin, the which he is to expiate by tenfold increaſed love. Nevertheleſs ſhe, willing to ſhew her power, thus marvelouſly confirmed and increaſed, demeaneth herſelf as haughtily as before, and, haply, to puniſh his late treaſonous lapſe and falling off, ſeemeth to caſt upon others more ſoft and favourable looks; whereat our lover, being ſtung with envy and jealous wrath, doth encounter the chiefeſt of his rivals with ſharp and angry words, which growing into keener and more deadly rage, they agree to decide which is the worthieſt by trial of arms; and having met, in ſome retired place, either on horſeback or on foot, attended by their ſquires, a furious combat enſueth, in which the valour of both ſhineth out worthy of their noble birth, and of that love wherewith it is more eſpecially inflamed and ſpurred on. After various turns of fortune, and many wounds on both ſides, our lover doth, with difficulty, maſter his adverſary, to whom he ſheweth no leſs courteſy in defeat, than fierceneſs in fight. After a time, having recovered of his wounds, at hearing whereof the lady hath ſhewed as much grief and pity as beſeemeth a modeſt maiden to ſhew for man, he appeareth before her, his arm ſcarfed, and his cheeks yet pale from loſs of blood, and,

kneeling at her feet, imploreth forgiveneſs for paſt faults, and voweth conſtancy and love, not ſhorter than he hath life to feel them, and breath to utter; while ſhe, without ſpeaking a word, doth, by looks and ſilent bluſhes, in ſome ſort confeſs herſelf propitious to his vows; whereof, having paſſed a probation of years, one or more, he arriveth at the end of his wiſhes, and obtaineth her conſent to be his wedded wife. Laſtly, their noble parents being well ſatisfied with this union of their blood, the marriage is celebrated, with much ceremony and pomp, at the caſtle of the bride's princely father, whereat there is all manner of good cheer, of dancing, and of minſtrelſy for many days."

This theory of ancient love and courtſhip, inſtead of ſimplifying the matter, makes it much more difficult than, in modern practice, at leaſt, it is actually found. The lover, now-a-days, finds but little of that ſtately pride and maiden ſhyneſs above deſcribed; nor is he obliged to cultivate poetry to celebrate his miſtreſs, nor to meet any rival attended by his ſquire, nor to ſuffer wounds and loſs of blood for her ſake, nor to go through a probation of years, one or more. All he has to do is, to dance with the lady at a ball, ſay a few ſoft things to her in plain proſe, then meet her father attended by

his lawyer, go through a probation of deeds and ſettlements, and ſo proceed to the bridal ceremony, and to good cheer and jollity for as ſhort or as long a time as he thinks proper.

The ſecond theoretical deſcription which I ſhall lay before my readers, is ſo far different from the firſt, that it renders a very confuſed and intricate buſineſs, as I have been told it is, perfectly clear and obvious to the meaneſt capacity. This, however, is by no means owing to any want in the theoretical ſituation of that incident or buſtle which occurs in the real; on the contrary, the events are infinitely more numerous and aſtoniſhing in the firſt than in the latter, though the art of the theoriſt carries the imagination through them all with wonderful diſtinctneſs and regularity. The inſtance to which I allude is the deſcription of a *battle*, given by the ingenious Mr. *A. Boyer*, in his *French Dictionary*, under the word *Battaille*.

### Description of a Battle.

"The two armies being in ſight, the cannon roar on each ſide; and the ſignal of the fight being given, they both move, and begin the encounter. In the height of danger, the generals ſhew their intrepidity, by preſerving their cool temper, and by giving their orders without

emotion and without hurry. In the close engagement, the officers perform wonders, and shew extraordinary valour and judgment; and seconded by their men, who fight like lions, they cut the enemy in pieces, kill and overthrow all they meet in their way, break through battalions and bear down squadrons. Upon the point of being overpowered by numbers, they resolutely sustain the effort of the enemy; and the generals, being informed by their aids-de-camp of what passes on that side, cause succours to march thither with all speed, revive the spirits of the soldiers by their presence, rally the broken battalions, bring them again to the charge, repulse the enemy, drive them before them, regain the ground they had lost, retrieve the whole affair, pursue the enemy close, trample them under foot or ride over them, entirely disable them, put all that resist to the sword; and, after having sustained continual discharges of cannon and small shot, and gained an entire and complete victory, cause a retreat to be sounded, and lie on the field of battle, while the air resounds with the flourishes of trumpets."

The above description is contained in an edition of Mr. *Boyer*'s learned and useful work, now become exceedingly scarce. It is there given in *French* and *English*; but I chuse to publish

publiſh the tranſlation only, as I mean it for the ſole uſe of our *Britiſh* commanders, from whoſe practice, at the time of its firſt publication (about the beginning of this century), the deſcription was probably taken. Perhaps, in ſome late campaigns, our generals had conſulted other Dictionaries, containing a much leſs animated and deciſive definition of a battle than that which I have tranſcribed from the ingenious Mr. *Boyer*.

I

N° 108. SATURDAY, *May* 20, 1780.

*Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay.*
SHENSTONE.

IF we examine impartially that eſtimate of pleaſure, which the higher ranks of ſociety are apt to form, we ſhall probably be ſurpriſed to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real ſatisfaction. Many a faſhionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taſte or his judgment, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has ſuffered from the inſipidity, or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were ſometimes worth while, even on the ſcore of pleaſure, to be virtuous.

Sir *Edward* ———, to whom I had the pleaſure of being introduced at *Florence*, was a character much beyond that which diſtinguiſhes the generality of Engliſh travellers of fortune. His ſtory was known to ſome of his countrymen who then reſided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of ſomething beſide pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes profuse, he was observed never to be ridiculous in his expences; and, though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind him more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at *Marseilles* with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea-voyage, leaving Sir *Edward* to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the valleys of *Piedmont*, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir *Edward*, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English *hunter* to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir *Edward*

was lifted by his ſervants with ſcarce any ſigns of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the neareſt houſe, which happened to be the dwelling of a peaſant rather above the common rank, before whoſe door ſome of his neighbours were aſſembled at a ſcene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir *Edward* brought up their maſter in the condition I have deſcribed. The compaſſion natural to his ſituation was excited in all; but the owner of the manſion, whoſe name was *Venoni*, was particularly moved with it. He applied himſelf immediately to the care of the ſtranger, and, with the aſſiſtance of his daughter, who had left the dance ſhe was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, ſoon reſtored Sir *Edward* to ſenſe and life. *Venoni* poſſeſſed ſome little ſkill in ſurgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir *Edward*, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every poſſible care by his hoſt and his family. A conſiderable degree of fever was the conſequence of his accident; but after ſome days it abated; and, in little more than a week, he was able to join in the ſociety of *Venoni* and his daughter.

He could not help expreſſing ſome ſurpriſe at the appearance of refinement in the converſation of the latter, much beyond what her ſituation ſeemed likely to confer. Her father accounted

counted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in *Venoni*'s cottage (for his house was but a better sort of cottage), the night of her birth. "When "her mother died," said he, "the Signora, "whose name, at her desire, we had given the "child, took her home to her own house; "there she was taught many things, of which "there is no need here; yet she is not so proud "of her learning as to wish to leave her father "in his old age; and I hope soon to have her "settled near me for life."

But Sir *Edward* had now an opportunity of knowing *Louisa* better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir *Edward* had studied with success. *Louisa* felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praised by Sir *Edward*; and the family-concerts of *Venoni* were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of *Venoni* excelled all the other music of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir *Edward*'s violin was finer than either. But his conversation with *Louisa*—it was that of a superior order of be-

ings!—ſcience, taſte, ſentiment!——it was long ſince *Louiſa* had heard theſe ſounds; amidſt the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir *Edward*, who was one of the moſt engaging figures I ever ſaw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was always an expreſſion animated and intereſting; his ſickneſs had overcome ſomewhat of the firſt, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

*Louiſa*'s was not leſs captivating—and Sir *Edward* had not ſeen it ſo long without emotion. During his illneſs, he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it firſt grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her ſituation, and of the debt he owed her. But the ſtruggle was too ineffectual to overcome, and, of conſequence, increaſed his paſſion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir *Edward* allowed of its being gratified. He ſometimes thought of this as a baſe and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often deſpiſed, the ſlave of manners he had often condemned. He at laſt compromiſed matters with himſelf; he reſolved, if he could, to think no more of *Louiſa*; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or the reſtraints of virtue.

*Louiſa*, who truſted to both, now communicated to Sir *Edward* an important ſecret. It

was

was at the close of a piece of music, which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. "That," said she, "nobody ever heard except my father; I play "it sometimes when I am alone, and in low "spirits. I don't know how I came to think "of it now; yet I have some reason to be sad." Sir *Edward* pressed to know the cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for her husband. Against this match she had always protested as strongly, as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but *Venoni* was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it.——"To "marry, where one cannot love,—to marry "such a man, Sir *Edward!*"——It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir *Edward* pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded, by swearing, that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal. Sir *Edward* improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificancy of ceremonies and

and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. *Louisa* started at that proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as *Louisa* had represented him, coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But *Venoni*, tho' much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning *Louisa* was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir *Edward* was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with *Venoni*; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by *Louisa*.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of

them, and had already begun its accuſtomed ſong. *Louiſa* ſat down on a withered ſtump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was ſcared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. *Louiſa* roſe from the ground, and burſt into tears! She turned—and beheld Sir *Edward*. His countenance had much of its former languor; and, when he took her hand, he caſt on the earth a melancholy look, and ſeemed unable to ſpeak his feelings. "Are "you not well, Sir *Edward?*" ſaid *Louiſa*, with a voice faint and broken.—"I am ill, in-"deed," ſaid he, "but my illneſs is of the "mind. *Louiſa* cannot cure me of that. I "am wretched; but I deſerve to be ſo. I have "broken every law of hoſpitality, and every "obligation of gratitude. I have dared to "wiſh for happineſs, and to ſpeak what I "wiſhed, though it wounded the heart of my "deareſt benefactreſs—but I will make a ſevere "expiation. This moment I leave you, *Loui-"ſa!* I go to be wretched, but you may be "happy, happy in your duty to a father, happy, "it may be, in the arms of a huſband, whom "the poſſeſſion of ſuch a wife may teach refine-"ment and ſenſibility.——I go to my native "country, to hurry through ſcenes of irkſome "buſineſs or taſteleſs amuſement; that I may, "if poſſible, procure a ſort of half-oblivion

"of

" of that happineſs which I have left behind,
" a liſtleſs endurance of that life which I once
" dream'd might be made delightful with *Louiſa*."

Tears were the only anſwer ſhe could give. Sir *Edward*'s ſervants appeared, with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of *Louiſa*, he faſtened round his neck, and kiſſing it with rapture, hid it in his boſom. The other he held out in a heſitating manner. " This," ſaid he, " if *Louiſa* will accept of
" it, may ſometimes put her in mind of him
" who once offended, who can never ceaſe to
" adore her. She may look on it, perhaps,
" after the original is no more; when this
" heart ſhall have forgot to love, and ceaſed to
" be wretched."

*Louiſa* was at laſt overcome. Her face was firſt pale as death; then ſuddenly it was croſſed with a crimſon bluſh. " Oh! Sir *Edward!*" ſaid ſhe, " What—what would you have me
" do!"—He eagerly ſeized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious ſpeed, were ſoon out of ſight of thoſe hills which paſtured the flocks of the unfortunate *Venoni*.

V

## N° 109. TUESDAY, *May* 23, 1780.

THE virtue of *Louiſa* was vanquiſhed; but her ſenſe of virtue was not overcome. Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her ſeducer, nor the conſtant and reſpectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguiſh which ſhe ſuffered at the recollection of her paſt, and the thoughts of her preſent ſituation. Sir *Edward* felt ſtrongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed: it was ſtill ſubject to remorſe, to compaſſion, and to love. Theſe emotions, perhaps, he might ſoon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding ſorrows of *Louiſa* nouriſhed thoſe feelings of tenderneſs and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words: ſometimes a few ſtarting tears would ſpeak them; and, when time had given her a little more compoſure, her lute diſcourſed melancholy muſic.

On their arrival in England, Sir *Edward* carried *Louiſa* to his ſeat in the country. There ſhe

ſhe was treated with all the obſervance of a wife; and, had ſhe choſen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary ſplendor of one. But ſhe would not allow the indulgence of Sir *Edward* to blazon with equipage, and ſhow that ſtate which ſhe wiſhed always to hide, and, if poſſible, to forget. Her books and her muſic were her only pleaſures; if pleaſures they could be called, that ſerved but to alleviate miſery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

Theſe were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's diſgrace. Sir *Edward* was too generous not to think of providing for *Venoni*. He meant to make ſome atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the baſe, but to the honeſt is inſult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accompliſhing his purpoſe. He learned that *Venoni*, ſoon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of reſidence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of *Savoy*. His daughter felt this with anguiſh the moſt poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refuſed conſolation. Sir *Edward*'s whole tenderneſs and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its

firſt

firſt tranſports had ſubſided, he carried her to *London*, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man poſſeſſed of feelings like Sir *Edward*'s, the affliction of *Louiſa* gave a certain reſpect to his attentions. He hired her a houſe ſeparate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the pureſt attachment. But his ſolicitude to comfort and amuſe her was not attended with ſucceſs. She felt all the horrors of that guilt which ſhe now conſidered, as not only the ruin of herſelf, but the murderer of her father.

In *London* Sir *Edward* found his ſiſter, who had married a man of great fortune and high faſhion. He had married her, becauſe ſhe was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; ſhe had married him, becauſe he was the wealthieſt of her ſuitors. They lived, as is common to people in ſuch a ſituation, neceſſitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidſt perpetual gaiety. This ſcene was ſo foreign from the idea Sir *Edward* had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a conſtant ſource of diſguſt in the ſociety of his equals. In their converſation fantaſtic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge ſhallow; and with all the

pride

pride of birth, and insolence of station, their principles were mean, and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of *Louisa* he found sensibility and truth; hers was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare: she saw the return of virtue in Sir *Edward*, and felt the friendship which he shewed her. Sometimes, when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her; the colour faded in her cheek, the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir *Edward* saw these symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had

had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an aſſaſſin.

One evening, while he ſat in a little parlour with *Louiſa*, his mind alternately agitated and ſoftened with this impreſſion, a *hand-organ*, of a remarkably ſweet tone, was heard in the ſtreet. *Louiſa* laid aſide her lute, and liſtened: the airs it played were thoſe of her native country; and a few tears, which ſhe endeavoured to hide, ſtole from her on hearing them. Sir *Edward* ordered a ſervant to fetch the organiſt into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and ſeated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two ſprightly tunes, to which *Louiſa* had often danced in her infancy: ſhe gave herſelf up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without controul. Suddenly the muſician, changing the ſtop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind.—*Louiſa* ſtarted from her ſeat, and ruſhed up to the ſtranger.—He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch. It was her father!—She would have ſprung to embrace him; he turned aſide for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But Nature at laſt overcame his reſentment; he burſt into tears, and preſſed to his boſom his long-loſt daughter.

Sir *Edward* ſtood fixed in aſtoniſhment and confuſion.—"I come not to upbraid you," ſaid *Venoni*;

*Venoni*; "I am a poor, weak, old man, unable "for upbraidings; I am come but to find my "child, to forgive her, and to die! When "you saw us first, Sir *Edward*, we were not "thus. You found us virtuous and happy; "we danced and we sung, and there was not "a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. "Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our "cheerfulness; you were distressed, and we "pitied you. Since that day the pipe has ne-"ver been heard in *Venoni*'s fields: grief and "sickness have almost brought him to the "grave; and his neighbours, who loved and "pitied him, have been cheerful no more. "Yet, methinks, though you robbed us of "happiness, you are not happy;—else why "that dejected look which, amidst all the gran-"deur around you, I saw you wear, and those "tears which, under all the gaudiness of her "apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed?" —"But she shall shed no more," cried Sir *Edward*; "you shall be happy, and I shall be "just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the in-"juries which I have done thee; forgive me, "my *Louisa*, for rating your excellence at a "price so mean. I have seen those high-born "females to which my rank might have allied "me; I am ashamed of their vices, and sick "of their follies. Profligate in their hearts,

"amidst

" amidſt affected purity, they are ſlaves to " pleaſure without the ſincerity of paſſion ; and, " with the name of honour, are inſenſible to " the feelings of virtue. You, my *Louiſa!*— " but I will not call up recollections that might " render me leſs worthy of your future eſteem " — Continue to love your *Edward*; but a " few hours, and you ſhall add the title to the " affections of a wife ; let the care and tender- " neſs of a huſband bring back its peace to " your mind, and its bloom to your cheek. " We will leave for a while the wonder and the " envy of the faſhionable circle here. We " will reſtore your father to his native home ; " under that roof I ſhall once more be happy ; " happy without allay, becauſe I ſhall deſerve " my happineſs. Again ſhall the pipe and the " dance gladden the valley, and innocence and " peace beam on the cottage of *Venoni!*"

## N° 110. SATURDAY, *May* 27, 1780.

*Extremum concede laborem.* VIRG.

AS, at the close of life, people confess the secrets, and explain the mysteries of their conduct, endeavour to do justice to those with whom they have had dealings, and to die in peace with all the world; so, in the *concluding number* of a *periodical publication*, it is usual to lay aside the assumed name, or fictitious character, to ascribe the different papers to their true authors, and to wind up the whole with a modest appeal to the candour or indulgence of the Public.

In the course of these papers, the author has not often ventured to introduce himself, or to give an account of his own situation; in this, therefore, which is to be the *last*, he has not much to unravel on that score. From the narrowness of the place of its appearance, the MIRROR did not admit of much personification of its editor; the little disguise he has used has been rather to conceal what he was, than to give himself out for what he was not.

The idea of publishing a *periodical paper* in *Edinburgh* took its rise in a company of gentlemen, whom particular circumstances of connection

nection brought frequently together. Their discourse often turned upon subjects of manners, of taste, and of literature. By one of those accidental resolutions, of which the origin cannot easily be traced, it was determined to put their thoughts into writing, and to read them for the entertainment of each other. Their essays assumed the form, and, soon after, some one gave them the name, of a periodical publication: The writers of it were naturally associated; and their meetings increased the importance, as well as the number of their productions. Cultivating letters in the midst of business, composition was to them an amusement only; that amusement was heightened by the audience which this society afforded; the idea of publication suggested itself as productive of still higher entertainment.

It was not, however, without diffidence that such a resolution was taken. From that, and several other circumstances, it was thought proper to observe the strictest secrecy with regard to the authors; a purpose in which they have been so successful, that, at this moment, the very publisher of the work knows only one of their number, to whom the conduct of it was entrusted.

The assistance received from Correspondents has been considerable. To them the MIRROR is indebted for the following papers; the 8th,

the note from IGNORAMUS in the 9th, the letter in the 17th, the letter signed ADELUS in the 21st, the 22d, the 24th, the 29th (except the short letter at the end), the first letter in the 35th, the 37th, the letter in the 46th, the 50th, the letter in the 56th, the 59th, 62d, 66th, 73d, 74th, 75th, 79th, 82d, 86th, the first letter in the 89th, the letter in the 94th, the 95th, the 96th (except the letter signed EVELINA), the 97th, and 98th, the letter in the 102d, and the letter in the 103d. Of some of their Correspondents, were they at liberty to disclose them, the names would do credit to their work; of others they are entirely ignorant, and can only return this general acknowledgment for their favours. To many of them they have to apologize for several abridgments, additions, and alterations, which sometimes the composition of the essays themselves, and sometimes the nature of the work in which they were to appear, seemed to render necessary.

The situation of the authors of the MIRROR was such as neither to prompt much ambition of literary success, nor to create much dependence on it. Without this advantage, they had scarcely ventured to send abroad into the world a performance, the reception of which was liable to so much uncertainty. They foresaw many difficulties, which a publication like the

MIRROR,

MIRROR, even in hands much abler than theirs, must necessarily encounter.

The state of the *times*, they were sensible, was very unpropitious to a work of this sort. In a conjuncture so critical as the present, at a period so big with national danger and public solicitude, it was not to be expected that much attention should be paid to speculation or to sentiment, to minute investigations of character, or pictures of private manners. A volume which we can lay aside and resume at pleasure, may suffer less materially from the interruption of national concerns; but a single sheet, that measures its daily importance with the vehicles of public intelligence and political disquisition, can hardly fail to be neglected.

But, exclusive of this general disadvantage, there were particular circumstances which its authors knew must be unfavourable to the MIRROR. That secresy which they thought it necessary to keep, prevented all the aids of patronage and friendship; it even damped those common exertions to which other works are indebted, if not for fame, at least for introduction to the world. We cannot expect to create an interest in those whom we have not ventured to trust; and the claims even of merit are often little regarded, if that merit be anonymous and unknown.

The *place* of its publication was, in several respects, disadvantageous. There is a certain

distance at which writings, as well as men, should be placed, in order to command our attention and respect. We do not easily allow a title to instruct or to amuse the Public in our neighbour, with whom we have been accustomed to compare our own abilities. Hence the fastidiousness with which, in a place so narrow as *Edinburgh*, home productions are commonly received; which, if they are grave, are pronounced dull; if pathetic, are called unnatural; if ludicrous, are termed low. In the circle around him, the man of business sees few who should be willing, and the man of genius few who are able, to be authors; and a work that comes out unsupported by established names, is liable alike to the censure of the grave, and the sneer of the witty. Even Folly herself acquires some merit from being displeased, when name or fashion has not sanctified a work from her displeasure.

This desire of levelling the pride of authorship is in none more prevalent than in those who themselves have written. Of these the unsuccessful have a prescriptive title to criticism; and, though established literary reputation commonly sets men above the necessity of detracting from the merit of other candidates for fame, yet there are not wanting instances of monopolists of public favour, who wish not only to enjoy, but to guide it, and are willing to confine its influence

fluence within the pale of their own circle, or their own patronage. General cenſure is of all things the eaſieſt; from ſuch men it paſſes unexamined, and its ſentence is deciſive; nay, even a ſtudied ſilence will go far to ſmother a production, which, if they have not the meanneſs to envy, they want the candour to appretiate with juſtice.

In point of ſubject, as well as of reception, the place where it appeared was unfavourable to the MIRROR. Whoever will examine the works of a ſimilar kind that have preceded it, will eaſily perceive for how many topics they were indebted to local characters and temporary follies, to places of public amuſement, and circumſtances of reigning faſhion. But, with us, beſides the danger of perſonal application, theſe are hardly various enough for the ſubject, or important enough for the dignity of writing. There is a ſort of claſſic privilege in the very names of places in *London*, which does not extend to thoſe of *Edinburgh*. The *Canongate* is almoſt as long as the *Strand*, but it will not bear the compariſon upon paper; and *Blackfriars-wynd* can never vie with *Drury-lane* in point of ſound, however they may rank in the article of chaſtity. In the department of *humour*, theſe circumſtances muſt neceſſarily have great weight; and, for papers of humour, the bulk

of

of readers will generally call, becauſe the number is much greater of thoſe who can laugh, than of thoſe who can think. To add to the difficulty, people are too proud to laugh upon eaſy rerms with one, of whoſe title to make them laugh they are not appriſed. A joke in writing is like a joke in converſation; much of its wit depends upon the rank of its author.

How far the authors of this paper have been able to overcome theſe difficulties, it is not for them to determine. Of its merits with the Public the Public will judge; as to themſelves, they may be allowed to ſay, that they have found it an amuſement of an elegant, and, they are inclined to believe, of a uſeful kind. They imagine, that, by tracing the manners and ſentiments of others, they have performed a ſort of exerciſe which may have ſome tendency to cultivate and refine their own; and, in that ſociety which was formed by this publication, they have drawn ſomewhat cloſer the ties of a friendſhip, which they flatter themſelves they may long enjoy, with a recollection, not unpleaſing, of the literary adventure by which it was ſtrengthened and improved.

The diſadvantages attending their publication they have not enumerated, by way of plea for favour, or apology for faults. They will give their *volumes* as they gave their *papers*, to

the

the world, not meanly dependent on its favour, nor coldly indifferent to it. There is no idea, perhaps, more pleasing to an ingenuous mind, than that the sentences which it dictates in silence and obscurity, may give pleasure and entertainment to those by whom the writer has never been seen, to whom even his name is unknown. There is something peculiarly interesting in the hope of this intercourse of sentiment, this invisible sort of friendship, with the virtuous and the good; and the visionary warmth of an author may be allowed to extend it to distant places, and to future times. If, in this hope, the authors of the MIRROR may indulge, they trust, that, whatever may be thought of the execution, the motive of their publication will do them no dishonour; that, if they have failed in wit, they have been faultless in sentiment; and that, if they shall not be allowed the praise of genius, they have, at least, not forfeited the commendation of virtue.

Z

THE END.

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